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THE NEW YORKER

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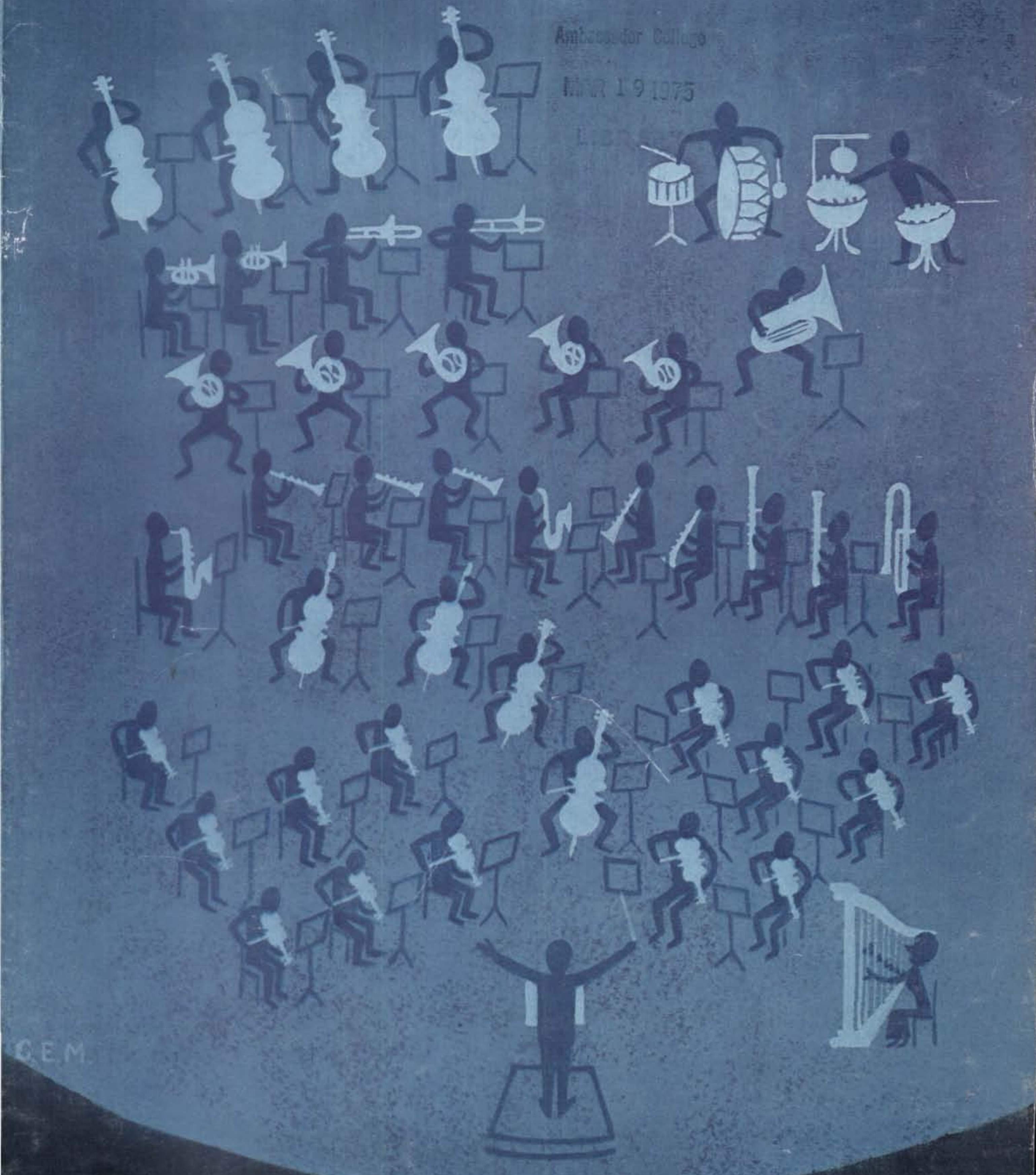

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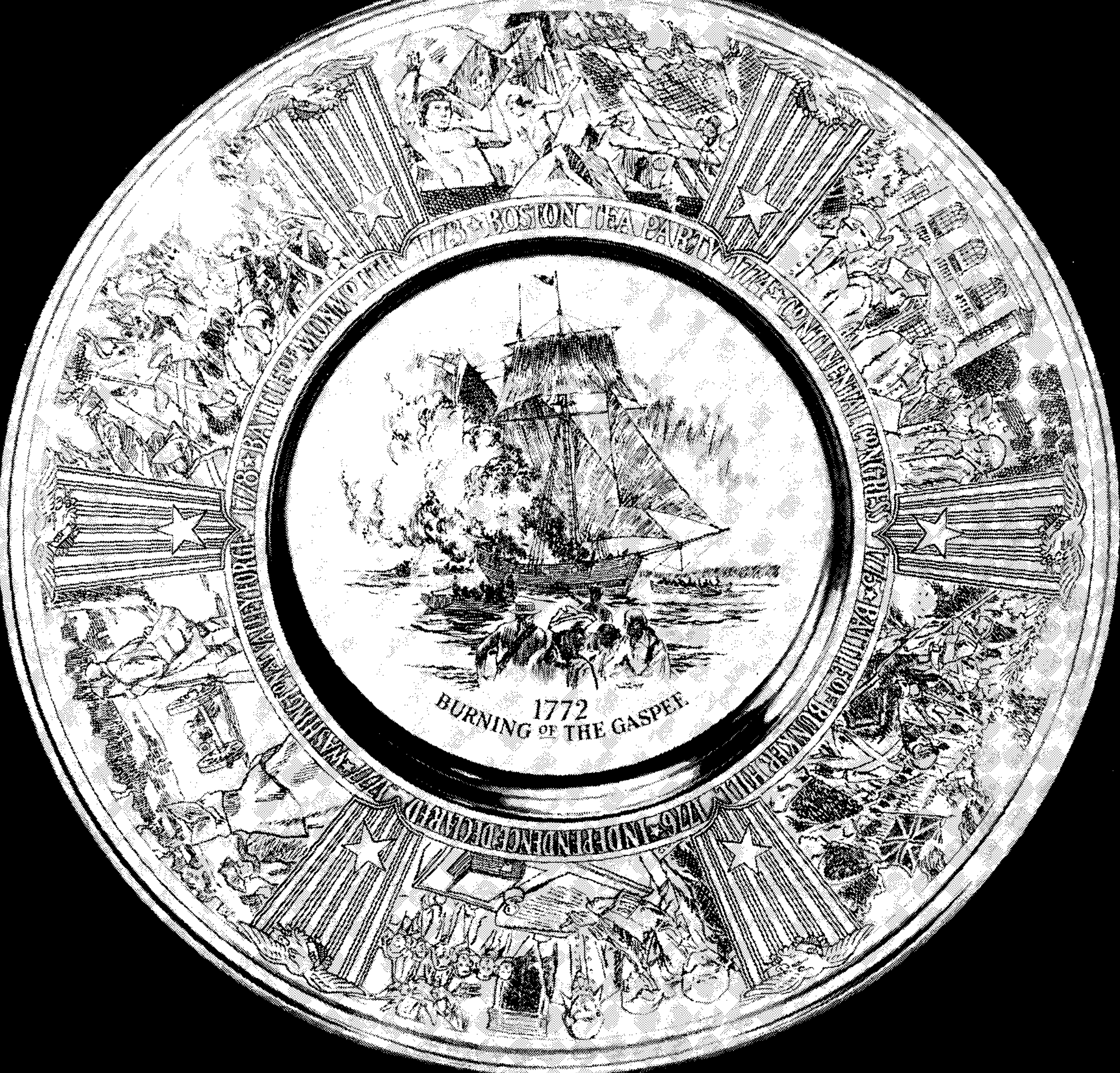
1772
BURNING OF THE GASPEE
1773 BOSTON TEA PARTY
1774 CONTINENTAL CONGRESS
1775 BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
1776 INDEPENDENCE DECLARED
1777 WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE
1778 BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

City Center Acting Company—Opening performances of a month-long repertory of six plays that will run through Saturday, Oct. 28. Sheridan's **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:** Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 2 and 7:30 (previews); Thursday, Sept. 28, at 7 (opening); Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30, and Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 7:30; and Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **U.S.A.,** John Dos Passos' trilogy dramatized by Paul Shyre: Sunday, Oct. 1, at 4 (preview) and 7 (opening), and Monday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 874-0260.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

From Israel with Love—A revue performed by a company of twenty-six young singers, dancers, and actors, all former members of the Israeli Army Entertainment Units. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, Oct. 2, at 7:30; Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8; Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3 and 7:30.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 21.)

The Real Inspector Hound and After Magritte—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,166 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"CATERING" . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 36

"GRANDFATHER, YOUR WOUND" (POEM) . . . . *Anne Sexton* 40

"MOVING DAY" . . . . *R. L. Gordon* 44

A REPORTER AT LARGE (EAST AFRICA—III) . . . . . . *Peter Matthiessen* 47

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 76

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 80

LETTER FROM EAST GERMANY . . . . *Steven Kelman* 85

FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 106

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 109

"SEPTEMBER THINGS" (POEM) . . . . *May Swenson* 118

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 121

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 122

BRIEFLY NOTED 125

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Frank Modell, Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon, Alan Dunn, Everett Opie, Robert Day, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Charles Saxon, Leslie Starke*

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Trend House is a designer's dream of a house wherein all manner of imaginative furnishings have taken shape. The living room plays a singular group of lacquered tables and ivory silk velvet sofas against the refreshment of an indoor greenhouse. The library glows with a fireplace wall fashioned from Belgian steel chocolate molds. The serene beige and white bedroom boasts an Empire gilt bed. The stunning background panel in the morning room is a latter day Henri Rousseau. Altogether, a spectacular place to visit and, perhaps, to call home. The address? Interior Decorating Galleries on Eight.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. Starting Monday, Oct. 2, Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman will replace Mr. Carney and Miss Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

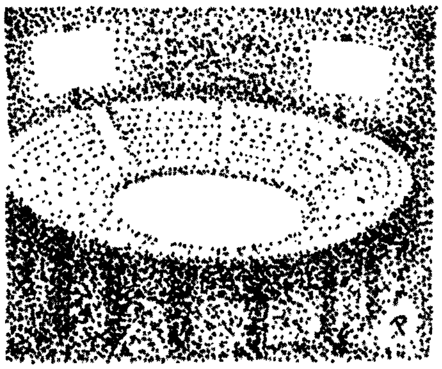
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

BERYOZKA RUSSIAN DANCE COMPANY—A hundred dancers, singers, and musicians in the final performances of a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 30.)

UTAH REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—Six performances by the resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah—Thursday, Sept. 28, and Friday, Oct. 6: "Concerto Grosso in D Minor," "Castor and Pollux," "The Legacy," "Tricycle," and "Diamond."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 7: "Chant," "Interim," "The Brood," "Opera," and "For Betty."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, and Thursday, Oct. 5: "Enchantment," "The Dorian Horizon," "Lyric Suite," "Piano Rags," and "Tin-Tal." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8.)

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 12—Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Le Beau Danube" (company première), and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Interplay" (company première), and "Le Beau Danube." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Interplay," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

CITY CENTER AMERICAN DANCE MARATHON—A six-week fall series of appearances by eighteen companies; through Saturday, Nov. 11. Monday, Oct. 2, at 7:30: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("The Unsung" and "Orfeo") and **LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS** ("Greetings," "Clowns & Other Fools," "All's well, that ends...," and "Circus Scenes").... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("Dances for Isadora" and "Emperor Jones") and **YURIKO DANCE COMPANY** ("Events," "The Cry," and "Wind Drum").... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("Dances for Isadora" and "Emperor Jones") and **LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS** ("Greetings," "Clowns & Other Fools," "All's well, that ends...," and "Circus Scenes"). ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Friday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("The Unsung" and "Orfeo") and **YURIKO DANCE COMPANY** ("Events," "The Cry," and "Wind Drum").... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("Dances for Isadora" and "Carlota") and **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY** ("Tangents," "Rhythm Ritual," and "Harambee!").... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("There Is a Time") and **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY** ("Tangents," "Rhythm Ritual," and "Harambee!").... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 7:30: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY** ("Dances for Isadora" and "Carlota") and **YURIKO DANCE COMPANY** ("Events," "The Cry," and "Wind Drum"). (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)



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MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Trixi Schuba. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 27, and will run through Monday, Oct. 9. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3; Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine and twelve-thirty, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to two, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs.* Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Harry Chapin, who is best known for his song "Taxi," will be here through Sunday, Oct. 1. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Monday, Oct. 2.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, pianist Ray Bryant will head a trio. The Cedar Walton trio starts Tuesday, Oct. 3. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Ralph Towner, a pianist and guitarist with advanced ideas, collaborates with Glen Moore, a bassist with similar ideas, through Saturday, Sept. 30. Patti Wicks, piano, and Perry Lind, bass, arrive Monday, Oct. 2. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Music nightly from ten to four. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood is at the Steinway, doing his usual crowd pleasers, and trading sets with flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk—entertain with generally good cheer. Guitarist David Spinozza and singer Mirabai will be here through Saturday, Sept. 30. Sounds from nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—One of the more significant coffeehouses, in which one often is able to find an answer to the question "What's happening?"—musically, at any rate. On Wednesdays, a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. The rest of the week, other performers appear.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Monday through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four until late in the evening, Larkins and Hall are joined by vibist Warren Chiasson and other guests. Mondays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some subdued and tasteful tunes. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Jim Hall, one of the most accomplished jazz guitarists alive, is working with bassist Mike Moore. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds, and sometimes there is brilliance, too, in this old jazz room. Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate is in charge of a quartet. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

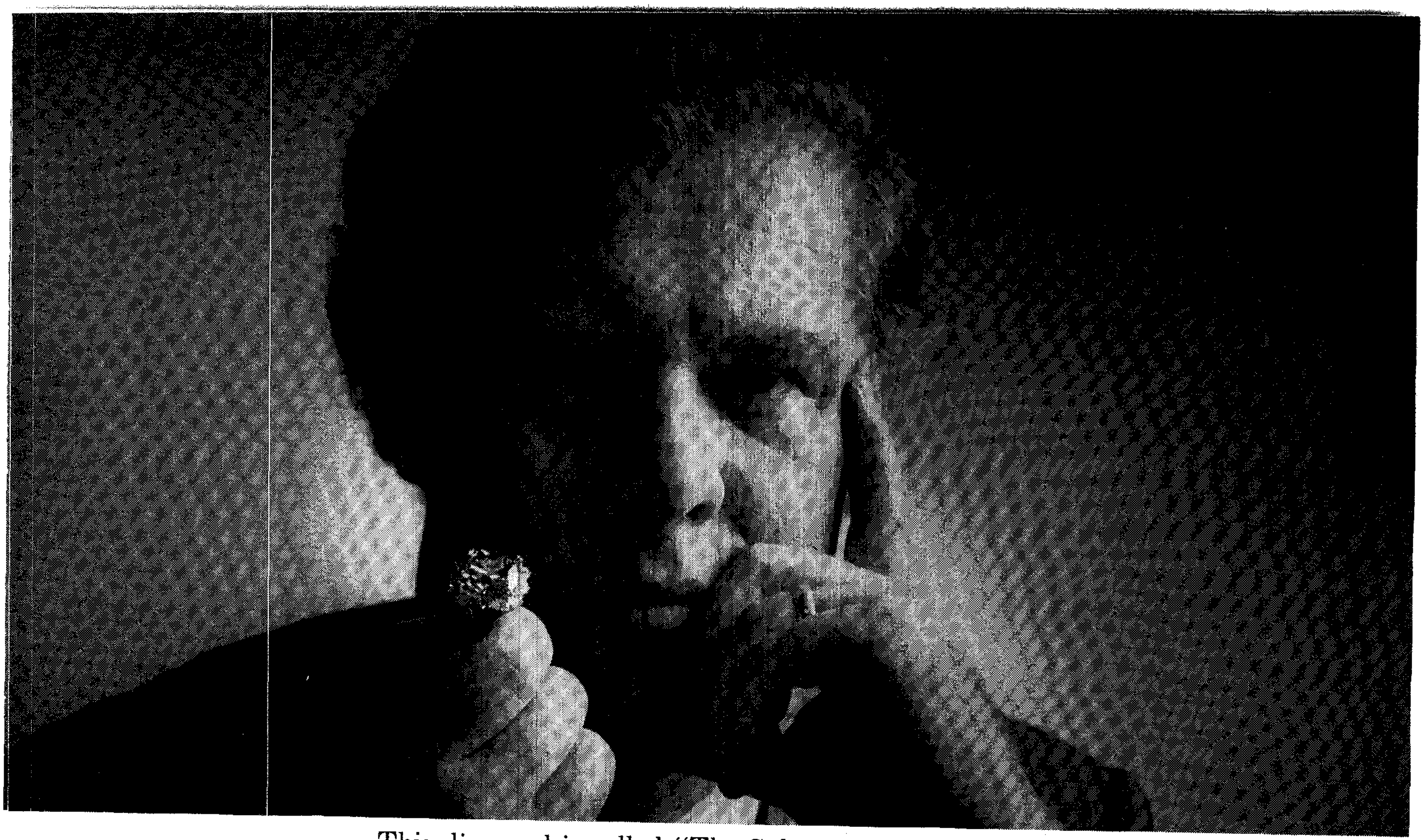
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Jimmy McPartland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. A person known as Hamid Hamilton Camp will direct some other musicians Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 27-Oct. 1. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, Fanny, a strong all-girl rock-and-roll band, will also be on the bill. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, guitarist-composer John Fahey will join the proceedings. On Wednesday, Oct. 4, an outfit called Sparks will come in, along with singer Bob Gibson. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight until two, Barbara Carroll brings her practiced hands to the pianoforte. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mel Dancy sings and plays jazz piano, accompanied by Skip Crumby-Bey on bass, in a relaxed setting. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Dining.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of



This diamond is called "The Sultan of Morocco,"
says Douglas Cooper,
but for $250,000 I will name it after you.
It's that easy.

Mr. Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler, has a flair for the never-before. This time it's the world's largest known blue-gray (steel-blue?) diamond. To wit: 35.27 carats.

The history of the Sultan, or the________ Diamond (why not fill in your name now and see how it sounds?) is somewhat fragmentary, to say the least. The gem was unearthed in India in the 18th century or earlier. Its uniqueness and unusual cut suggest that it once occupied a place of honor in the coffers of Catherine The Great. (Possibly she was wearing it on the occasion of her untimely demise.)

At any rate, from there it vanished. And the following account was laced together from bits of rumors, legends, folderol and some actual facts: an exiled monk, in payment for her silence, gave the gem to a favored Circassian slave. She was later to become the mother of Sultan Abd ul-Aziz IV, who was famous for collecting taxes at the point of a sword. The Sultan fell prey to an unscrupulous vizier who, pandering to his worst traits, squandered the Sultan's treasure. Unreliable sources report that the diamond somehow then came into the possession of a Dutch libertine who narrowly escaped death by firing squad in Casablanca in 1908, along with 5 other deserters from the Foreign Legion.

Two World Wars and a shroud of mystery account for another half-century during which the stone never surfaced. Though the diamond was rumored to be in the western part of the United States, Mr. Cooper's man recently trailed a Riffian tribesman from a bazaar in Ksar-es-Souk to the grandnephew of the former legionnaire and the fabled Sultan of Morocco.

Mr. Cooper has since set the Sultan as a ring with diamonds in platinum. (See it below actual size.) It should be noted that any museum would give its eye-teeth to add this incredible gem to its collection. Ask Mr. Cooper or your accountant for the interesting specifics tax-wise. At your leisure, Mr. Cooper will fly the Sultan to you for your approval.

Speaking of flying, in all the excitement we forgot to tell you about Señor Toucan (rhamphastidae), who just flew in from Paraguay (the long way around), crossing the Andes at altitudes of up to 10,000 feet (which isn't easy with a diamond in your beak). Shown actual size in 18 karat gold with ruby eyes, $220.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri's quartet is a fusion of Latin, black, new-jazz, and other potent elements. It will remain through Sunday, Oct. 1. From nine, and between sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the piano. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Bassist Charles Mingus leads a sextet through Sunday, Oct. 1. Pianist Thelonious Monk brings in his quartet Tuesday, Oct. 3. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Monday through Wednesday, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Oct. 1, cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Nine to one each night.

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Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Singer Johnny Hartman and the Mike Abene trio will end their brief stay on Saturday, Sept. 30. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—At dinner and supper, the **ROYAL BOX** is presenting a musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star," with a cast of twenty young performers. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Muchachos de San Juan bound onstage to sing and dance for both dinner and supper; they are counterbalanced by Puerto Rican singer Carmita Jiminez. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (*well along in the evening*) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Oct. 4, is the final night for singer Al Green and comedian Herb Jubirt. Next evening brings on Trini Lopez, a wandering minstrel and pretty much a Mexican jumping bean. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—This year, the **PERSIAN ROOM** is serving as a showcase for new musical groups. The Jimmy Damon show is on deck at the moment; the schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing the rest of the evening to a band known as the Mugwumps. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** the Buffalo Bills, whose barbershop chords once embellished "The Music Man," are embellishing the hours from six to ten. On Monday, Oct. 2, they will be replaced by Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ The **OYSTER BAR** is currently host to Robert Miano, who plays a guitar and sings from five to seven Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin music susurrates from five to seven and from eight to *midnight* Tuesdays *through* Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the grand rooftop, comedian Joey Adams and singer Tiny Tim are heading a show at dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every *night* but Sunday; *dancing to* music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lisa Kirk, who gets to the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper, is a no-business-like-show-business girl, and her show business is slick, slithery, and sly. The orchestra of Burt Farber and the trio of Anthony Terini are the tireless musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, is singing—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** from eight every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** there are dinner and supper song festivals by Shirley Bassey, who sounds less Welsh and more American every time she hops the Atlantic. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.) . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too,

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'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Beau Bergersen plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five to one. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. His schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays from five to one, and Saturdays from six to two. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN BAEDER—Paintings which are blowups of postcards showing roadside scenes, such as diners and motels; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Freely handled paintings of fantasy, incorporating nudes, horses, monkeys, and fruits; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Two exhibits of paintings by this nineteenth-century American landscapist, which are running concurrently with one at the Whitney. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Through Nov. 25. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30. . . ¶ Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Through Oct. 10.)

FLORY FA-LONG CHOWE—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures with suggestions of a figure; through Friday, Oct. 6. (Laverne, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES (1862-1928)—Etchings and lithographs; through Friday, Sept. 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

FERNANDO DE SZYSZLO—Paintings in deep, glowing colors by a pioneer of abstract art in Peru, who is influenced by pre-Columbian design; through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

W. D. ENGLER / ROBERT SIBBISON—Structures in various materials; first one-man shows here. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Through Oct. 13. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY GROSS (1921-69)—Abstract paintings by a long-time teacher at the Art Students League; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CHARLES HAWTHORNE (1872-1930)—Paintings and watercolors by the well-known Provincetown teacher; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GILAH HIRSCH—Lush paintings of vegetables, fruits, and other foods seen at closeup; through Oct. 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEITH HOLLINGWORTH—Sculptures constructed of wood, wheels, feathers, cloth, Plexiglas, and other mediums; through Oct. 14. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL HOLTY—Thirty-five paintings and drawings spanning more than fifty years by a veteran abstractionist; through Oct. 20. (Ground-floor arcade of City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St. Weekdays, 8 to 6.)

FLOYD JOHNSON—Abstract stain paintings in a bannerlike format; through Oct. 21. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JEAN LINDNER / CASPAR HENSELMANN—Vacuum-formed polyurethane floor and wall pieces embroidered with vinyl tubing. / Floor and wall pieces of polyurethane, plus four large timber-beam and steel-mesh structures embedded in sand. (55 Mercer Street. Through Oct. 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PAT LIPSKY—Abstract Expressionist paintings with lyrical overtones; through Oct. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Richly pigmented abstractions, divided in bands and featuring organic shapes; through Oct. 12. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DEMETRIUS MAVROUDIS—Abstract bronzes, which feature polished and rough textures; through Oct. 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

BRIAN NISSEN / RUBENS GERCHMAN—Constructions in wire, wood, and plastic; first one-man show here by this South American. / Canvases by a Brazilian, who incorporates words in his compositions. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 3.)

FRANK PAGNATO—Maine landscapes and figure paintings; through Oct. 12. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Large drawings of figures and faces in charcoal, pen, and ink; starting Saturday, Sept. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY POONS—Paintings by a prominent younger artist recently converted to Abstract Expressionism; through Oct. 17. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY JO SCHWALBACH—Sports subjects, in assemblages of various materials, some humorous; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD SEGALMAN—Figures and landscapes in watercolor; through Oct. 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENDALL SHAW—Five abstract paintings divided into panels; through Oct. 12. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP SHERROD—Wildly Expressionist figures and portraits; through Oct. 18. (Artemis East, 166 Lexington Ave., at 31st St. Closes Saturdays at 4.)

PAT STEIR—Oil paintings of personal fantasies on a grid format; starting Saturday, Sept. 30. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

TAL STREETER—Kites executed in Japan over the past two years; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WEN-YING TSAI—Sculptures made of stainless-steel rods that vibrate in different rhythms under the control of high-frequency stroboscopic lights in response to the presence of the spectator. The artist is Chinese, working in Paris and New York. Through Oct. 14. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KIM WHANKI—Paintings of an abstract motif in transparent colors, which create the effect of woven textures; through Oct. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE WILDER—Expressionist paintings of racing cars and their drivers by this artist, who is also chief surgeon of a New York hospital; through Oct. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Free-form and symmetrical plywood cutouts painted in high-keyed hues and having the effect of emblems; through Oct. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUBY HANDFORTH ZINSSER—A fifty-year retrospective of romantic paintings, sculptures, and ceramic tiles by an artist now ninety-two years old; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: A sampling of paintings and sculptures done on the West Coast by about forty artists; through Oct. 14. . . . **A.I.R.,** 97 Wooster St.: Works in many mediums by ten artists in a new gallery devoted to exhibiting art by women; through Friday, Oct. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Collages, assemblages, sculptures, wall hangings, and other works on or of paper; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AMERICAN ART,** 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Ralph Humphrey, Floyd Johnson, David Novros, and Michael Tetherow; through Wednesday, Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Political cartoons by

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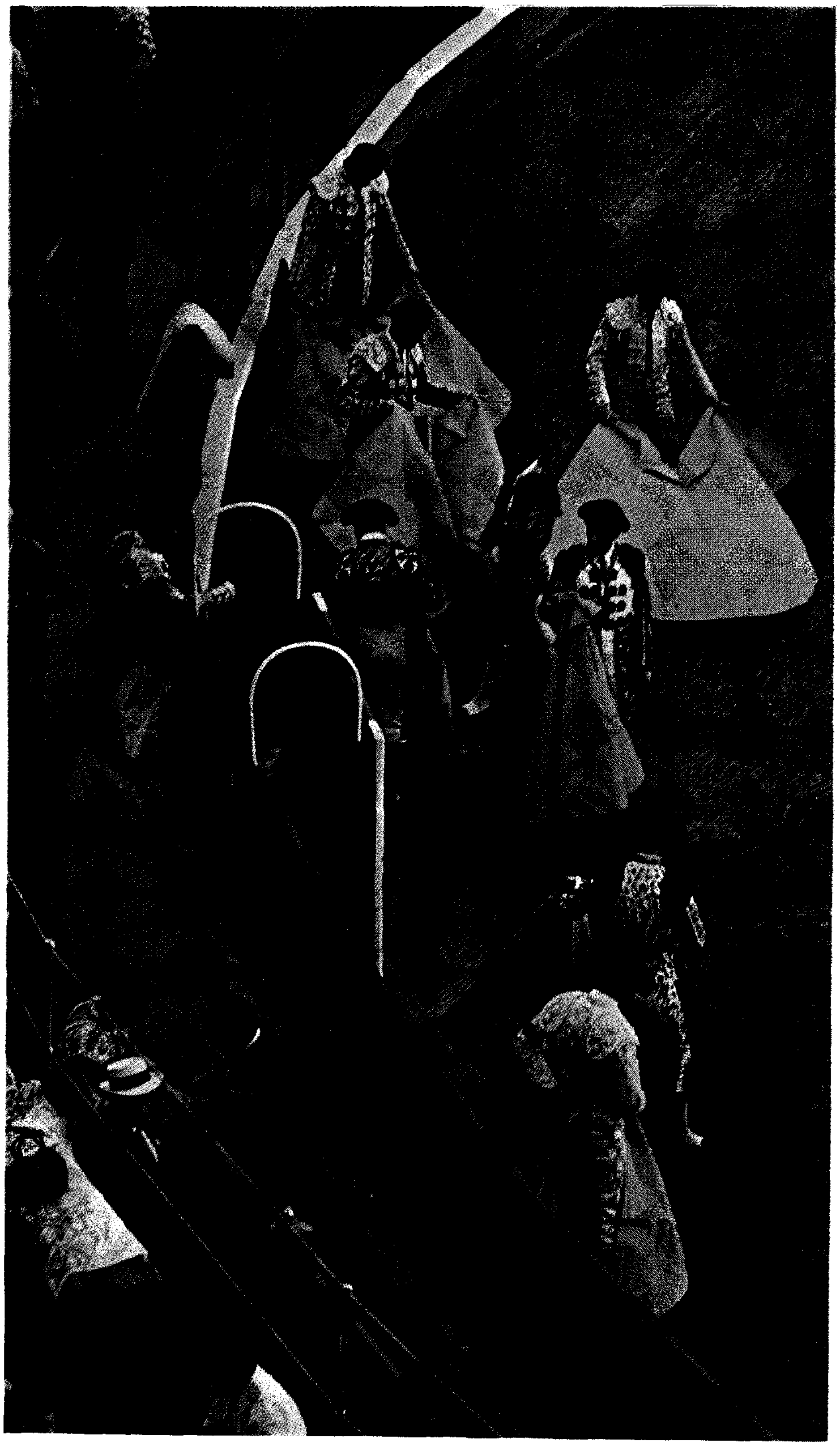

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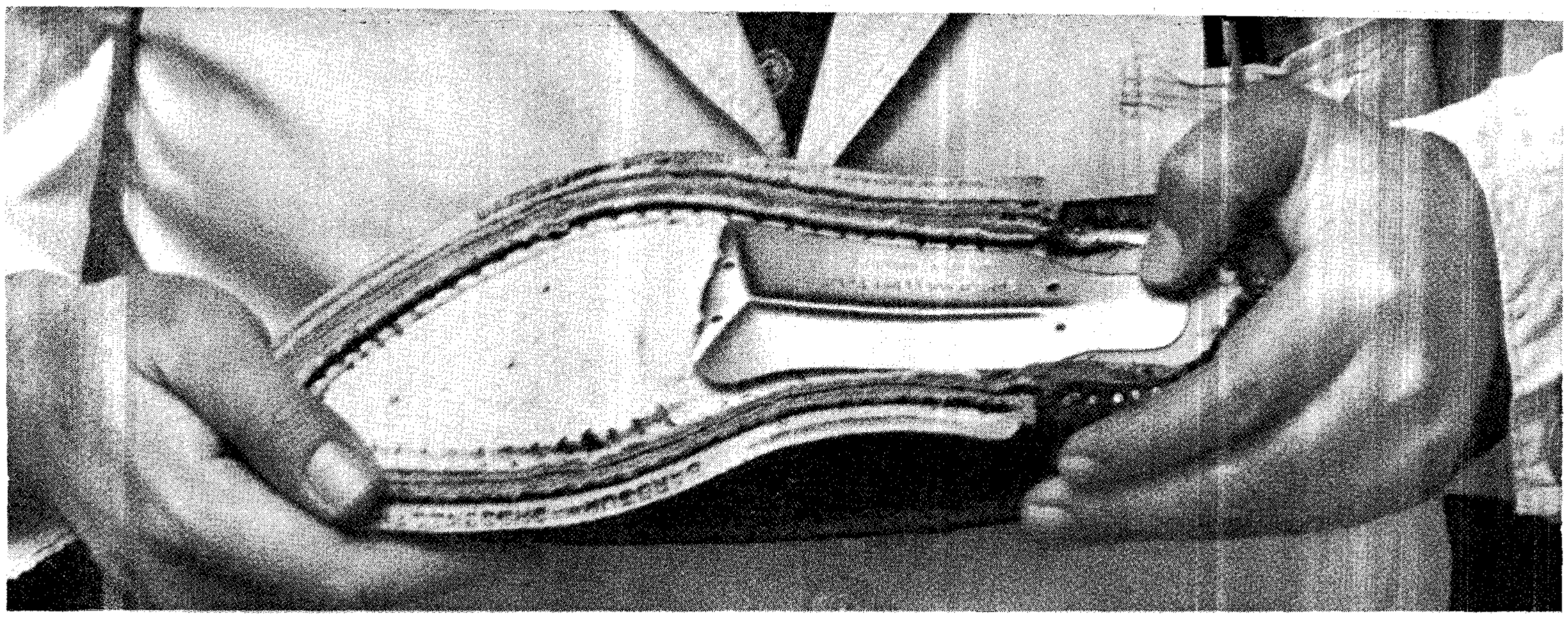

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about forty artists, most of them *The New Yorker* contributors; starting Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: American folk art from the collection of Edith Halpert, consisting of paintings, drawings, *Frakturs*, embroidered pictures, paintings on velvet, weathervanes, figureheads, toys, and shop signs; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by, for instance, Braque, Picasso, and Rothko, plus sculptures by Arp and Calder; starting Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Yvonne Jacquette, Sylvia Mangold, John Moore, and Susan Shatter; starting Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large works by gallery artists; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Cassatt, Dove, Glackens, Prendergast, Sloan, and others of similar stature; through Oct. 14. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by representative Latin-American artists; through Thursday, Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 8 to 10.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings by eight gallery artists; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Wednesday, Oct. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Forty-five drawings by eminent Americans, such as Joseph Stella, Maurer, Hartley, Dickinson, and Avery; through Thursday, Oct. 5. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: A selection of sculptures chosen from works exhibited in New York last season; the sculptors include Bauermeister, de Creeft, de Rivera, Hokanson, and Lipchitz. Through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscapes by Ryder, Blakelock, Hartley, Dove, O'Keeffe, Dickinson, and others; through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Twenty-seven sculptors, from Arp to Zadkine; starting Tuesday, Oct. 3. . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by eight members of this artists' housing project; through Oct. 15. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7.) . . . **WEST SIDE GALLERY**, 250 W. 72nd St.: Collages by Seymour Franks, miniatures in oil by George Dworzan, and semi-abstract pastels by Joseph Wolins; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2:30 to 7:30.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists, such as Hague, Agostini, De Niro, Stankiewicz, Lanyon, and Urry; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

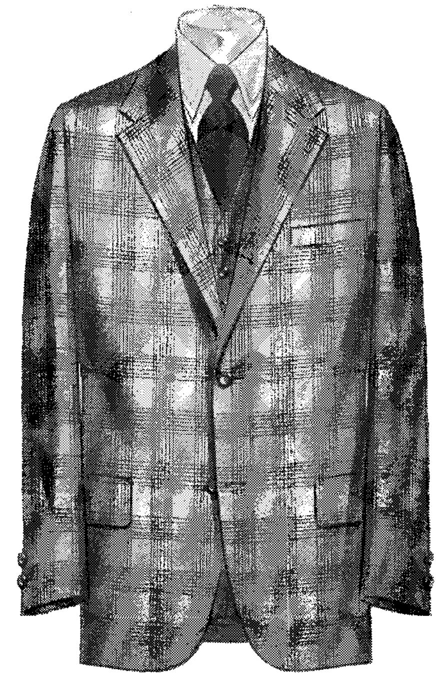
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—paintings, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Special exhibitions taken from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, from 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures done since 1945 by Léger, de Kooning, Pollock, Lichtenstein, and many others; through Oct. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings of the American West by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902), a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist; through Nov. 5. Complementary shows are at the Lewison Gallery, 30 E. 60th St., and the Knoedler Gallery, 21 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Lithographs and drawings done between 1959 and 1962 by Chryssa, an artist known for her neon sculptures; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Draw-



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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

OCTOBER

Quoth the poet, "There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir." Quoth M.S.G., "You don't have to be a gypsy to enjoy the Garden's October line-up of great sports and entertainment events."

At the moment, and continuing through Monday the 9th, the Garden ice is sparkling with the wonders of "Holiday on Ice" a fabulous extravaganza featuring a rinkful of the world's greatest skaters, spectacular costumes and settings and Trixi Schuba, 1972 World and Olympic Champion, as guest star. Take the family for a delightful treat. (No performances Mon., Oct. 2 or Tues., Oct. 3)

Big music doings all month long! On the 8th and 9th, Ike and Tina Turner will be shaking things up at the Felt Forum. Also at the F.F. on the 16th, a tremendous evening featuring Curtis Mayfield, The Dells and The Detroit Emeralds. While at the Garden on the 13th, there's the latest in our wildly successful series of Rock & Roll Spectaculars, this one offering such favorites of the 50's and now as Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, The Coasters, The 5 Satins, The Crystals, The Dovells, Gary U.S. Bonds and the inimitable Chubby Checker. Also at the Garden, keep the 23rd in mind for the Moody Blues.

In a more serious vein, the Felt Forum will proudly present the only North American engagement this season of the smash European success, Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the 20th Century featuring Nijinsky, Clown of God — performed by one of the most highly-acclaimed groups of practitioners of the modern terpsichorean art, from October 24th through November 12th. The month winds up on a note of high tradition and equine spectacle when the National Horse Show featuring the Tournament of Champions arrives on Tuesday the 31st to continue through Tuesday, Nov. 7.

And of course October highlights the beginning of the new season's activities for New York's favorites, the Knicks and Rangers. The Rangers are staging a pre-season game on the 2nd, meeting their traditional rivals the Montreal Canadiens, and the Knicks engage in a pre-season double-header the next night against the Boston Celtics plus Baltimore vs. Cleveland. Regular league games for October are as follows:

KNICKS	RANGERS
10—Seattle	11—Vancouver
14—Los Angeles	15—Minnesota
17—Houston	18—Boston
21—Philadelphia	22—Montreal
24—Cleveland	25—Philadelphia
28—Baltimore	29—Chicago

Have a happy Halloween! M.S.G.

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Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.
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ings by prominent nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Eighty nineteenth-century Navajo blankets; starting Thursday, Sept. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Semi-abstract landscapes by I-chao Chu, a mainland Chinese now resident in New York; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Oct. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch genre drawings selected from major public and private Dutch collections, including a choice group of eleven Rembrandts; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—French printmakers of the nineteenth century, including Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Redon; through Oct. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, William Lewis, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Gail Robinson, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Leonard Bernstein. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Alfredo Kraus, and Robert Merrill; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Gail Robinson, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 3: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Elizabeth Vaughan, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Alfredo Kraus, and Sherrill Milnes; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Leonard Bernstein. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Kay Creed, José Carreras, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Harry Theyard, and Edward Pierson; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Nancy Shade, José Carreras, and Spiro Malas; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 1: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Kenneth Riegel, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7: A new production of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Bianca Sauler, Harry Theyard, and William Chapman; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, John Stamford, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Five brief operas under the over-all title of "When This You See, Remember Me," with librettos by Gertrude Stein and with music by, among others, Ned Rorem and Meyer Kupferman. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 29, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin, and Sol Greitzer, viola); Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 7:30 (all with Ken Remo, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; the Westminster Choir; the Boys Choirs from the Little Church Around the Corner and Trinity School; and the Newark Boys Chorus). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday, Oct. 5, and Saturday, Oct. 7, Mr. Druian and Michel Beroff, piano, will give half-hour all-Stravinsky recitals.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Oct. 2, at 8:15.)

Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra—Karl Richter directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Elisabeth Speiser, soprano; Aldabert Kraus, tenor; and others. The first in a series of four Bach concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the first in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 6. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass, with his balalaika ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

David Bowie and the Spiders from Mars—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Miles Davis—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.

Eagles and Jackson Browne—With John David Souther. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

John Denver and Fat City—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8.

Maynard Ferguson's Band—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9.

Irish Rovers—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 8.

Neil Diamond—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3-4. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 5, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 21. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.

Phil Ochs, Doc Watson, and David Bromberg—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.

Max Roach—With the J. C. White Singers, Dane Bellany, and Leon Thomas. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Bill Withers and Zulema—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 2-4, at 7:30.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Baltimore vs. Cleveland and Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 6.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (C.W. Post College, Brookville. Sunday, Oct. 1.). . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT 30:** Columbia vs. Fordham, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 7:** Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Stanwich Club, Greenwich. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 27-29.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Associ-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ation Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 2-5.)

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8:05, exhibition game.... ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:05, exhibition game. ... ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:05.... **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Canadiens, Monday, Oct. 2, at 7:35, exhibition game.

Horse Shows—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 30.)... ¶ Philadelphia Horse Show. (Philadelphia. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 3-8.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Saturday, Oct. 7.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 14. *The Manhattan Handicap*, Wednesday, Sept. 27; the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 4; and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and noon, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 12:15.)... **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Yachting—The sixth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 7. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9; for information about tickets, call 421-5257.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Derek Walcott reading from his own poems. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a sixteen-day series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:15: "Chloe in the Afternoon" (France).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "Love" (Hungary).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: "We Won't Grow Old Together" (France-Italy).... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 6:30: "Summer Soldiers" (Japan).... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 9:30: "Red Psalm" (Hungary) and "Behind the Wall" (Poland).... ¶ Monday, Oct. 2, at 7:30: "A Sense of Loss" (United States-Switzerland).... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: "Wednesday's Child" (England).... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7:30: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" and "Going Home" (United States).... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Heat" (United States).... ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 6:30: "Inner Scar" (France). ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 9:30: "Nathalie Granger" (France).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 6:30: "The Adversary" (India).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 9:30: "Bad Company" (United States).

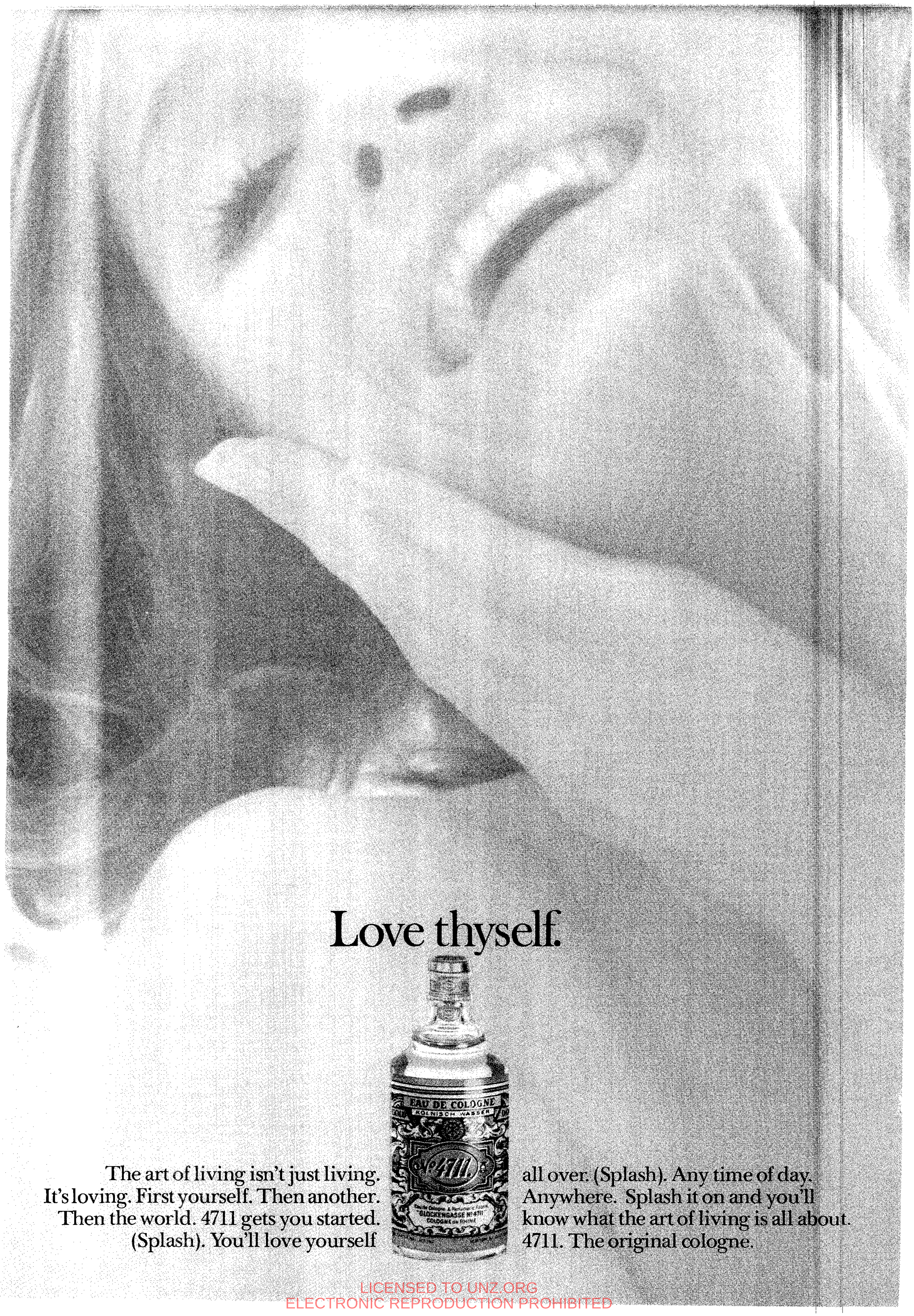
Walking Tours—"The Conservatory Gardens and the Museum of the City of New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 1. Meets at Central Park W. and 100th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Flea Markets—**market place** (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.... **new york flea market** (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental and other ancient art, including Chinese ceramics and sculpture; Roman, Egyptian, and Near Eastern glass and jewelry; and Greek, Persian, and Majolica pottery and tablets. From the T.B. Walker Collection.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: Chinese and French furniture and decorations, from several owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 2: Chinese jades and hard-stone carvings, from a number of sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 10:15: Japanese, Korean, and Indian works of art; the property of various collectors.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2: Chinese furniture, decorations, and carpets; from many owners.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6 at 2: Japanese prints, from the collection of the late Hans Popper. Admission to exhibition by appointment only; for information, call TR 9-8300.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 7, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Tuesday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 27 at 2: "Not So Dumb" (1930), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies.... ¶ Sept. 27 at 5:30: "The Student Prince" (1927), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30: "Wine of Youth" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 2: "Billy the Kid" (1930), directed by King Vidor, with John Mack Brown and Wallace Beery.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 5:30 and Sept. 30 at noon: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), a German film, directed by Mauritz Stiller.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 3: "Hallelujah!" (1929), directed by King Vidor, with an all-Negro cast.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30: "Billy the Kid" (1930).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 12:30 and 3: "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 5:30: "The Champ" (1931), directed by King Vidor, with Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 2: "Hallelujah!" (1929).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: "The Champ" (1931).... ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: "Happiness; Snatchers" (1935), in Russian, directed by Alexander Medvedkin; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 3 at 5:30: "Street Scene" (1931), directed by King Vidor, with Sylvia Sidney.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 5:30: "Happiness; Snatchers" (1935).... ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: "Cynara" (1933), directed by King Vidor, with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis.... ¶ Oct. 5 at 8: "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last three programs in a series of films directed by Anthony Mann: Sept. 27: "The Man from Laramie" (1955), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy.... Sept. 28-29: "The Far Country" (1954), with James Stewart and Ruth Roman.... Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Dr. Broadway" (1942), with MacDonald Carey. ... ¶ Oct. 4-5: "The Verdict" (1946), directed by Donald Siegel, with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Anger, Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on Sept. 30). No Mondays.... **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Rough Magic," directed by Timothy Knox. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.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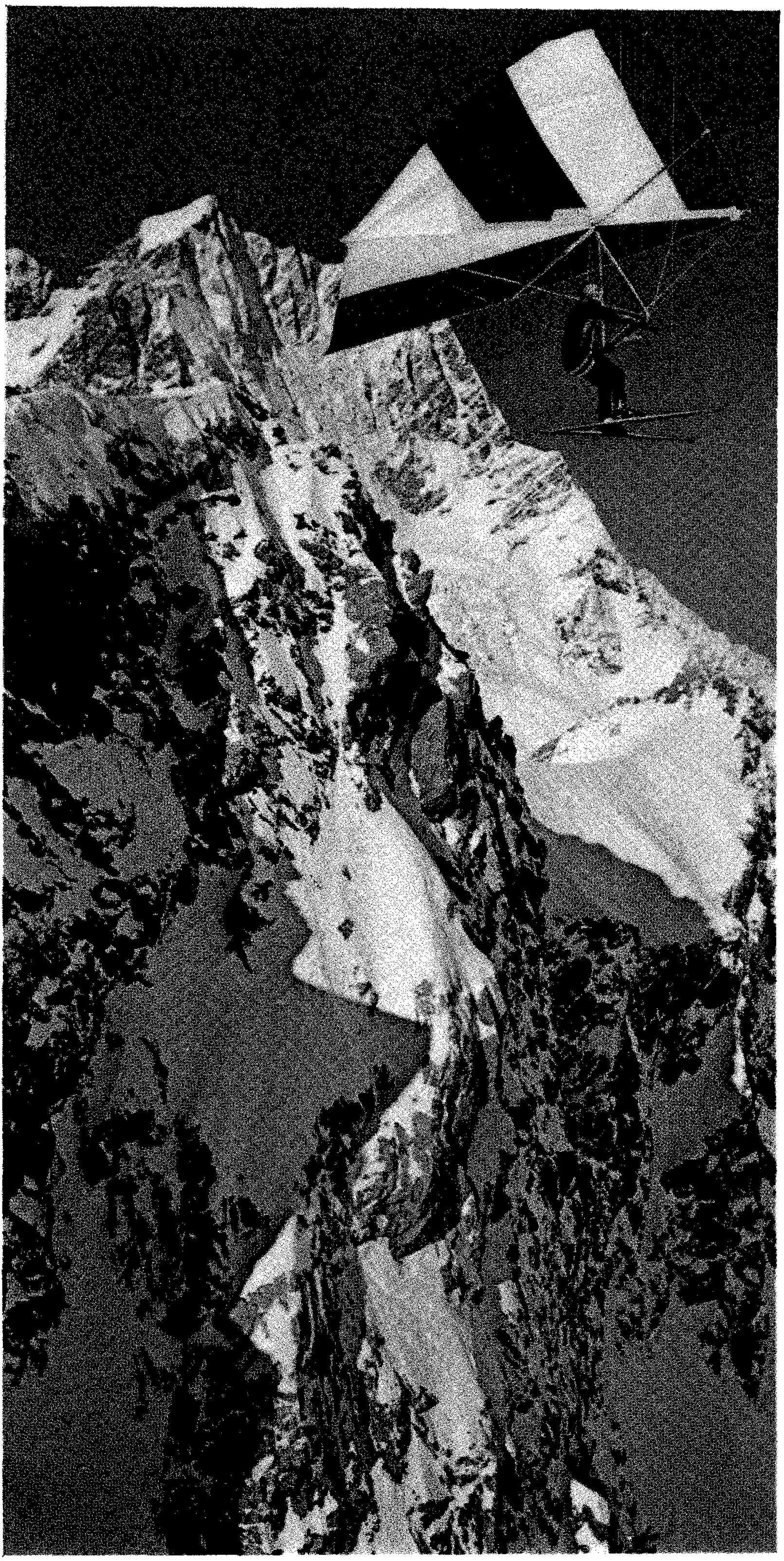

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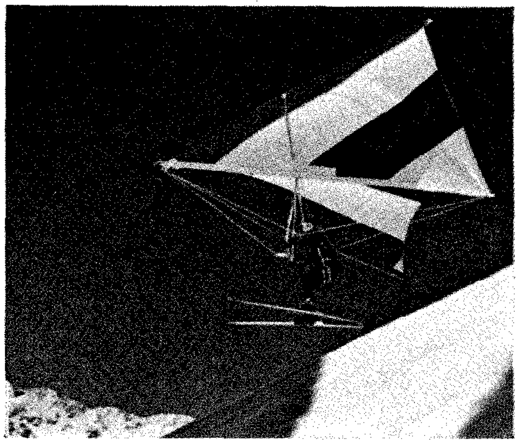
"With 18 feet of sail as my wings—I, a rather jittery Jeff Jobe from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 8000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome. Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft.



"With some wild maneuvering and miraculous luck, I escaped into smooth air. As I circled, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.

"That evening, at The Hermitage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 3: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From Oct. 4: "Play It Again, Sam" and "A New Leaf."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 30: "Rose Marie" and "The Merry Widow."
Oct. 1-3: "Flirtation Walk" and "Happiness Ahead."
From Oct. 4: "A Damsel in Distress" and "The Gay Divorcée."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Oct. 3: "Kwaidan," "The Loves of Isadora," and "Fellini Satyricon."
From Oct. 4: "A Clockwork Orange" and "THX 1138."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Candidate."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Sept. 27: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Viridiana."
Sept. 28: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
Sept. 29: "Lonesome Cowboys" and "Flesh."
Sept. 30: "8½" and "The Clowns."
Oct. 1: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
Oct. 2: "The Birthday Party" and "The Boys in the Band."
Oct. 3: "America America" and "Splendor in the Grass."
From Oct. 4: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Petulia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Sept. 27: "Faces" and "My Night at Maud's."
Sept. 28: "Georgy Girl" and "Loving."
Sept. 29: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Passion of Anna."
Sept. 30: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
Oct. 1: "Catch-22" and "Rosemary's Baby."
Oct. 2: "One Potato, Two Potato" and "The Two of Us."
Oct. 3: "Le Boucher" and "Marriage—Italian Style."
Oct. 4: "Ulysses" and "The Hunt."
Oct. 5: "Topaz" and "Lover Come Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Dulcima."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Greaser's Palace."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 3: "Slaughter."
From Oct. 4: "Housewives Report."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 28: "Bluebeard."
From Sept. 29: "Where Does It Hurt?"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 3: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From Oct. 4: "A Sense of Loss."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 29: "And Now for Something Completely Different."
From Sept. 30: "Chloe in the Afternoon."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 3: "Frenzy" and "Play Misty for Me."
From Oct. 4: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" and "Wait Until Dark."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Other."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Melinda."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Candidate."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 3: "Hickey and Boggs."
From Oct. 4: "Doctor Zhivago."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 3: "Slaughter."
From Oct. 4: "Housewives Report."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Sept. 28: "Bluebeard."
From Sept. 29: "Where Does It Hurt?"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Candidate."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 3: "The Great Dictator."
From Oct. 4: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and "Junior Bonner."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 29: To be announced.
From Sept. 30: "And Now for Something Completely Different."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 5: "To Have and Have Not" and "Casablanca."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 3: "Butterflies Are Free" and "Gumshoe."
From Oct. 4: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Harold and Maude."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Candidate."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Cancel My Reservations."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 29: "Come Back Charleston Blue."
From Sept. 30: "And Now for Something Completely Different."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 4: "La Salamandre."
From Oct. 5: "Wednesday's Child."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Candidate."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 3: "Without Apparent Motive" and "The Sicilian Clan."
From Oct. 4: "A Clockwork Orange."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Oct. 3: Three Russ Meyer films—"Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers," "Vixen," and "Cherry & Harry & Raquel."
From Oct. 4: "Play It Again, Sam."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 3: "The Great Dictator."
From Oct. 4: "The New Centurions."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 27: "Lolita" and "Zabriskie Point."
Sept. 28-Oct. 5: "Claire's Knee" and "Dr. Strangelove."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 3: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From Oct. 4: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 27: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "The Conformist."
Sept. 28: "Rider on the Rain" and "The Sicilian Clan."
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "Duck Soup" and "The Cocoanuts."
Oct. 2-3: "Key Largo" and "All Through the Night."
Oct. 4-5: "Witness for the Prosecution" and "The Devil's Disciple."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 3: "Swinging Stewardesses."
From Oct. 4: To be announced.

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Candidate."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 3: "Without Apparent Motive" and "Walkabout."
From Oct. 4: "The Godfather."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

All Through the Night (1942)—Humphrey Bogart in a story about a mobster who has turned to gambling to support his family and the gang. This is the effect of wartime rationing with a vengeance. The film is nothing much, but there are acerbic small appearances by Peter Lorre and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia; Oct. 2-3.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Kips Bay; Oct. 3.)

And Now for Something Completely Different—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." There are six actor-writers, and two girls for decoration; their peculiar preoccupations, which here include a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Playboy; starting Sept. 30.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Kips Bay; Oct. 2.)

Bluebeard—Richard Burton as Bluebeard; Joey Heatherton as his wife. She finds his mother's mummy rotting to bits in a spare-room rocking chair. Many other deaths ensue (six former wives—including Nathalie Delon and Raquel Welch—found in a refrigerator, along with a prostitute who didn't even get a wedding ring out of things). Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Trash, fairly funny. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Sept. 28.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Murray Hill; Oct. 3.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Kips Bay; Oct. 2.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 3.)

Cancel My Reservation—A new low for Bob Hope. As a TV personality caught in a murder case, he delivers a steady string of sour, wheezing one-liners. Eva Marie Saint is mired in this one, along with Chief Dan George and Keenan Wynn. Paul Bogart is listed as director; did he read the script before he signed the contract? (Music Hall.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Gramercy, U. A. East, Waverly, Guild, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; through Oct. 5.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Murray Hill; Oct. 1.)

Chloe in the Afternoon—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 30.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 28-Oct. 5.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (St. Marks Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 4.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Kips Bay; Sept. 30.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Thalia; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
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Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detectives Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (Playboy; through Sept. 29.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Kips Bay; Oct. 1.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best; debonair songs, dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 4.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Kips Bay; Oct. 1.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

The Devil's Disciple (1959)—The Shaw play, not too well directed by Guy Hamilton, but Laurence Olivier is an irresistible General Burgoyne. As an English critic remarked, he administers "such a drubbing to his American co-stars that Burgoyne's military defeats are triumphantly avenged." With Kirk Douglas, Eva Le Gallienne, and Burt Lancaster (who has one great scene). (Thalia; Oct. 4-5.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (New Yorker; Sept. 28-Oct. 5.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 4.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Dulcima—With Carol White and John Mills, directed by Frank Nesbitt. (Trans-Lux East.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Kips Bay; Sept. 30.)

The Emigrants—With Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann, directed by Jan Troell. In Swedish. (Sutton.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (34th St. East, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 27.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Murray Hill; Sept. 27.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; Sept. 29.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that

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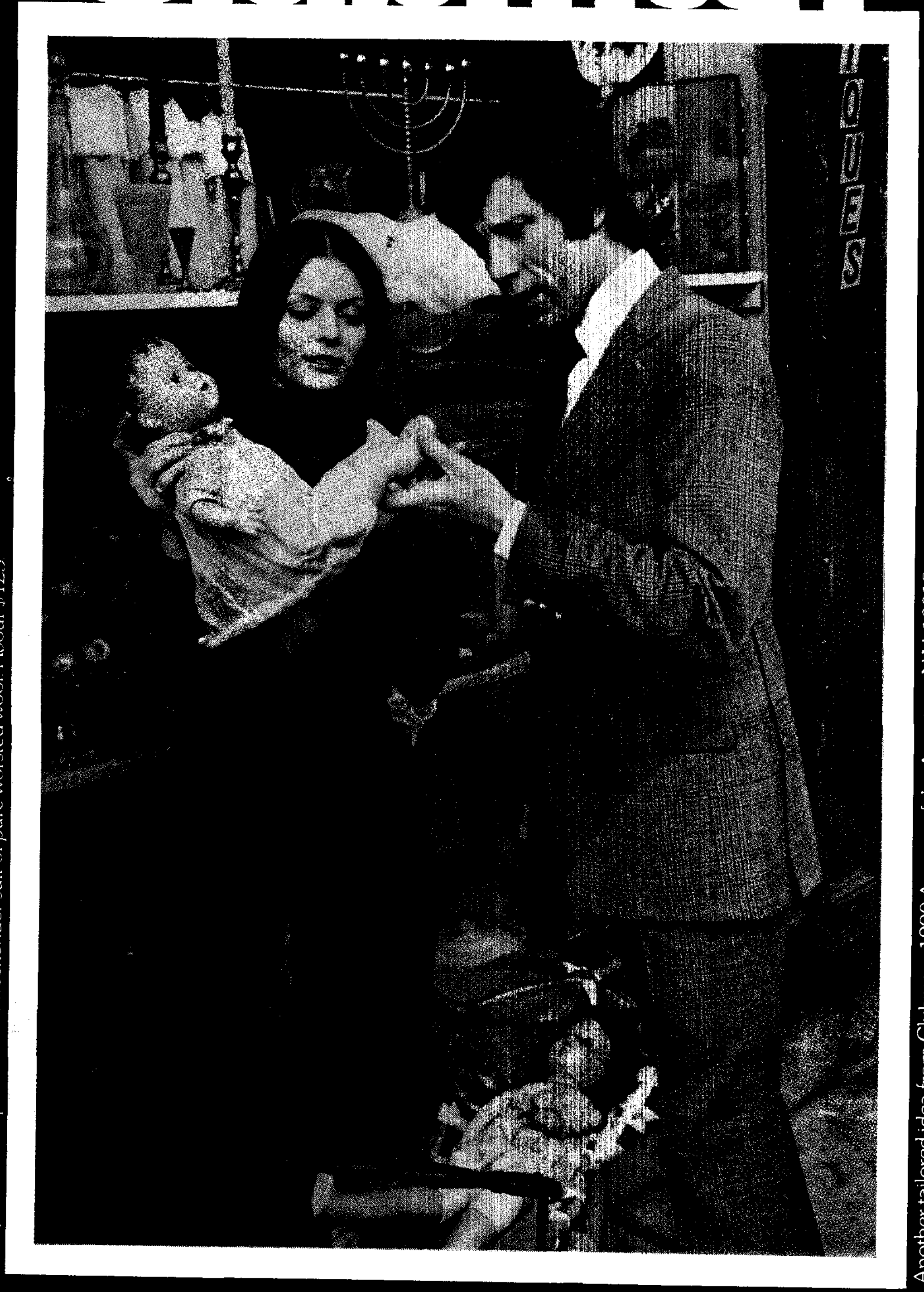

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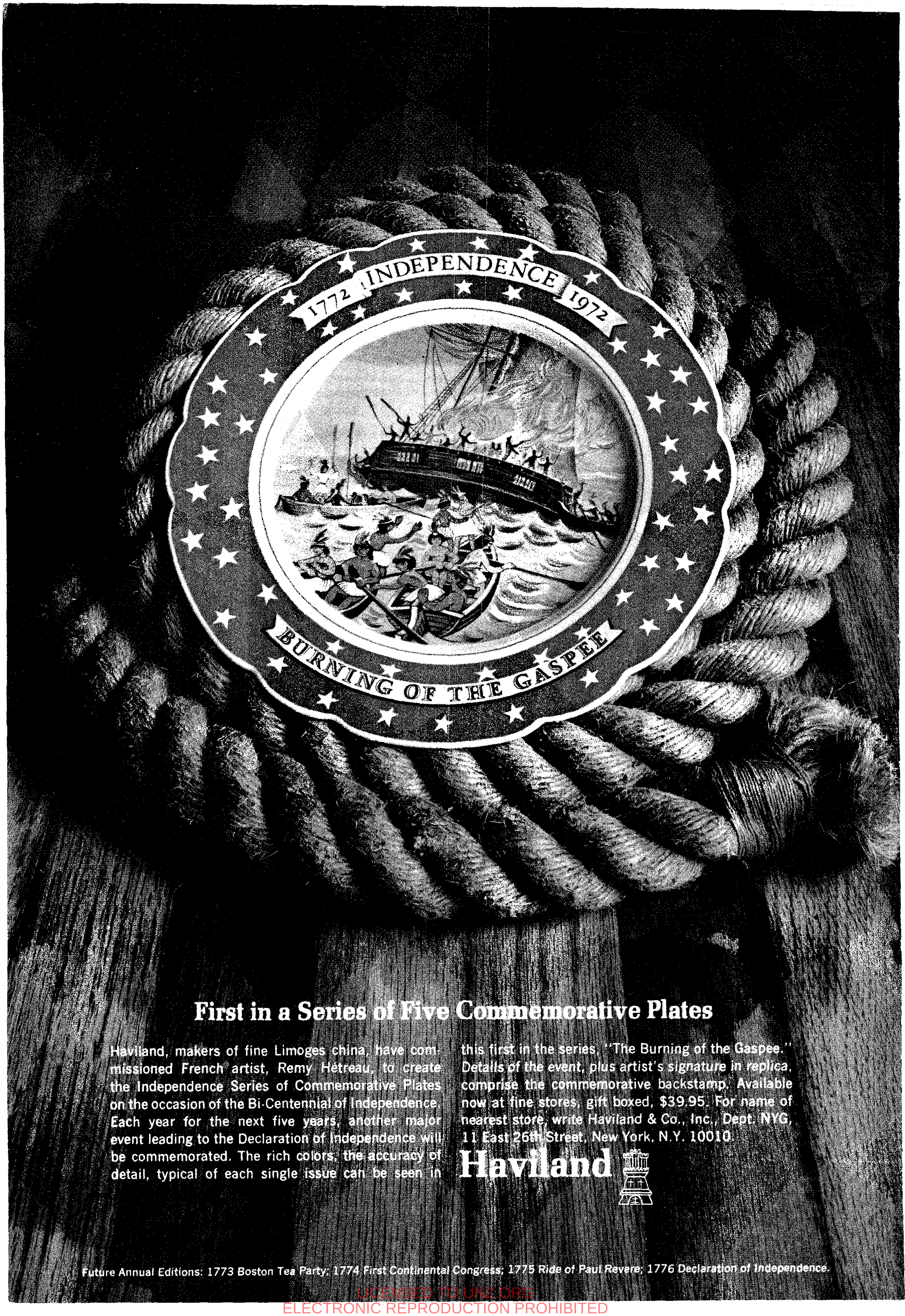

First in a Series of Five Commemorative Plates

Haviland, makers of fine Limoges china, have commissioned French artist, Remy Hétreau, to create the Independence Series of Commemorative Plates on the occasion of the Bi-Centennial of Independence. Each year for the next five years, another major event leading to the Declaration of Independence will be commemorated. The rich colors, the accuracy of detail, typical of each single issue can be seen in this first in the series, "The Burning of the Gaspee." *Details of the event, plus artist's signature in replica,* comprise the commemorative backstamp. Available now at fine stores, gift boxed, $39.95. For name of nearest store, write Haviland & Co., Inc., Dept. NYG, 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Flesh (1968)—With Joe Dellesandro. Directed by Paul Morrissey, one of the Warhol group. (Kips Bay; Sept. 29.)

Flirtation Walk (1934)—Dick Powell, in a fancy uniform, singing to Ruby Keeler, in frilly polka dots, goes beyond Camp to Sick. This picture helps to explain why Powell later tried to change his image and took on tough-guy roles. Frank Borzage directed. With Pat O'Brien and Ross Alexander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1-3.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Murray Hill; Sept. 30.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 3.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Beekman; through Oct. 3.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American Romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 4.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Murray Hill; Sept. 28.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount and Baronet. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 4.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Fine Arts.)

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The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 3.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad of an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-send-up, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 3.)

Happiness Ahead (1934)—Not really. There's no lilt to this Dick Powell musical. With a miscast Josephine Hutchinson, John Halliday as slick and urbane as usual, and the comic troupers—Ruth Donnelly, Frank McHugh, and Allen Jenkins. Mervyn LeRoy directed, stodgily. Mediocre score. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1-3.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 4.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus that had gulped it down with a gallon of pond bilge. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 4.)

Hickey and Boggs—With Bill Cosby and Robert Culp in the title roles, directed by Culp. (86th St. East; through Oct. 3.)

Housewives Report—Directed by Eberhard Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 4.)

The Hunt (1966)—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; Oct. 4.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

Junior Bonner—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. A depressingly successful other son has made a fortune out of all-electric trailers. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 4.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Thalia; Oct. 2-3.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 3.)

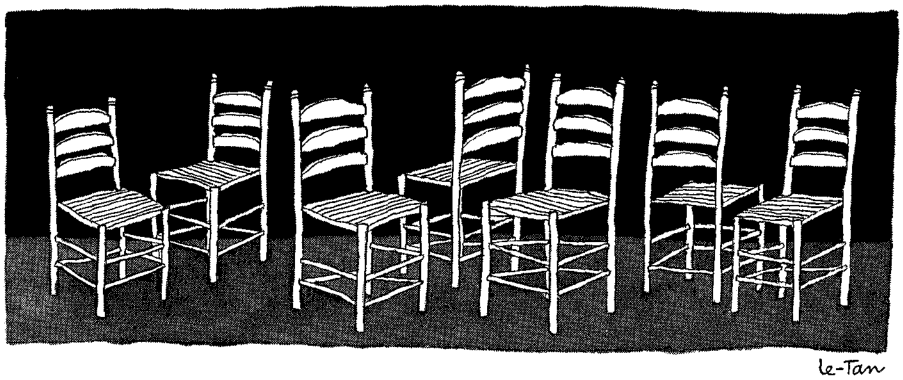
Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and, Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (New Yorker; Sept. 27.)

Lonesome Cowboys (1969)—Various forms of casual molestation—and some comedy—in the Southwest. Andy Warhol directed and photographed. With Viva, Joe Dallesandro, and Taylor Mead. (Kips Bay; Sept. 29.)

Lover Come Back (1962)—Jerry Webster, Madison Avenue hero of Delbert Mann's appallingly flip satire, is played with fitting idle thuggishness by Rock Hudson. His boss, given a mood of twitching concentration by Tony Randall, tries to persuade him that it's better that a product should be invented before it's sold. Doris Day is unusually gravelly as a rival executive. Male steamrollering is matched by female venom; the bob to nineteen-sixties Victorianism is that the hero has the last laugh by (naturally) getting Doris Day pregnant. Good hand grenade for Women's Liberation. (Murray Hill; Oct. 5.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 3.)

Loving (1970)—An unusually perceptive film,



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with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Murray Hill; Sept. 28.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Murray Hill; Oct. 3.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Murray Hill; Sept. 30.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Kips Bay; starting Oct. 4.)

Melinda—A black celebrity (Calvin Lockhart) fends off a pretty rough time at the hands of a suave white crime-syndicate chief. The prettiest person, played by Vonetta McGee, gets slashed to pieces early in the picture, which is a nasty bit of work. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehar music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 30.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Art; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 4.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Kips Bay; Sept. 28.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Murray Hill; Sept. 27.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 4.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Art; starting Oct. 4.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—This modest well-intended movie about the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child has a dull, mawkish script, and so it is seldom credible, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Murray Hill; Oct. 2.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Juliet 2.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Murray Hill; Sept. 29.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Kips Bay; starting Oct. 4.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Art, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Beacon; starting Oct. 4.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 3.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith as Jean Brodie, Muriel Spark's witty caricature of a romantic crackpot teacher, who leads some of her pupils dangerously astray. In the movie, all too conventionally directed by Ronald Neame, Miss Brodie, with her snobbishness and her affectations and her jumble shop of a mind, becomes a bit of an Auntie Mame, but Maggie Smith is worth seeing, and so are Celia Johnson as her adversary and Robert Stephens as her lover. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 4.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitschfests.* It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 30.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (Murray Hill; Oct. 1.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes an ideological point when Peter O'Toole, a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ, becomes indistinguishable, after being cured, from a raving bigot of a Tory. (Cinema I.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed,

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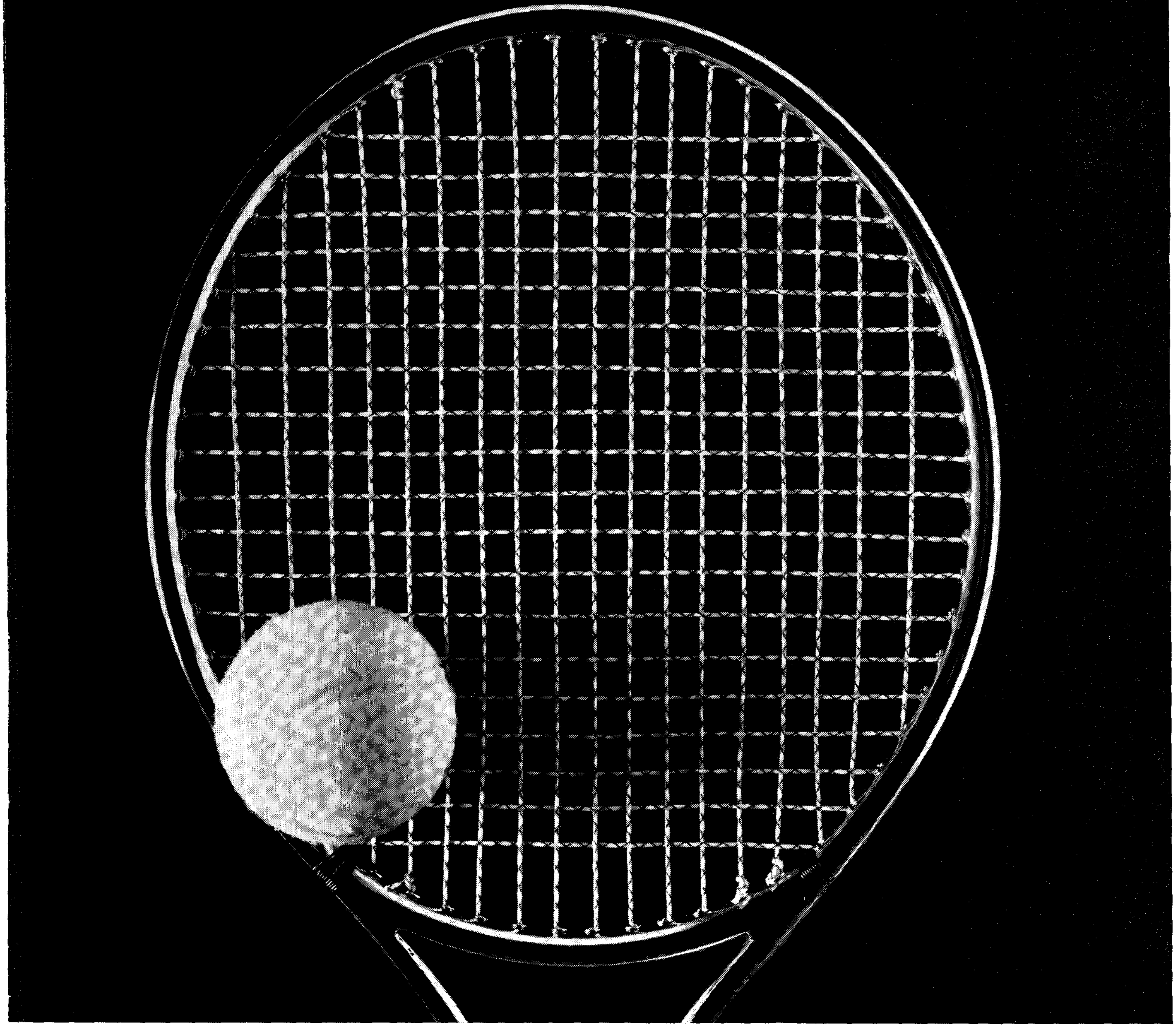

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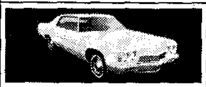

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goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris; through Oct. 4.)

A Sense of Loss—A documentary on Northern Ireland today. Directed by Marcel Ophuls. (Beekman; starting Oct. 4.)

A Separate Peace—Not shameful, exactly; not much of anything. John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

The Sicilian Clan (1970)—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 28.)

Slaughter—Lousy sex-and-bashing melodrama about a black Green Beret captain seeking revenge for his father's murder by a Cleveland gang. The plot is a ball of knitting wool toyed with by a kitten. Jim Brown plays the character called Slaughter, and slaughter he does. Rip Torn, good actor, looks demonic, and Stella Stevens looks dishy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 3.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Art; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 4.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks, directed by Martin Ritt. (Plaza.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote this primer-Freud story about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the nineteen-twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture is often beautiful, but it's hard to separate its beauty from its hysteria. The parents of the adolescents are loaded down with so many meannesses that the movie becomes Freudian baroque. Natalie Wood is the high-school girl who flips out when she loses Warren Beatty. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller, and Inge himself. (Kips Bay; Oct. 3.)

Superfly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism, and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (Symphony; through Oct. 3.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 4.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in a story of Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Elgin; through Oct. 5.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. A larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of wax-work Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Murray Hill; Oct. 5.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Murray Hill; Oct. 2.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Murray Hill; Oct. 4.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 27.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 4.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Olympia; through Oct. 3.)

Wednesday's Child—With Sandy Ratcliff, directed by Ken Loach. (Paris; starting Oct. 5.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Sept. 29.)

Without Apparent Motive—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia; through Oct. 3.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Thalia; Oct. 4-5.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Kips Bay; Sept. 28.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Symphony; through Oct. 3.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (New Yorker; Sept. 27.)

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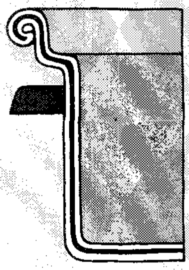
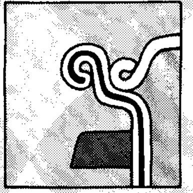


That's partly because every Flint pot and pan is made with three layers of metal. The outside layers (the ones you see) are gleaming stainless steel — for easier cleaning and greater durability. The inside layer (which you can't see) is carbon steel. It's a radiant heat core that distributes the heat and cooks food evenly, all around, like an oven.

The special rims on Ekco Flint cookware also contribute to better cooking.

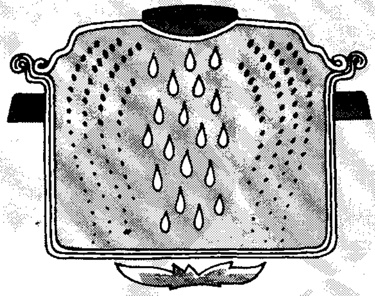


When you lower the heat, a vapor seal is formed between the rim and the cover.

You can then cook with less water and lower heat.

This is helped along by Flint's self-basting lids. They let foods simmer in their own rich, natural juices.

The result is simple. With Ekco Flint, you don't boil away the vitamins and flavor you pay for.



We said earlier that Flint cookware is durable. That's more than a claim. It's a guarantee.

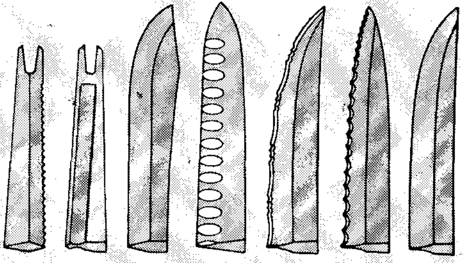
In fact, we guarantee Ekco Flint cookware for 15 years against defects in materials and workmanship. The same is true for our Flint cutlery. For your money back, just return to Ekco.

Flint stainless steel cookware won't chip or crack or discolor. The handles stay tight. The lids fit snugly year after year.

And stainless steel is one of the easiest things there is to keep sparkling.

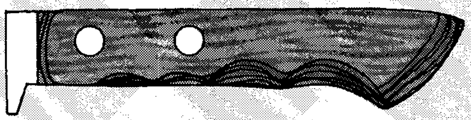
Of course, there's more to good cooking than cooking. Fixing meals calls for a lot of cutting, slicing, peeling, chopping, coring, boning and/or trimming.

And no single knife can do them all.



So Ekco cutlers design special blades for each job — each properly balanced for that job. Then they go a step further. For all 7 different blade types, they've engineered special grinds and edges to make each Ekco Flint knife as perfect a tool as possible.

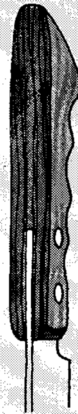
They all have one thing in common. They're crafted (that's the right word) from high-carbon vanadium stainless steel. That's so they hold a keen edge and so they won't rust or discolor.



Our handles are carved, instead of molded. And they're grooved to give you a firm grip even with wet or greasy hands.

What's more, our handles are made from Pakkawood®, real wood treated to make it impervious to burns, stains, acids and even dishwashers.

One more thing about our Ekco Flint knife handles: They have a riveted tang (that's the part of the blade that extends into the handle). With inferior knives, the tang is driven into the handle, like a nail, and usually comes loose. A riveted tang holds forever.



As we said in the beginning, we're offering this guide out of enlightened self-interest.

Which leads us to this final, helpful word. Both our cookware and our cutlery are available in money saving sets or in open stock.

For the name of your nearest Ekco dealer and our free booklets, "How to Carve" and "How to Choose and Use Cookware," call free **800-631-1972** (800-962-2803 in New Jersey). Ask for Operator Five.

Or write us, care of Dept. NGC.

EKCO®

Ekco Housewares Company,
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Man might conquer disease, stop crime and save his environment with the help of this little machine.

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It's a revolutionary new means of communication.

And if you wonder whether that's enough to change the world —remember the invention of the printing press.

Instead of printed words, the Sony U-matic Videocassette Player-Recorder uses television pictures and sound.

It's television you program yourself. Television you play back at will.

If you have something to say or demonstrate, it records your "program" on a color videocassette the size of a book.

To receive a program, you just insert the programmed cassette, and plug the U-matic into any TV set. At once, your program appears on the screen.

The uses of this little machine boggle the mind. It could, for instance, solve one of the biggest problems in the conquest of cancer.

Getting new developments out to doctors—fast.

Today, 1 out of 3 cancer patients is saved. It could be 1 out of 2, if doctors just had access to all the present knowledge.

With this little machine, they can.

Suppose a cancer specialist has some valid success with a new form of treatment.

He doesn't wait to present a paper at some future medical convention.

Right then and there, he records his technique on a U-matic color videocassette. Thousands of copies are made and mailed out.

Within days, thousands of doctors in hospitals and private offices have seen the technique on their U-matic, and can put it to use.

Knowledge snowballs.

You can see the possibilities: Long-distance teamwork among police in different cities. Among ecologists all over the world.

A communications explosion in education, business, industry.

What makes the U-matic so especially useful is that a program can come from many sources.

It could be something shot "live" right on the spot.

Existing tape. Film. Anything you can see or hear.

You can also buy or rent pre-programmed cassettes.

On hundreds of subjects, from riot control to golf technique.

Perhaps, some day, there'll be a U-matic in every living room.

But right now, as fast as Sony can turn them out, these little machines head for laboratories, schoolrooms, conference rooms, showrooms and factories.

Already, by the thousands, they are changing our world.

THE SONY® U-MATIC
color videocassette system

For more information, write Sony Corporation of America, Video Products Dept., 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

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THE
I. MAGNIN MAN

Grey flannel? We used more grey matter. Ma[illegible]ita M[illegible]LLISSIMA double knit. A fine close weave of polyester and wool Chavanoz yarn. Great feel. Great freedom. Great way to [illegible] [illegible]

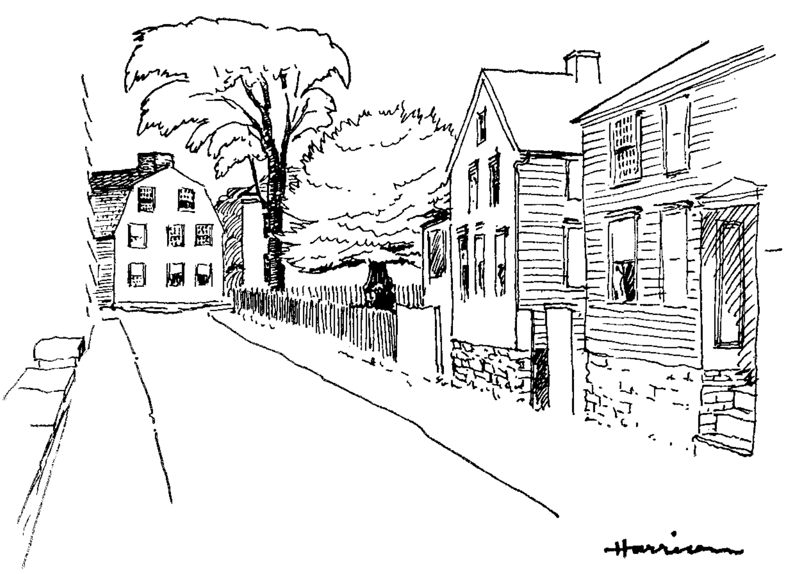
JACK COWLEY

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"INTERCEPT THREE LETTER-BOMBS," says the headline on the Chicago newspaper. "MURDER-BY-MAIL ENVELOPES ADDRESSED TO ISRAELI ENVOYS WERE FOUND IN MANHATTAN," says the lead news story in the *Wall Street Journal*. "BOMBS MAILED TO MANY ISRAELI OFFICIALS," runs the headline on a front-page story in the *Times*. It is a horrible story, a terrifying story (and, as with many awful tales, and in spite of ourselves, an exciting story): airmail envelopes from the Netherlands; thin strips of powerful explosives inside the envelopes; police bomb squads; a lonely field in Rodman's Neck; elaborate, courageous dismantling procedures. But what is perhaps even more horrible than these press accounts (which are, after all, the work of reporters doing their jobs) is the apprehension we feel after reading them—a vague apprehension, arising in part from the paranoia we have come to live with, which itself arises from the strange and evil facts of this century—that these news items are but the first in yet another ghastly sequence. The face of John Kennedy swims into view. Dallas. The funeral cortege. Robert Kennedy. Dr. King. Wallace. The first hijacker. Those adventurous flights to Cuba. D. B. Cooper. Then death. Death in airports. Death on runways. Death in the air. "NEW TYPE OF BOMB USED IN MAILINGS," says the paper in front of us, which then quotes "London sources" on the general procedure for making such a device and on the considerable destructive power of the explosive. This is freedom of the press, we think, which has its own ethics and its own logic, but it is also a means of providing information, and the information is provided in full knowledge of a now nearly universal propensity for madness, for wild, murderous faddism, which in recent years has all too amply shown the world—the world of newspaper editors as well as readers—its own deathly logic. We wonder: Who else was reading those newspapers today? And who else—unconnected with this frightful Palestinian-Israeli feud—will receive airmail envelopes, not from the Netherlands but from Rome or Grover's Corners? Is it enough to say that everybody has just been doing his job—the reporter, the editor, the publisher? At this moment, we doubt it. A better way must be found, we think, of dealing with "news" of this sort, which is both "news" and something else. Possibly we need a national understanding, possibly an international understanding—at any rate, some kind of coherent, responsible, non-trivial agreement among news organizations that they will play this kind of news down rather than up, and that whenever someone discovers, say, a new device for killing people, they will report the discovery with nondramatic coolness, and certainly not furnish us with how-to-do-it details of its construction. This time, there may turn out to have been no need for such an agreement. Still: "NEW TYPE OF BOMB USED IN MAILINGS." We (by which we mean those of us who are in the press and who care about the press) have to stop saying we are just doing our jobs, are fulfilling our function, are being professional. No amount of professionalism can recover lives lost in a contagion of violence.



Secretary-General

SHORTLY before the twenty-seventh session of the General Assembly of the United Nations opened last week, we spent some time with Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, a tall, lean Austrian diplomat, who has inherited the unenviable task of pulling the organization out of its present doldrums. When Mr. Waldheim was elected as a compromise candidate last December, it was widely assumed that he would be a "passive" Secretary-General, in the manner of U Thant, rather than an activist like Trygve Lie or Dag Hammarskjöld. Over the past nine months, however, the new S.-G. has emerged as a man of action, determination, and considerable diplomatic skill. He has intervened to settle disputes in Cyprus and Yemen, encouraged Indian-Pakistani peace negotiations while sponsoring a six-hundred-million-dollar relief program in Bangladesh, dispatched humanitarian missions to Burundi, Uganda, and the Sudan, and persuaded the South African government to accept a United Nations representative in Namibia, or South-West Africa. His public statements deploring violence in Vietnam, the Middle East, and Northern Ireland have been blunt enough to produce sharp replies from several governments. His economy drive within the U.N. Secretariat has frozen three hundred job openings, decreased the paper output by fifteen per cent, and shaved six million dollars from the current budget.

We began our visit at 9:15 A.M., when we arrived at the Waldheims' suite in the Hotel Carlyle during a picture-taking session. At one end of the living room, a photographer from *Parade* was arranging the Waldheims—the Secretary-General; his handsome wife, Elisabeth; their teen-age daughter, Christa; and the family dachshund, Lexi—for an informal portrait. "Let's see if we can get a bit more relaxed," said the photographer. He seated Mrs. Waldheim in a large orange-and-beige armchair, placed Christa and the dog on her left, and moved the Secretary-General to a rather unsteady perch on the back. "Now lean forward and talk naturally," he said.

"I have to tell you I'm not very comfortable," the Secretary-General remarked, smiling politely. He speaks soft, German-accented English.

"It won't take a minute," replied the photographer.

Lights flashed, the camera clicked, and Lexi yawned, looking over his shoulder at his master.

"He's a year and a half old, and he's just beginning to develop character," said Mrs. Waldheim. "At the moment, he thinks he's a watchdog, which is a bit difficult in a hotel."

"We hope to move into the Sutton Place house by mid-November," said Mr. Waldheim, referring to the new official residence of the Secretary-General. "At the moment, U.N. workmen are replacing pipes and replastering walls."

When the photographer had finished, the Waldheims conferred briefly in German. Then the Secretary-General took an elevator to the ground floor and climbed into a gleaming green Lincoln Continental that was waiting at the curb.

As the driver headed south on Park Avenue, we asked if the car belonged to the U.N.

"Yes, it is an official car," Mr. Waldheim replied, looking amused. "But I decided against black. Green is the color of hope."

We asked the S.-G. what kind of day he was expecting, and he said, "Busy. From now until mid-October, I am completely tied up with appointments, meetings, official lunches, and official dinners. This year, there are forty new ambassadors and between seventy and eighty foreign ministers here for the Assembly, and, naturally, they all want to see me. Good health and good nerves are essential to this job, because you are, so to speak, constantly between millstones. Whenever you do anything positive, somebody is certain to be critical."

When we arrived at the thirty-eighth floor of the Secretariat Building, Mr. Waldheim's personal staff—two Austrian assistants, two security officers, two secretaries, a switchboard operator, and a valet—were waiting at one end of the corridor. There was a flurry of greetings, and Mr. Waldheim disappeared into his office, followed by Kate Newell, one of the secretaries. Her associate, Estella Mira, handed us a typed list of the day's appointments, which read as follows:

10:30 Sir Zafrulla Khan, President of the International Court of Justice.
11:00 Wreath-laying by Sec.-Gen. (Dag Hammarskjöld).
11:30 Foreign Minister Adam Malik (Indonesia).
12:30 H.E. Raja Tridiv Roy, chairman of Pakistan delegation.
1:00 Amb. Ipoto Eyebu Bakand'asi (Zaire—credentials).
2:30 Amb. Grace S. Ibingira (Uganda).
3 to 4 Messrs. Guyer and Urquhart.
4:30 Mr. Orlando Pereira Gonzalez, chargé of Cuba.
5:00 Reception for C. Maxwell Stanley and members of Conference on U.N. of Next Decade.
6:00 Amb. Odero-Jowi (Kenya).

By ten-forty-five, Sir Zafrulla—a tiny, dignified Pakistani—was in the Secretary-General's office and two press officers, William Powell and André Lewin, were waiting outside in the reception room. "We always see the S.-G. before the noon press briefing," said Mr. Powell. "He fits us in somehow, even if it's on the way to the elevator. By tradition, the S.-G. gives no press conferences during the Assembly session, so any statements are transmitted through us."

At ten-fifty-five, Mr. Waldheim emerged with Sir Zafrulla, and paused to confer with the press officers.

"When asked about the Israeli strikes in Lebanon, I suggest that you deplore violence and do not consider that such acts of violence are helpful in reaching a peaceful and just solution to the Middle East question," said Mr. Powell.

Mr. Waldheim nodded in agreement and set off down the corridor, picking up an entourage of undersecretaries for the Hammarskjöld-wreath ceremony. Downstairs, on the ground floor of the General Assembly Building, a semicircle of diplomats waited in the glare of photographic lights. "You just take it from one wall and move it across to the other one," murmured C. V. Narasimhan, the Chef de Cabinet. Mr. Waldheim picked up a four-foot wreath of red and gold chrysanthemums and placed it in front of a plaque bearing Mr. Hammarskjöld's name. Then he stood for a moment in silent meditation.

In the next few hours, on the thirty-eighth floor, a constant parade of visitors passed through the Secretary-General's reception room—voluble, smiling groups of Indonesians and Pakistanis, a solemn, dark-suited delegation from Zaire, a nervous ambassador from Uganda, a melancholy Cuban, a genial giant from Kenya. In between the official appointments, members of the Secretariat materialized, bearing cables to be answered, draft statements to be approved, and requests for decisions on procedure in the forthcoming General Assembly. There were several telephone calls to Switzerland, where Mr. Waldheim was hoping to recruit a representative for the Namibia post, and there was an unscheduled working lunch in his private dining room with Bradford Morse, the Undersecretary for Political and General Assembly Affairs.

At 5 P.M., Mr. Waldheim appeared in a conference room adjoining his office to greet delegates from the Conference on the United Nations of the Next Decade and accept a bound copy of the group's report on Ocean Management and World Order.

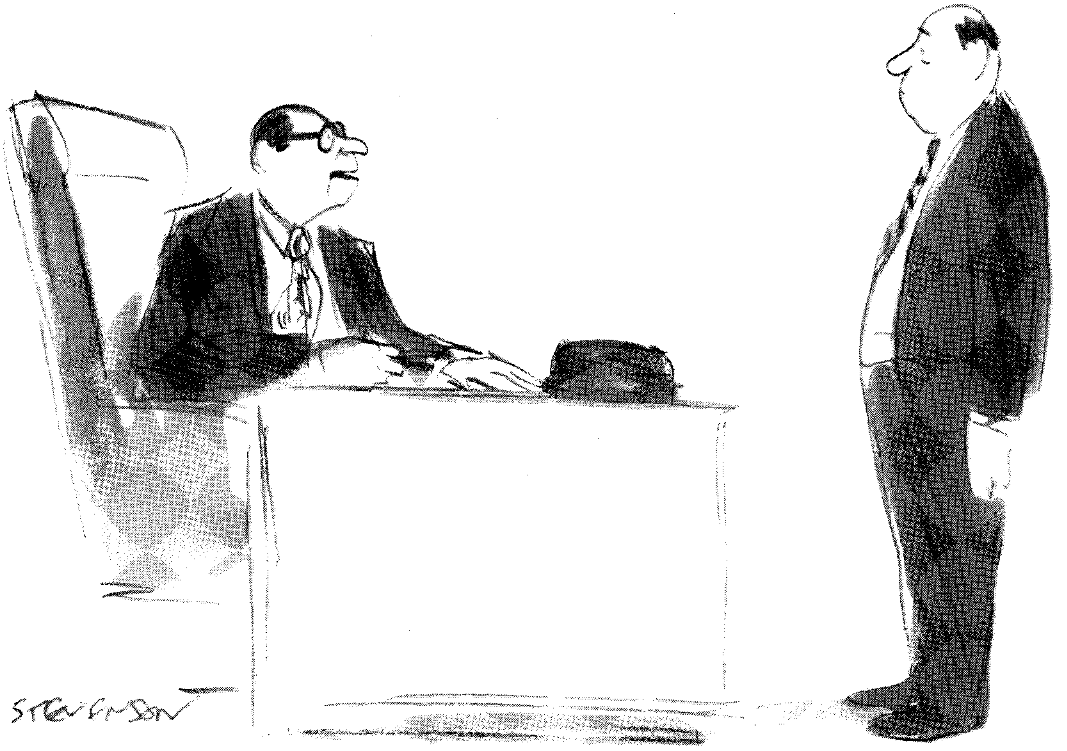
Two hours later, after the last ambassador had departed, Mr. Waldheim opened the door of his office and invited us in for a brief chat.

"How do you view the job?" we asked, looking around at the room, which has pale-green walls, beige curtains and carpeting, modest teak furniture, and a magnificent view of the Queensboro Bridge.

"The Secretary-General is charged with protecting the interests of the world community," said Mr. Waldheim. "But he has no effective power. Therefore, one has to operate from moral authority, which must be used in the right way at the right time. Certain problems—Vietnam, for example—demand strong public statements, because there is an immediate danger that hundreds of thousands of people may die. On other occasions—a border dispute between the two Yemens, the renewal of the Cyprus negotiations, talks between India and Pakistan—it is best to try quiet, preventive diplomacy. The Middle East is a major disappointment; at the moment, we can only try to calm down that situation. I have, however, asked the General Assembly to consider the general problem of terrorism. Acts of violence are increasing all over the world, and I feel that the member governments must try to devise measures to avoid such insanity in the future."

We recalled that in 1971 Mr. Waldheim had run, unsuccessfully, for the Presidency of Austria, and we asked whether he would have preferred that relatively peaceful post to the maelstrom of international politics.

"Not at all," he replied, with a smile. "I am a curious mixture of a diplomat and a politician. A professional diplomat is always cautious; he tries to avoid controversy as much as possible. A politician must learn to take risks in order to produce positive results. In 1971, I campaigned very hard for the Presidency and got forty-seven per cent of the vote—a pretty good showing, considering that I had spent many years outside the country in various diplomatic posts. Looking back, however, I am rather grateful to the crucial four per cent who didn't vote for me, because if I had won I wouldn't be here now. For someone like me, this is the most interesting job in the world."



"Look at it this way, Weller. You've pitched a swell seven innings, but now we're bringing in a Sparky Lyle."

• •

Fast Food

THE diner, a sleek piece of roadside furniture designed to express, though immobile, the rapid movement of the railroad train, is the important architectural expression of Fast Food. Richard J. S. Gutman, recently graduated from Cornell's College of Architecture, Art, and Planning, and now a partner in Poor Willie Productions, of Boston, is the important architectural historian of the diner. We met Mr. Gutman last week at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, where we were attending a show called "Objects for Preparing Food." He was on the second floor superintending a slide show he had put together on Fast Food. He told us that he had a lot of stuff about the preparation of food in his show, because the Museum of Contemporary Crafts wanted stuff about the preparation of food. But, he said, what he really cared about was the architecture of Fast Food: the diner.

Mr. Gutman's show made use of three projectors and a tape recorder. Some slides came from the magazine *Fast Food*, some from the circa-1924 catalogue of P. J. Tierney & Sons, an important early fabricator of diners; many slides were made from photographs taken by Mr. Gutman himself. There was impressive visual documentation of the evolution of the diner. Slides showed simple turn-of-the-century lunch wagons; diners on wheels, made to resemble the dining car of a train; and dazzling examples—from the golden age of diners, in the thirties and forties—of diners made to resemble streamlined diesel locomotives. Mr. Gutman's narrative described the style of the golden age of diners as a "total manipulation of the visual—an accentuation of imagery based on the nineteen-thirties notion of the idea of speed as an accentuation, an exaggeration, not just an articulation, of motion." The slide show did indeed touch on objects for preparing food which were used in a diner: Fry-o-Lators, Lowerators, Lusterizers, and Speedster Thrift-o-Matic Counter Units. After watching the show, we talked with Mr. Gutman again. He is a slight young man in his twenties. He was wearing black-metal-rimmed glasses, and had his hair pulled back in a braid. He had a small, sandy-colored mustache. We asked him how the public was receiving his show. "You know, people who are into diners, you know, flip out. Other people—well, it takes longer," he said.

The next day, we talked with Mr. Gutman about his research into the history of the diner. "At the turn of the century," he said, "when electric streetcars were coming in, you could buy up horse-drawn cars cheap—spend fifty dollars and you had a place. Some of those places were really bad—for hoodlums and so on. The first diner king was Charles Buckley. He made cars with stained-glass windows and pictures of the Presidents. He made white cars with gold trim. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union latched on to Buckley. At that time, most men ate the free lunch served in saloons. The W.C.T.U. liked the idea of the diner meal as an alternative to the drinking man's meal. The next king of the diner was Pop Tierney. He was the guy who brought the toilet inside, and he had a finance plan and everything. At his peak, his company made a diner a day at his plant in New Rochelle. He made millions of diners before he went out of business, in 1932. Booths came into diners in the nineteen-twenties, as an incentive to ladies to come in. As far as styling goes, whatever happened to trains and trolleys happened to diners, too. One of the important architectural features of the diner is the roof. Historically, there are three important styles in diner roofs. There is the monitor-deck roof, which involves a trim, cut-off rectangular superstructure on top of the roof; there is the modified monitor-deck roof, which keeps the monitor superstructure but ends it in a curve instead of cutting it off; and, finally, there is the rounded turtle-back roof. In the middle forties, there were new developments. Diners doubled in size. The railroad imagery began to disappear. They abandoned the monitor-deck roof and began to replace the classic stainless steel with brick, tile, and wood. They had bigger windows, and they got into things like draperies. Nowadays, you get everything—Early American, French Provincial, paste-on or clip-on mansard roofs. Now you can't buy a diner for less than one hundred thousand dollars, and they can run at least as high as five hundred thousand dollars. Most diners are made in New Jersey. It has always been that way, and it's still that way, so most of the diners in this country are in the East."

Mr. Gutman told us that a couple of pals had told him there was a great diner in Manhattan. He had a little map on a slip of paper. According to the map, the diner was in lower Manhattan—at the corner of West Broadway and Leonard Street. We set off together and took the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. to Franklin Street. As we emerged from the subway, we saw a diner.

"This must be it," said Mr. Gutman. "It's got a glass-block rounded corner, floor to ceiling. Floor to ceiling is pretty unusual. The siding is fluted porcelain, and it has a modified monitor roof. It is very rare to see an old monitor roof anymore. This is about 1945."

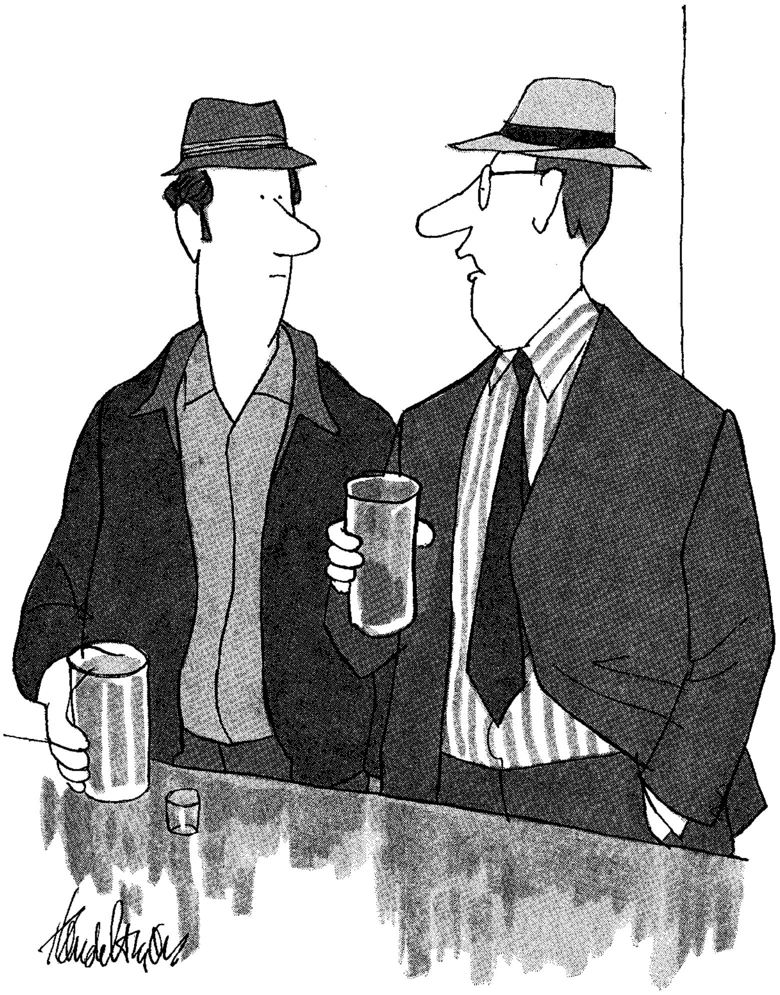
We went into the diner. "It's got a nice little vestibule," said Mr. Gutman. "A nice curved entrance. Draws you right in."

An old black man on his way out noticed us looking at the vestibule. "This is a damned good diner. Sign says it was made by the Kullman Dining Car Company in Harrison, New Jersey," he said. "I been coming here for years. Used to be an Italian that owned it. Then there were Jewish people. They died. Greeks got it now. Best food in this neighborhood. Have the liver and onions, potato, and green vegetable."

Hurrah

THERE was a nip in the air last Tuesday evening in Brooklyn, and the tree-lined streets of the Cobble Hill section were littered with campaign leaflets, like dead leaves. The leaflets said, "Don't Be Misled by a Tricky Outsider Who Was Rejected by His Own Constituents—Re-Elect Our Own Congressman John J. Rooney." John J. Rooney has represented the Fourteenth Congressional District of Brooklyn for twenty-eight years. The passage of time has resulted in his accession to the chairmanship of an Appropriations subcommittee in the House. In this powerful position, he regularly gives the F.B.I. the money it asks for, while cutting back on such suspicious-sounding programs as Equal Employment Opportunities. He has logrolled substantial sums of federal money into Brooklyn. He is an enemy of pornography and a friend of the war in Vietnam. The Tricky Outsider is Allard K. Lowenstein, possibly the most energetic man in America. (On a recent campaign tour of a black neighborhood in the Bushwick section, Mr. Lowenstein *ran* back and forth across the street and up front stoops to greet people. What is more, he was carrying an eleven-year-old boy on his shoulders at the time. The boy had asked the candidate for a ride, and he got one.) Mr. Lowenstein was a catalyst of the civil-rights and peace movements of the nineteen-sixties. He set in motion the political events that brought Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy into the 1968 Presidential race. He served a term as a representative from Nassau County, and then was gerrymandered out of his seat in 1970. At the moment, he is, among other things, the national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a member of the Democratic National Committee. The reformers brought him to Brooklyn to run against Mr. Rooney, whom they have been trying to get rid of for years. After the June 20th primary, which Mr. Rooney won by eight hundred and ninety votes, Mr. Lowenstein went to court, charging irregularities and finagling. The judges were impressed enough by his evidence, gathered painstakingly over the summer by a staff of volunteers, to order a new election.

Mr. Lowenstein had looked the favorite in June, but last Tuesday Mr. Rooney had the advantage. The Brooklyn Democratic machine can turn its vote on like a faucet, but Mr. Lowenstein's margin would have had to come from black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods, where only a



"I can understand his feelings. I, too, would hate to be the first President in history to call off a war for moral reasons."

huge job of organization can bring large numbers of people to the polls, and there was only a week between the court decision and the election. We spent Tuesday evening at the Fifty-second Assembly District Regular Democratic Club, at the corner of Clinton and Kane Streets, in Cobble Hill, which was serving as Rooney headquarters. It is a stately, shabby brownstone, full of memories. On the first floor, where a few people were sitting quietly on folding chairs, fading portraits of ancient chairmen and leaders hung on greenish walls. Downstairs, in the basement, there was more activity. Forty years ago, when people spent no time watching television and more time with other people, there had been a bowling alley in the basement. Now there was a long table with fifteen telephones spaced along it. The polls were still open, and a row of people, most of them middle-aged holders of patronage jobs, sat telephoning voters. We noticed a young woman in bell-bottomed jeans at one of the phones, and we asked her if she was a Youth for Rooney. "Well, sort of," she said. "I work for Assemblyman Riccio."

After ten o'clock, when some of the polls closed, more people arrived. We recognized Sam Leone, the Borough President of Brooklyn, and Stanley Steingut, the Minority Leader of the State Assembly. Mr. Leone and Mr. Steingut move in wider circles than the clubhouse and courthouse types who surrounded them. Mr. Leone's hair was a little longer than theirs and his tie a little wider. Mr. Steingut wore fashionable wire-rimmed glasses.

Congressman Rooney was sequestered on the second floor, and eight beefy men guarded the stairs. "Captains only!" they shouted. "Let 'em through! No, not you! Captains only!" The captains went upstairs, carrying little pieces of paper with the vote totals for their wards written on them.

We talked with a couple of earnest young men, who turned out to be members of the Young People's Socialist League, and asked them how it was that they were supporting Mr. Rooney against Mr. Lowenstein.

"Rooney's basically a decent guy, and he has a good labor record," said the left-hand young Socialist. "And he's against isolationism."

"Lowenstein is a petty-bourgeois intellectual," the right-hand young Socialist put in.

"How about you?" we asked. "What are your class origins?"

"Well, I'm petty-bourgeois, too."

"The Lowenstein element is a bad influence on the Democratic Party," left-hand said. "They cost Humphrey the election last time by not coming out for him until the last moment."

"You're not making the same mistake this time?" we said. "You're for McGovern?"

"Well, actually, I'm still up in the air about that."

In the basement, a portly man with unnaturally brown hair that was thicker on top than on the sides was announcing the first returns. "I'll have to be honest with you," he said. "This comes from the Eighteenth E.D. of the Fifty-eighth A.D., in Greenpoint, one of our strongest areas. It's Lowenstein fifty-four, Rooney three hundred and eighteen. That's a net gain of thirty-three votes for Rooney over June, by the way."

In the back of the room, a young man wearing a McGovern button—the only McGovern button we saw all evening—walked past a woman and she looked angry.

"What's the matter?" the young man said. "We're all Democrats here, right?"

"*We're* not Democrats," the woman said. "We're Republicans."

"We're from the Conservative Party, to be precise," a man with her put in. "We're supporting Rooney. We want to stop the lunatic liberals on the left from using Brooklyn as a springboard for their national ambitions."

The woman still looked angry. "If you had children, you wouldn't support this busing!" she cried. "Anyone who supports busing is a Fascist!"

"Fascist?" the young man said. "I know busing is unpopular, but—"

"People like you get me so I can't think!" the woman shouted. "I'd like to mash your face into the wall!"

The woman's companion took her arm firmly. "Remember, we're guests here, like I told you," he said. "Now, take it easy."

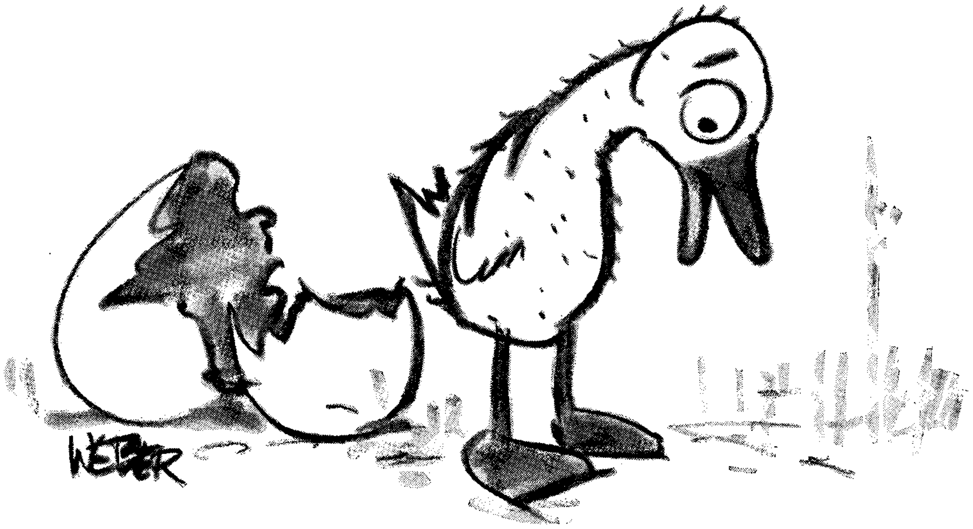
We interrupted to ask the man in the Conservative Party if he knew there were Socialists working in the Rooney campaign.

"They're everywhere," he said, and he shook his head grimly. "Everywhere."

At eleven-thirty, the television men turned on their lights. The jobholders chanted "We want Rooney!" and a man with wispy white hair stepped to the microphone and said, "I'd like to give the latest figures. With a hundred and twenty-nine E.D.s of a hundred and sixty-eight reporting, it's Lowenstein nine thousand nine hundred and eighty, Rooney thirteen thousand"—the crowd cheered—"five hundred thirty-nine! And now I'd like to present the next congressman from the Fourteenth Congressional District, the fine congressman from our area, John J. Rooney!"

The crowd cheered some more. Mr. Rooney is short and bald, with a head as smooth as an egg. His most striking features are his eyebrows, which are going white, and his mouth, which is diagonal.

"I think you'll agree that this result vindicates the position we've taken during this campaign—that truth always prevails," Mr. Rooney said. "I won't bore you with a long political speech. I'll take the rest of the time I have up here to thank you all for participating. I'll do the same as I always did. I'll be back in Washington tomorrow, working in your interest. So, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to get to bed early."



"My God! Webbed feet!"

• •

CATERING

"WITH the divorce rate you'd think it'd die out, but no," said Angelica, the daughter of Mrs. Pope the wedding caterer. She spoke to her father, sounding taxed. The smell of roasting turkey rose through the Popes' small Putney house like the smell of bonfires seeping through things. Angelica's boyfriend liked it. He would nibble her hair and taste gravy. Angelica thought the place stank. The weddings Mrs. Pope catered were always on Saturdays. One turkey was cooked on Thursday night, the other on Friday at dawn, because the oven wouldn't hold two at a time. It was a ritual. This was a Thursday.

"Your mother and I can carve two turkeys and feed a hundred and twenty people with white meat only," said Al Pope.

"Breast," said Angelica.

Mr. Pope was a thin man with a collarbone like a wire coat hanger. He was one of those people who are tolerated or even held in affection for being a good chap and always staying to pay for the last round of drinks at the end of an evening. He was an engineer. He had gone to night school in the Depression. To get his learning he had trained himself to sleep only four hours in the twenty-four, with half an hour allowed for recreation. Now there were three hours an evening with the television. These were the palmy days, to his mind.

On Thursday evenings he could hear one bird loudly roasting in the oven. The other would be laid out, trussed and full of onion, on the table in the living room beside his elbow ("taking my attention away from the set"). Any other day of the week he chose to watch television from a part of the room that could be closed off with frosted-glass doors, but he made Thursday viewing from the dinner table a point of principle. On Thursday the table was extended with two extra leaves, and it practically filled the room to the glass doors. The table also supported a hundred and twenty rolls of raw bacon, a vast bowl of fresh white bread crumbs for the stuffing, tins of fruit and packets of jelly, bulk orders of cheese biscuits and ice-cream wafers and chocolate digestive biscuits.

"Aren't you enjoying your supper?" Mrs. Pope said from the kitchen. "You haven't come back for your seconds."

"The provisions upset my concentration," said Mr. Pope.

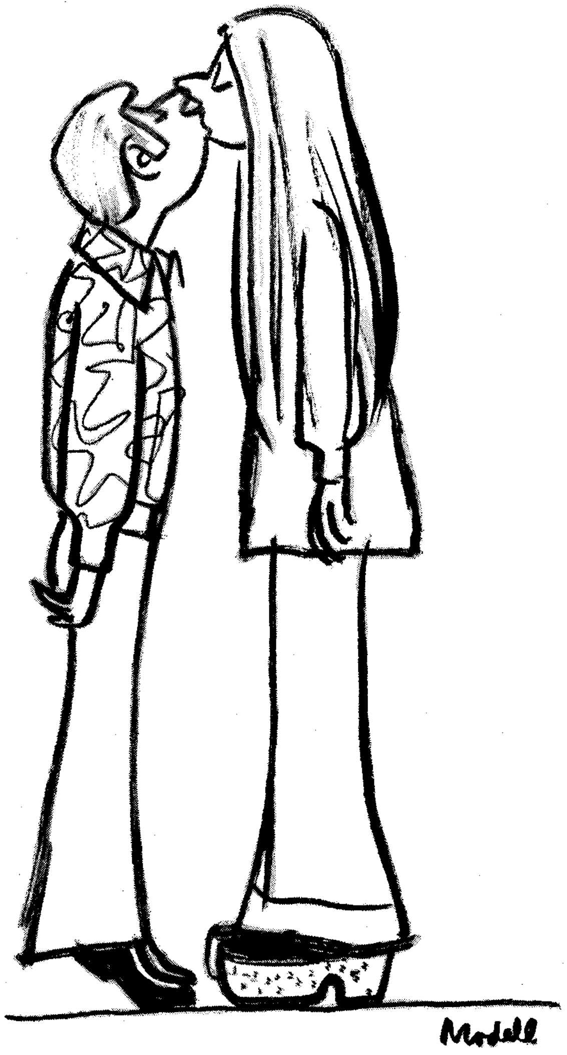
"A steak-and-kidney pudding doesn't call for concentration, dear," Mrs. Pope said. "It's for enjoyment."

"I mean my concentration on the telly," said Mr. Pope. "You didn't take my meaning. It's nice steak-and-kidney."

He heard his wife starting on the giblet stock. He recognized the symptoms of the activity without turning his head. "I don't know how you find the time on a Thursday," he said. "To make us a hot meal."

"I should think she could do a steak-and-kidney pud in her sleep by now," Angelica said.

"She doesn't do it in her sleep at all," Mr. Pope said. "It's not always steak-and-kidney and you know it. It may be always the same turkey for her weddings, but it's always something different for the family. A steak-and-kidney's a lot of work."



"Yes, when she's been on the go since nine in the morning seven days a week and up all night on Thursdays and getting a lousy ten quid for the whole caboodle," Angelica said. "What the catering comes down to is that she's being had."

"It's ten pounds net, though," said Mr. Pope.

"Net is gossamer," said his daughter.

"Net means no tax, the way she works it. Net is ten pounds clear. Ten pounds clear doesn't grow on trees."

Angelica snorted, in a pretty way.

"Anyway," her father said, "she enjoys it, and don't go asking me why. You can ask her. It's her business."

"She'll get clobbered one day by the tax people for evasion of the law," Angelica said.

"You want to watch your tongue, my girl," said Mr. Pope.

"You're right there. You're not wrong," Mrs. Pope said to him from the kitchen. "Do you need a glass of something, dear?" There was a pause. "What do you want to drink?"

"Well, I haven't got very much choice, have I? Considering there's only the one thing I like," Mr. Pope said.

She brought him a pint of mild-and-bitter. Thursday was the only evening she ever found him trying. Her name was Ada and they were fond. She had a harmonious face with a merry aspect. A large woman. Their one child was Angelica, a name her mother had thought beautiful even before she found it was a kind of cake decoration. As Angelica grew older, Mrs. Pope started to foster-mother small children for the local town council. Angelica, who called herself Andy after going to secretarial college, had grown up among a horde of farmed-out toddlers whose predicament had made them rampageous, demanding, or expectant of small fortune according to their natures, before being stamped with Mrs. Pope's ample view of things and returned to other lives in due time. The departures took a toll of her. Or of Mr. Pope, fiercely attached to the kids in the middle of calling them a bloody nuisance or too quiet to be right. To his wife's mind, he must have had enough of children and deserved a bit of peace. Anyway, she became a

"Nobody said you have to do everything on an all-inclusive tour."

• •

private-wedding caterer when Angelica left school.

•

"How does she manage it? Does she borrow a kitchen?" the headmaster of the secretarial college had said once to Angelica, who worshipped him and was in the habit of secreting what her mother did because she was determined to have another sort of life herself if it killed her. The headmaster had found out because his sister-in-law had used Mrs. Pope for a function in his family and the name had made enough of a connection.

"She does it all at home, every cupcake and rock bun," Angelica said bitterly.

"Must take a bit of organizing, all on her own."

"She's got her girls. She's been using the same ones for years. She calls them girls but they're ancient. Three pounds each a time. One of them can't move about much so she stands there in the wedding hall and does the washing up. The others do the laying and the clearing."

A WEDDING took the whole week to do it properly. Mrs. Pope always rented the same small community hall. Sunday could be a day off, but if she had had a wedding the day before she had to count the cutlery and the crockery to make sure nothing had been pinched, scrub out the tea urn, and carry everything out to the garden shed where she stored it in the week. In the early days she had hired the stuff but by now she had saved up enough to get her own and hire it out herself. Sunday was also the day when the napkins and the tablecloths were washed. Ada had a spin dryer but it didn't get the linen better than damp. If it was a good drying day, she pegged the load on the lines in the back garden. If it was raining the pile stayed stacked in the kitchen.

•

Monday was the day for ironing, and for icing the wedding cake she had made the week before, and for what Mr. Pope called the final conflab. The final conflab was with the couple and their parents, and he saw it as the day when future trouble raised its head in the form of arguing about which set of parents was to pay for any drinks at the table. The bride's parents paid for the food, the bridegroom's parents paid for drinks at the bar in the hall (trestle tables, administered by Mr. Pope, transformed into a flashing barman), but drinks at the table were often a stumbling block. Mrs. Pope was also used to sniffing trouble. If there had been a bit of frostiness at the final conflab, she foresaw an edgy affair on the Saturday. She would call it a gannet wedding. ("I bet this is going to be a gannet wedding," she had said this Monday.)

"We'll have wine at the table," the bride's mother had said.

"Is wine at the table drink or food?" the bridegroom's mother had asked.

"What's the hassle?" the bridegroom had said, who knew some American to cover events like this.

"What your mother means is," the bridegroom's father said, "is that *our* wine or *their* wine? It's not food, you see, but it's not the bar, either. So who pays?"

"I will," said the bridegroom, holding his girl's hand because she was appalled.

"That's always a good solution," Mrs. Pope said quickly. "And would you like to have my cake stand or is there one of your own? Mine's only plated but it's quite nice, I think you'll find."

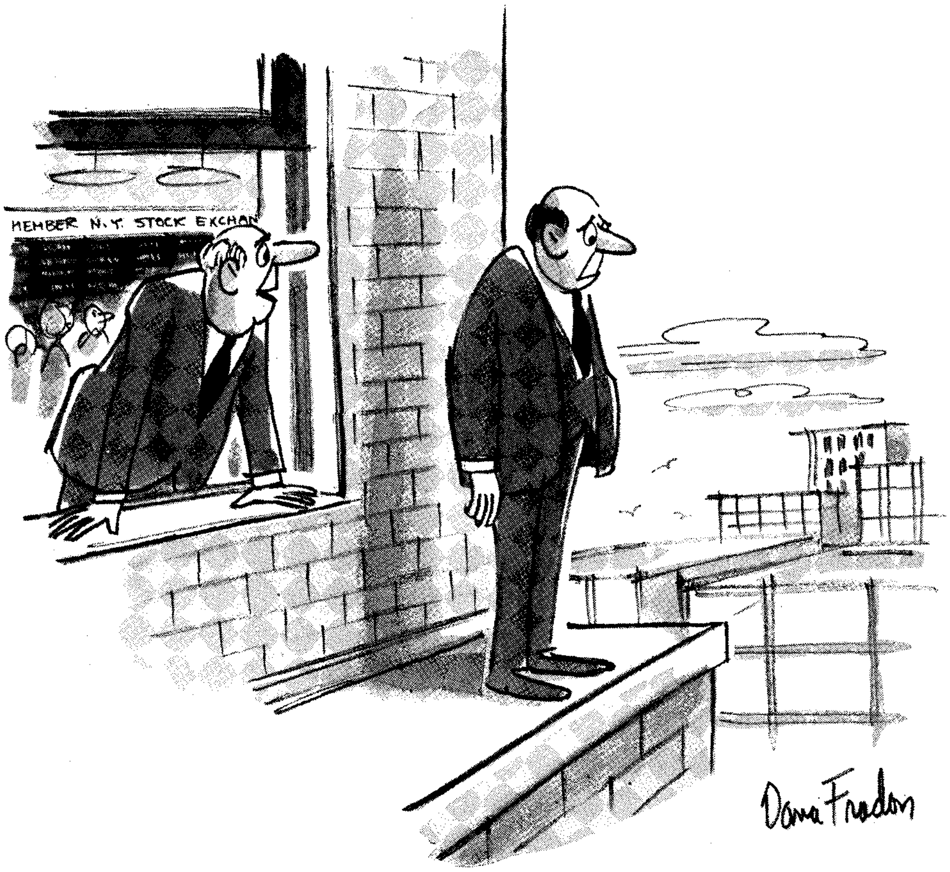
"You can't afford it, not on your wages. Wine at the table," the bridegroom's mother said.

"Belt up," said the bridegroom.

"Your mother's only saying what needs to be said," said the bridegroom's father.

"Well, if we don't have wine at the table, what are we going to toast them with?" said the bride's father, intervening with authority. "That's a cost *I'll* assume. *If necessary*."

Al Pope spoke up from the little part of the room that could be shut off with the folding doors to divide himself and the television from his wife when she was having her conflabs. "Let the groom do it," he said. "It usually turns out to be the best." He came into the other part of the room: their talk had



"If you wait until it goes down to 750, I'll jump with you."

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brought to mind something he had been wanting. He helped himself to a mild-and-bitter after passing around a bottle of ruby port in order to soothe things.

"Happy wedding day, if and when it comes," he said, toasting them lugubriously and then winking at his wife.

"I'll pay," said the bridegroom's father. "May as well go the whole hog."

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In the weekly order of things, a Tuesday and a Wednesday were the light days. Ada would check through the shopping lists and go to the cash-and-carry shop where they let her buy things wholesale. (She had a wholesaler's card, because her first do had been for a confectioner and he had let her borrow his card. It was for confectionery only, but he naturally broke the rules himself when he fancied a bottle of sherry, and the transgression passed into legality with the issue of Mrs. Pope's card.) She handed on only the cost price of things to the client, and Angelica called her a nit for it. The dry goods would be stored in the hall, beside the foster children's old dolls' prams and tricycles, and Mr. Pope's bike, and huge tins of biscuits and nuts and sweets, flour and dried fruit and stout and icing sugar for wedding cakes, and the parcel from a local printer holding a bulk order of matches engraved with gold and silver hearts and the couple's Christian names. The printer was an old mate of Mrs. Pope's and did the job for her cheaply. The turkeys, the two looming birds, would sit around in the living room to thaw out.

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A Thursday was the longest day, controlled by the turkeys. While one was in the oven, Mrs. Pope would mix the wedding cake for the next week, and then the rock buns, and then the flaky pastry for the fancies, and then the short-crust pastry for the sausage rolls. That was the night when Mr. Pope had to have his supper on a tray.

"It's the one night he *has* to have it on a tray," Mrs. Pope had said once to Angelica. "Why he always wants it at the table on a Thursday when he chooses a tray every other night of the week, Lord knows."

"Inevitable," Angelica had said, doing the shorthand outline for the word in her head.

If Angelica came back early enough on a Thursday, she would be pressed by her father into helping her mother with rolling and filling and egging the pastry for the sausage rolls. They worked at the living-room table, using pastry brushes so old that they slanted like a rocking-horse mane, dipped into cupfuls of whisked eggs to glaze the pastry after it had been pleated at the edge with the back of a knife. Mrs. Pope could crimp a foot and a half of succulent, buttery pastry in twenty seconds. Mr. Pope would sometimes come into the room to watch and to lick a spoonful of raw cake mixture.

"There was a chef at Lyons in Leicester Square who used to break two eggs at a time onto the griddle," he said this Thursday. "One in each hand on the edge of a cup and never an egg messed up. I used to watch him. He was behind a lovely clean piece of plate glass."

Some other Thursday he had said to Angelica, "You're not as fast as your mother yet, my girl."

Patience came sullenly to Angelica; or perhaps only patience with her parents. She was a beautiful girl with raised eyebrows and poignant circles of pure white skin around her eyes. She thought her parents had a bad life. "I don't want to live like this," she had said back to Mr. Pope that time.

So Mr. Pope had put his finger into the raw rock-bun mixture to taste it, and said, "What's the matter with it, then?"

"It's so cramped and you're both so old-fashioned. I can't even bring a boyfriend back on Thursday because of Mother sitting up all night down here." Angelica slept upstairs in a tiny room and she was ashamed to have anyone there because of the creaks in the sagging single bed, not to speak of her unease about her parents' twenty-first-birthday present to her, which was a reproduction Jacobean dressing table with mirror lights that Ada and Mr. Pope had bought for her on hire purchase. If they'd only get out of Putney, she thought, there's plenty of nice modern stuff for half the price. (Her boyfriend Ron was in design.) It was enough to break your heart, but there was no telling them. Angelica took them to be conventional.

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On Friday the finished fancies, iced and delicate, were stacked in crates in the hall, and the second turkey went on being basted, having been put into the oven by Mrs. Pope in the middle of the night. She would also peel four hundred potatoes and finish preparing the stuffing and the green vegetables: one stuffing and two veg for an ordinary wedding, two stuffings and three veg if the family wanted it grand. Delicate little Brussels sprouts floating in great pans, plates piled with chopped chestnuts and sage-and-onion mixtures, wooden boards of chopped parsley, crockery jars full of turkey dripping. Sometime after midday Mrs. Pope would have her bath and then go to get her hair set for the Saturday; if she'd had the bath after the hairdo it would have spoiled the set. On Friday evenings she got the linen ready in the hall, and telephoned her friend the van driver to make sure everything was ready for taking her to the hall the next morning, and made a list of what she wanted from the garden shed. The turkeys were laid out for Mr. Pope on the living-room table and he carved them. In the old days Mrs. Pope had done it, but the time came when Al decided to take it over. He had a collection of beautiful old carving knives that he arranged in a neat row and sharpened in turn with a steel. Mrs. Pope would relax so that she was ready for the do.

◆

A Saturday was the pinnacle, obstreperous and exhausting. The van arrived at a quarter to seven. There was the loading of all the crates to be done, and the hanging around for the bread to be delivered, and the picking up of the girls, and the chilly hall to be warmed by lighting the gas rings in the little kitchen off to the side, to the left of the dais where the band would play. Then they set up the tables, and roasted the potatoes in the turkey dripping, and cooled the champagne if champagne was called for. Champagne meant a lot of extra work because of serving it at the last minute, but it made things festive.

"SOMETHING on your mind, love?" Mrs. Pope said to Angelica this Thursday evening, slipping the rolled pastry over the long strips of sausage meat.

"No, why?"

"I thought there was something on your mind."

Angelica went on basting a turkey with her back turned.

"Answer your mother," Mr. Pope said.

"All right. I'm fed up with not being able to bring Ron back. The place is so full of bloody poultry and fancy cakes you couldn't have a cat in. Ron'd go off his nut. Not to speak of nowhere to sleep."

"It's a lovely smell, really," said Mrs. Pope.

"Not week in, week out."

"Only two nights a week," Mrs. Pope said. "And you get your changes. It's not turkey all day. Some of the time it's the fancies."

"I've got to get a place of my own."

"Who's Ron? Your current?"

"You've *met* him, Dad."

"You can't get a place of your own, because you're not earning yet," said Al, "and that's that. We're not keeping you. Not keeping you from doing anything you want to do, I mean. Any other night of the week he can sleep on the couch in here, but not Thursday. Not when your mother's up and down all night with the oven and might get a chance of a stretch-out."

"Why can't I have your room? Why can't you sleep in here with her?"

"I can't sleep sitting up. Where'd I go? You can't have a working man sleeping under his own dining-room table. What's wrong with your own room? Many a time I've slept two to a single bed, and don't think I didn't creep up the stairs when I was a young 'un. What the eye doesn't see . . ."

"Mum wouldn't like it."

"I don't mind, dear," Mrs. Pope said.

"Well, and there's the dressing table," said Angelica.

"What about it?" Mr. Pope said.

"Ron designs contemporary furniture, and it would upset him. Phony Jacobean."

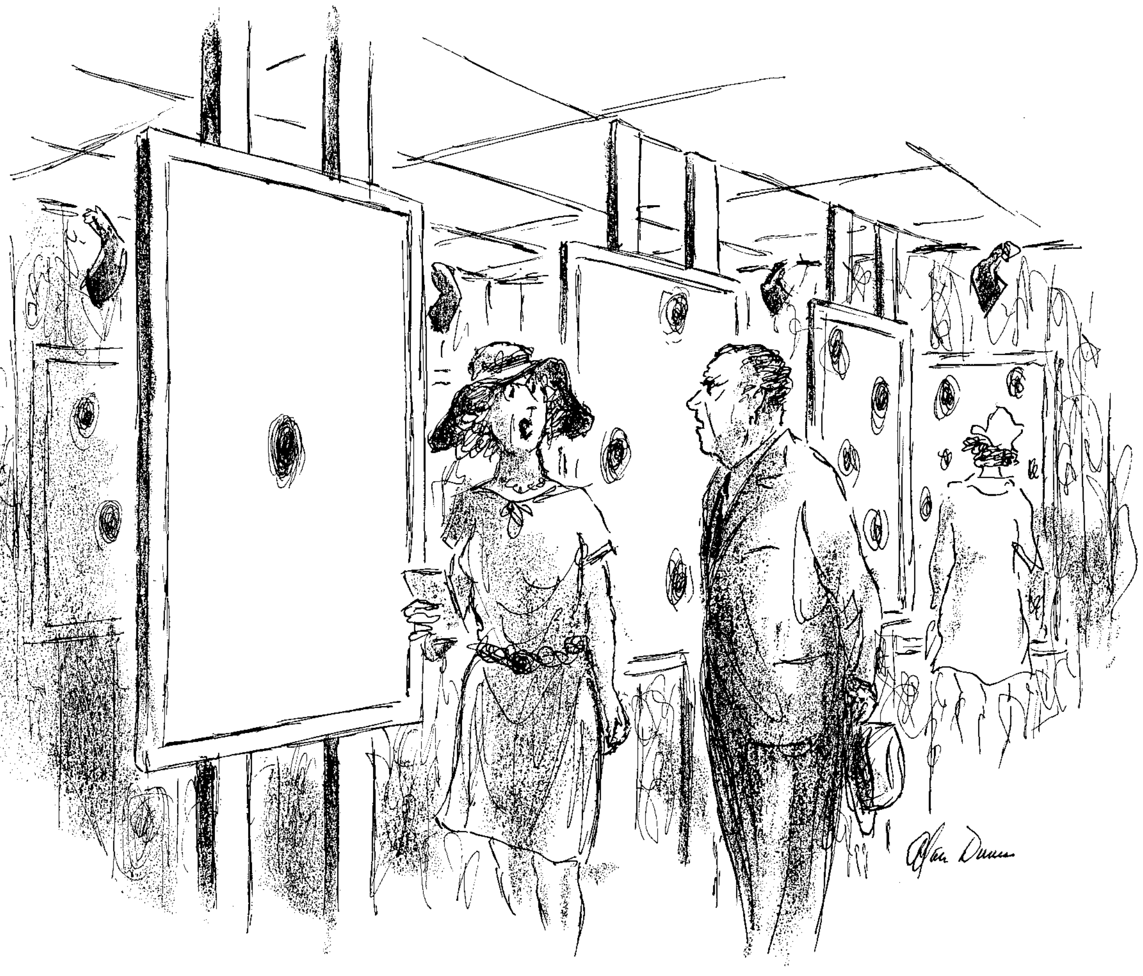
"Your mother saved up for that," said Mr. Pope.

"Tastes change," said Mrs. Pope.

"Yours don't," said Angelica. "You're stuck in the mud. You want me to have the same life as you lot and I'm not going to, see? White weddings all the time. It's not modern." Pause, looking for a fight, but none offered. "I'm getting out."

"We couldn't stop you, love," said Mrs. Pope.

However, something about the scene with Angelica bothered her so much that on Friday morning, when she had



"Will you shut up? It's trying to tell you something."

gone upstairs to put on a cardigan, she found herself sitting around with one arm into it and one out, and she had been there so long that she couldn't even recall whether she was in the act of dressing or going to bed.

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At lunchtime, as she did every weekday, Mrs. Pope cooked an extra main meal and covered it with tinfoil and took it down the road two stops on the bus to her old friend Willy, a widower in love with her. She had been doing the same thing for seventeen years. Willy would give her a glass of sherry, and she would sit with it to watch him eat for twenty minutes, and then come back again on the bus with the clean plate. He fancied different things to the Pope family and liked her cooking. He took to her experiments with pizza and spaghetti and French cassoulet, things her own family wouldn't have touched. Fifteen years ago she had had a child by him. Mr. Pope hadn't wanted another. He knew about the daily visits but not about the enduring devotion. They hurt his pride, though not so much: not so long as his wife stayed. The two of them had talked about the child all those years ago, and he had taken her away to Morecambe to have it. Angelica had been left with a maiden aunt. Mrs. Pope brought up the baby for a while as if it were one of the foster children, but after three years she felt the strain on Mr. Pope and had it adopted by people far away. Willy had acknowledged the child and saw her quite often. Another daughter.

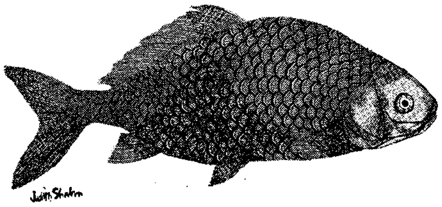
THIS Saturday, Ron had been spending the night with the Popes. Al had carved the turkeys and put away the knives and then lain down for the night on the table, which Ada had covered with two eiderdowns. He had said he preferred it, to get a jump on the Saturday; he held to his changed position with dignity, but it was so that Angelica and Ron could have the bigger bedroom. Mrs. Pope slept on the sofa with her neck propped up on a rolled cushion and her head unsupported to keep the set in. Al twice noticed her lying awake in the night, and the second time he got off the table and went into the kitchen.

"You're not disturbing the fancies, dear?"

He came back with a mug of cocoa and said, "Not when they're all wrapped up for tomorrow. My watch has stopped. What time is it? I've had this watch for thirty years and it hasn't done badly, but perhaps I need a new one."

"The new ones don't last unless you go to Bond Street," Mrs. Pope said, meaning to go to Bond Street on Monday to get one with his name engraved on the back of it.

Dawn seemed to come slowly. Both of them slept in fits and starts. Ron appeared at six-thirty: a nice, dapper boy with a mouth as pink as a baby's, wearing jeans and a mod sweater so that he could help with the day. Ada wore her best, under a white overall.



Angelica came down and made them all tea and toast, to give her mother a respite from food. The beautiful cakes and pastries lay on baker's trays in the kitchen and the hall. The van came. For the first time in her career, Ada failed to take in that the bread hadn't been delivered before they left.

Ron had come in his own car. "I'll go back," he said when they realized in the freezing hall.

"Don't leave," Angelica said, to her mother's surprise.

"Somebody's got to," said Ron.

GRANDFATHER, YOUR WOUND

The wound is open,
Grandfather, where you died,
where you sit inside it
as shy as a robin.
I am an oceangoing vessel
but you are a ceiling made of wood,
and the island you were the man of
is shaped like a squirrel and named thereof.
On this island, Grandfather, made of your stuff,
a rubber squirrel sits on the kitchen table
coughing up mica like phlegm.

I stand in your writing room
with the Atlantic painting its way toward us
and ask why am I left with stuffed fish on the wall,
why am I left with rubber squirrels with mica eyes,
when you were Mr. Funnyman, Mr. Nativeman,
when you were Mr. Lectureman, Mr. Editor,
the small-town big shot who, although very short,
who, although with a cigarette-stained mustache,
who, although famous for lobster on the rocks,
left me here, nubkin, sucking in my vodka
and emphysema cigarettes, unable to walk
your walks, unable to write your writes.

Grandfather,
you blow your bone like a horn
and I hear it inside my pink facecloth.
I hear you, Mr. Iodineman,
and the sun goes down
just as it did in your life,
like a campaign ribbon,
an ingot from the ironworks,
an eyelash,
and a dot and a dash.
Now it comes bright again—
my God, Grandfather,
you are here,
you are laughing,
you hold me and rock me,
and we watch the lighthouse come on
blinking its dry wings over us all,
over my wound
and yours.

—ANNE SEXTON

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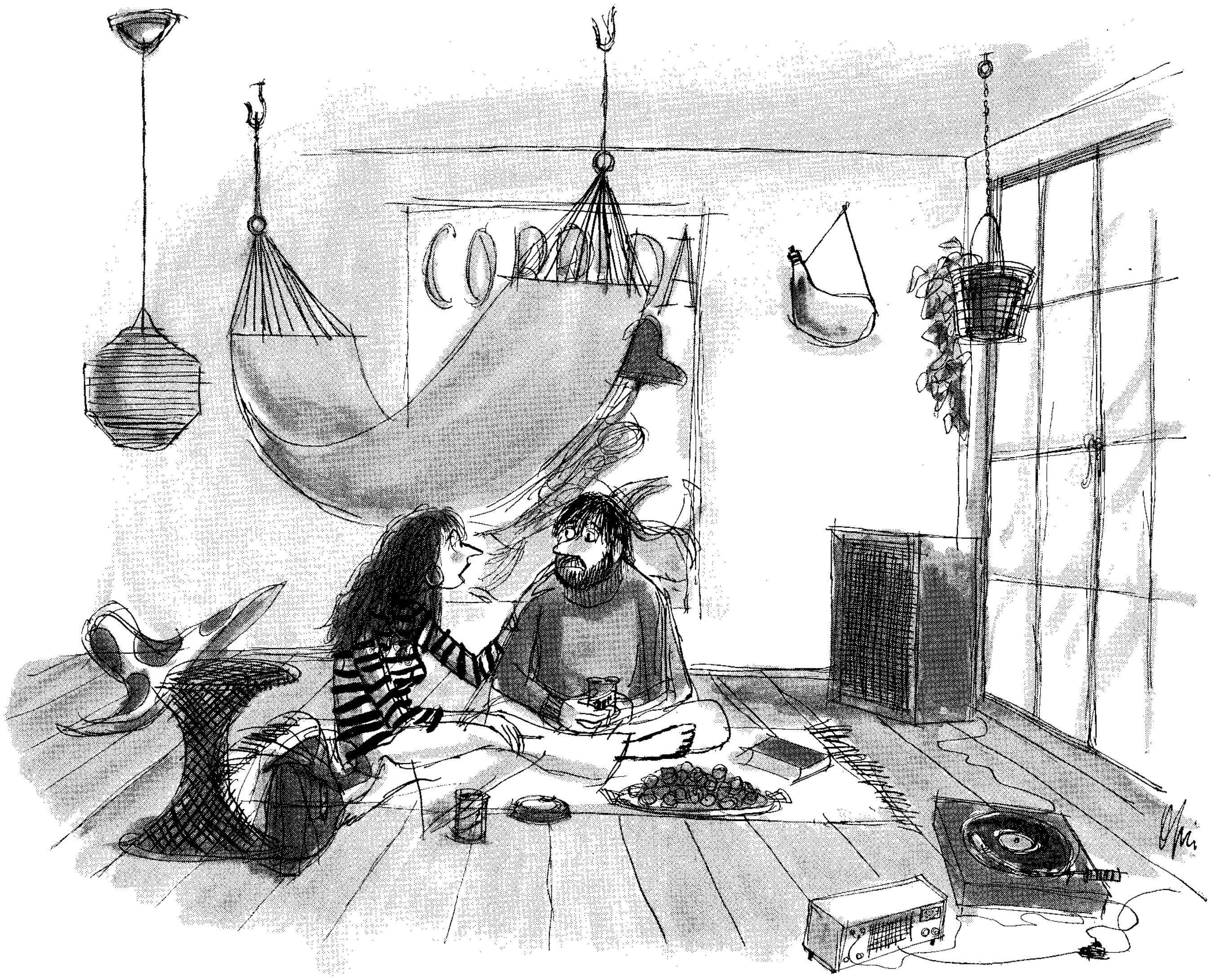

"Greg, there's something I've got to tell you. I've met this very nice square. Clarence is his name, and he wants for me to adopt his life style."

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"That's best," said Ada, looking at Angelica. "Then we can get on."

"It's always the men who suffer," Al said ritually. Nobody took much notice, not being meant to.

The women stood in the little kitchen unloading the trays of cakes and the crates of cutlery and the cardboard boxes of turkey wrapped in tinfoil. The gas rings were heating up the place; the people looked like coachmen on Christmas cards. Ada turned on the fluorescent lights in the hall and they started to set up the caterer's long tables. They wore white flat rubber-soled shoes, like nurses, and moved fast. Florence, the girl of sixty-five whose legs were bad, stood in the kitchen mashing hard-boiled eggs and cress for the children's sandwiches that were to be served at the buffet after the wedding breakfast.

"It's less children than usual," she said to Ada. "Is it going to be a nice wedding?"

"There was a bit of trouble over the drink."

"I once met a girl who knew someone who'd got engaged at a place called the 400 Club. I always wanted to meet someone at a restaurant that was just a number. They're always the gayest."

Al Pope was getting the bar ready. Ron helped.

"They've decided to have spirits, even," Al said. "We'll make them some wallbangers."

"What are wallbangers?"

"You know, like people who bang on the wall when you're having a good time. If you're dealing with vodka you need something to kill the taste. A wallbanger is a vodka or a gin or whatever you please with orange juice. It's much the same as what they call an orange blossom, but the name of a wallbanger goes down better with the men when they're at a function. The vodka gives you a lift, you know. A lift, like people need."

There was a lot to do. Spirits rose through the morning. Angelica undertook the cutlery. The band arrived at half past three. The place had warmed up by then and smelt delicately of turkey and roasting potatoes. Florence was basting the potatoes and washing lettuce and dicing cucumber and buttering bread for the buffet. The wedding breakfast was to be at four-ish. The band had their instruments wrapped in transparent plastic, like frozen food. One of them was hungry, and Mrs. Pope made him a bacon sandwich.

"The turkey is the bride's mother's, and though I daresay she wouldn't miss a slice—well, I'd rather the bacon," she said, worrying about Angelica.

"There's something up," Al said in a low voice in the kitchen.

"I expect she's sickening for something," Ada said. "Perhaps she shouldn't be working?"

"She's got an easy life compared to

what you had,” said Al. “You’ll find out what it is, I daresay.”

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Al talked to Ron about the beer question. “When you’re being a barman in this situation,” he said, “you have to watch the froth. Your barrels of beer are hot because of being moved, and you’re apt to get half a glass of froth if you don’t watch it. People at a wedding don’t like that. They can turn naughty if you don’t do it right.”

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The guests came very promptly at four. There was anxiety and social effort. The band played. People slowly settled down at the tables with glasses of sherry. A lot of them had pushchairs beside them with babies sucking rusks or kicking under fluffy blankets appliquéd with rabbits. Full-scale prams had to be left at the door but pushchairs were allowed, though they made serving a nightmare. Ada and the girls rushed through the hall with the soup plates and then with the turkey, potatoes, and veg: four times round a hundred and twenty people, plus the obstacles of the pushchairs. Angelica by now was with her father and Ron at the bar, doing the table wines and rubbing the champagne glasses.

“Champagne’s a pest,” she said. “You have to serve the soup and clear, and then serve the main course, and then wait around while they eat their pudding and their cheese and biscuits, and then you have to belt around like hell to give them all a glass of champagne for the toast; and you *say*, ‘Don’t drink this, it’s for the toast,’ but they all drink it too early and you have to go round again. It’s the pushchairs that are the biggest bind. Mum’s got about forty pushchairs tonight.”

“What’s the trouble?” Al said to her while Ron was away with an empty barrel of beer.

“What do you mean?” Angelica said.

“Are you pregnant?” Al said. “You could say.”

“No,” she said, rubbing up a trayful of champagne glasses fast with a glass-cloth. “Ron and me’s not serious. I want my freedom.”

Her father went into the kitchen to talk to Ada.

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“I haven’t got time now,” Ada said, flying about clearing the plated dishes of turkey and stuffing and bacon rolls.

“I think she’s pregnant and Ron won’t marry her.”

Ada brooded about it while she was working. She said, “You’d better get back to the bar. Tell her I want some help in here.”

Angelica was tearing around the hall serving the champagne. Her father saw that she was crying. The band was playing very loud rock. The guests, the older ones, were complaining to Angelica that they couldn’t hear each other. The ones in love had left their food and were holding hands and wanting to dance. One of Angelica’s false eyelashes had come loose, and at the same time as dealing with tears she was also dealing with eyelashes and champagne and pushchairs. Al sent one of Ada’s girls over with a message that Ada needed her.

“Your father says he’s worried about you,” Ada said in a soft voice, getting the plates ready for the buffet. “You do the rest of the sardine sandwiches,” she said more loudly. Florence was washing up at speed, resting one poorly leg against the other.

“I work all week,” said Angelica, reasonably quiet. “I’m fed up with having to do one of your bleeding weddings on a Saturday every time I can’t manage to stay somewhere else over the weekend.”

“Weddings are what I do,” Ada said. Pause. “I didn’t know you stayed away on purpose.” A nail seemed to have been tapped in somewhere. Angelica looked irate and claustrophobic.

“Are you having a baby?” Ada said.

“Ron and me aren’t serious, Mum.”

“That’s what your father said you said.”

Angelica started to cry again.

“Get on with the sardines, you’ll feel better.”

“I’m fine, Mum.”

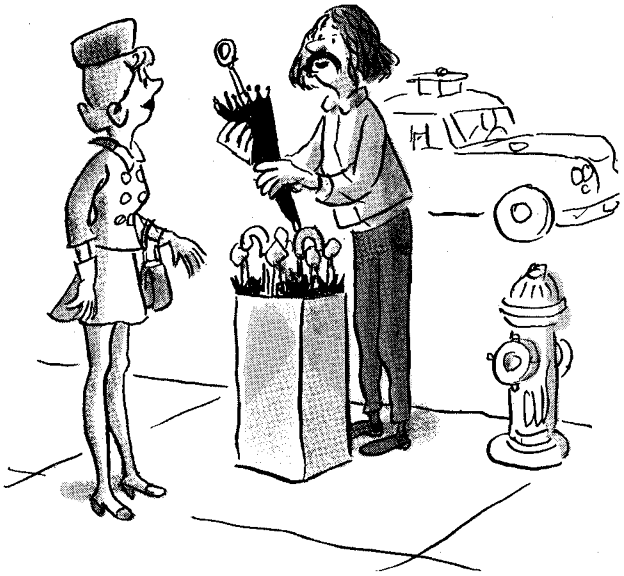
“You think we’d be shocked but we wouldn’t. You have it and I’ll foster it. You’ve got your schooling to do and you couldn’t look after it, I see that.”

“Don’t be daft, Mum. I’m not pregnant now. I went to a doctor. I had an operation for it.”

“Oh dear,” Ada said. “Oh dear.”

“It was an abortion,” Angelica said.

Ada stood there, feeling dreadful. “You must be feeling dreadful,” she said.



“Two dollars.”

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“I’m all *right*, Mum. If you dare tell anyone I’ll never speak to you again.”

“Your father probably knows.”

“I mean Ron.”

“You haven’t *told* him?” Ada turned away to the gas ring and dealt with the tea urn, feeling as angry as she ever remembered. “Well, I expect he knew really and didn’t like to bring it up,” she said.

“He wouldn’t have guessed. He’s not a noticer.”

“You can never tell for sure about what people cotton on to.”

“The thing is we’re not interested in all that. He’s got his designing and I’ve got a life to lead, haven’t I? I told you, we’re not serious.”

“How *could* you not tell him,” Ada said, laying out the plates. “When we’d have looked after it.”

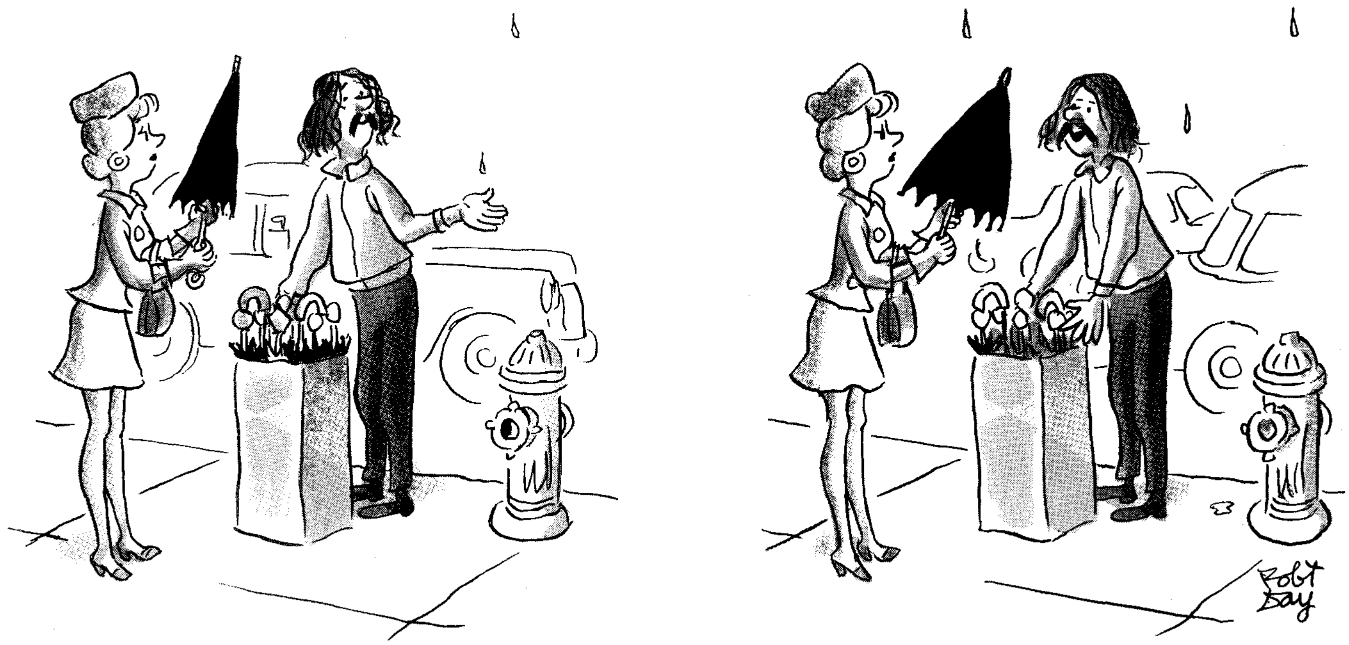
“You’d never. You’re too conventional.”

“I looked after one of my own like that,” Ada said with difficulty. “I had a baby like that, you know. But I thought I’d better give it away in the end.”

Angelica wasn’t hearing properly. She was doing dishes of jellies and iced biscuits for the buffet. “Well,” she said, “that’s what happens with fostering, Mum. That’s why Dad wanted you to give it up, because he saw you getting upset when the kids left.”

She went out of the kitchen, grumbling about the heat to get herself away, and started again on the champagne.

“What was it?” Al said to Ada in



"—and seventy-five cents."

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the kitchen a few minutes later. Florence was there, trying not to listen, washing up faster than ever.

"She was having a baby and she went to a doctor. You know what I mean. It wasn't her fault. She says Ron and her aren't serious." Ada was piling mashed bananas onto bread and butter for the children.

Florence nearly dropped a plate but caught it efficiently and said, "That was a close one. It's a different washing-up powder. Slippery."

"You'd better go out there again, hadn't you?" Ada said to Al. A woman guest came in and asked for some hot water to warm a baby's bottle, so Ada had to help Florence move the tea urn, which took up all three gas rings.

"It's getting near the speeches. You'd better get out there," Ada said again.

Al wiped his forehead with a spotted handkerchief.

"I can hear they're into the cheese," Ada said. "Who's looking after the bar?"

"Ron."

"He's a nice boy."

"He doesn't like our dressing table."

"Well, he's got a degree from an art college, hasn't he. It stands to reason."

Al started to carry out a tray of cups. He looked back. "That about the doctor would have upset you," he said.

"I wish she hadn't done it."

Al put down the tray, and she stopped thinking about the lost baby and watched his face. He was good to her.

"You could always have looked after it," he said. The volume of the rock outside was terrific. "She shouldn't have got rid of it."

Two of the girls raced in with piles of dirty plates up their arms.

"Well, it's the modern thing, isn't it?" Ada said.

"It needn't have been difficult," he said, thinking of Willy's child, whom they never spoke about.

"You wouldn't have been glad of another brat in the house," Ada said.

"I wouldn't have minded."

"No, you never did. That's something you say, isn't it? 'I wouldn't have minded.' "

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Al went out to stand on a chair and start the toasts.

"Boys and girls," he said to the guests, "I am calling on you to get into the spirit of giving this young couple a happy day." He was good at this, but today it came harder. The casualness. "A happy day. Here on my left is your host, Mr. Pickering. Look at his happy face. He is not gaining a son-in-law, he is losing a daughter."

The best man had gone into the street ten minutes ago, feeling unwell, so Al did his job by reading the telegrams. There were rather few, so he read out all the cards too, and added an old chestnut of his own that always worked. "I have here," he said, "a cable from a friend who seems to be in the fruit business. The message reads, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but what can a pear do at night?' " He looked at the wedding couple and thought that they seemed fairly all right, given the circumstances, and then at Angelica and Ron, still both racing about with champagne, and thought that they were more than a bit all right, given a little good fortune. Ada was standing at the door of the kitchen so as to watch him, before she set up the narrow side tables for the buffet.

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The girls and Ada and Al and Angelica cleared away the trestle tables. The guests sat around the edge of the room while they were doing it. One or two of the men made straight for the buffet tables unasked, but Ada stopped them. She always held it was right for the bride's mother to see first the spread that was laid out; after all, the bride's family was paying.

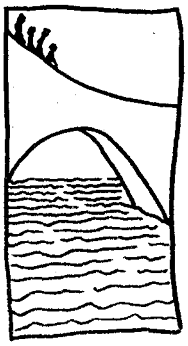
Florence was washing up as fast as before. Three buckets for the cutlery: one for the knives, one for the forks, one for the spoons. There was a beautiful box for the untouched remainders. They belonged to the bride's mother. Angelica and Ron were in there helping. Al was carrying a message from the bride's father to the band, asking for a conga. After a long wait, the band struck up: piano, drums, two guitars (electric). The combination was small, but it achieved a resplendent racket. Some people grumbled, but other couples danced. There was the feeling that ahead were thousands of lives that might be lived.

—Penelope Gilliatt

MOVING DAY

IT had been a glorious summer. In their sixteen years in the orchard valley they couldn't remember a better one. There had been day after day of cloudless blue sky with just a hint of a breeze from the lake to take the edge off the heat. The garden had excelled itself, beginning with a spectacular display of daffodils, iris, and, of course, the tall red tulips, which caused passing motorists to stop in admiration. Then came the roses, begonias, dahlias, zinnias, snapdragons, daisies, lilies, and now, finally, the mums. "They're blooming their hearts out for us," Mrs. Webster had said. "They seem to know it's our last summer."

And now the last day of this last summer had arrived. They would spend that night in a motel in town, fly to Victoria the next day, spend two nights in a hotel there, waiting for their furniture to catch up with them, and then they would move into their apartment. Fortunately they had been able to sell the furniture they wouldn't have room for to the people who had bought the house, though they hadn't got anything like "the real worth of it," as Mrs. Webster told her husband. They hadn't seen the apartment they were to move into. It had been found for them by their son, Stephen, who was a lawyer in Victoria, and his wife, Bernice. Their son and daughter-in-law had suggested that Mrs. Webster fly out to have a look, but she said to her husband, "After living in this house for so long I know I'm going to hate it anyway, so I might just as well hate it unseen until we have to move in." Bernice had sent them a floor plan and the colors of carpet and walls, and Mrs. Webster had taken an hour one evening to sketch in the furniture they could use and then put the whole business out of her mind.



Mrs. Webster, at eighty-two, was a year older than her husband, and until her heart attack the previous autumn had believed that, come what might, she could continue to cope with house, garden, and her husband's well-being until one or the other of them died. Her heart attack had not at first disabused her of this notion, but after her return from the hospital she realized, with bewilderment turning gradually to anger, that she could no longer look after things in the way that things should be looked after. The house got dirty, but she was too tired to do more than a token dusting; the fridge wasn't defrosted and cleaned as often as it had been; though she was horrified at the prices, she sent more sheets and shirts to the laundry. Even so, for a time she tried to convince herself that they could manage.

Then two events, happening within a week of each other, forced on her the bitter realization that they would have to move. The first of these was the death of Happy. There was something almost symbolic about it. Happy was a West Highland terrier that they had bought the day before they moved into the house. "A pup is one thing we don't need until we're settled," she had told her husband at the time, but he had seen it in the window of a pet shop and had not only bought it but insisted that they take it with them then and there. "It will be a good omen," he told her. She knew that, feeling about animals as he did, he couldn't stand to see the tiny creature on display in its little cage. It even had a red ribbon around its neck. "As if it were a cute toy," he exclaimed angrily. Happy had been a great success right from the first. He had helped them unpack by carrying slippers down to the basement, pulling one of Mrs. Webster's dresses from a hanger and then making a mess on it, tearing the hem out of the floor-length living-room curtains, and making soggy confetti out of the packing paper. He had grown up to become far more than just a household pet, and one of their major concerns when they talked of moving to an apartment—never really thinking they ever would—was what would become of Happy. They would consult him about it as they sat sipping the remnants of their homemade plum wine and watching the dying fire just before they went to bed. The various medicines, their final nightcap, were taken in the kitchen. Happy made deep throaty noises and half opened his eyes when they asked his advice.

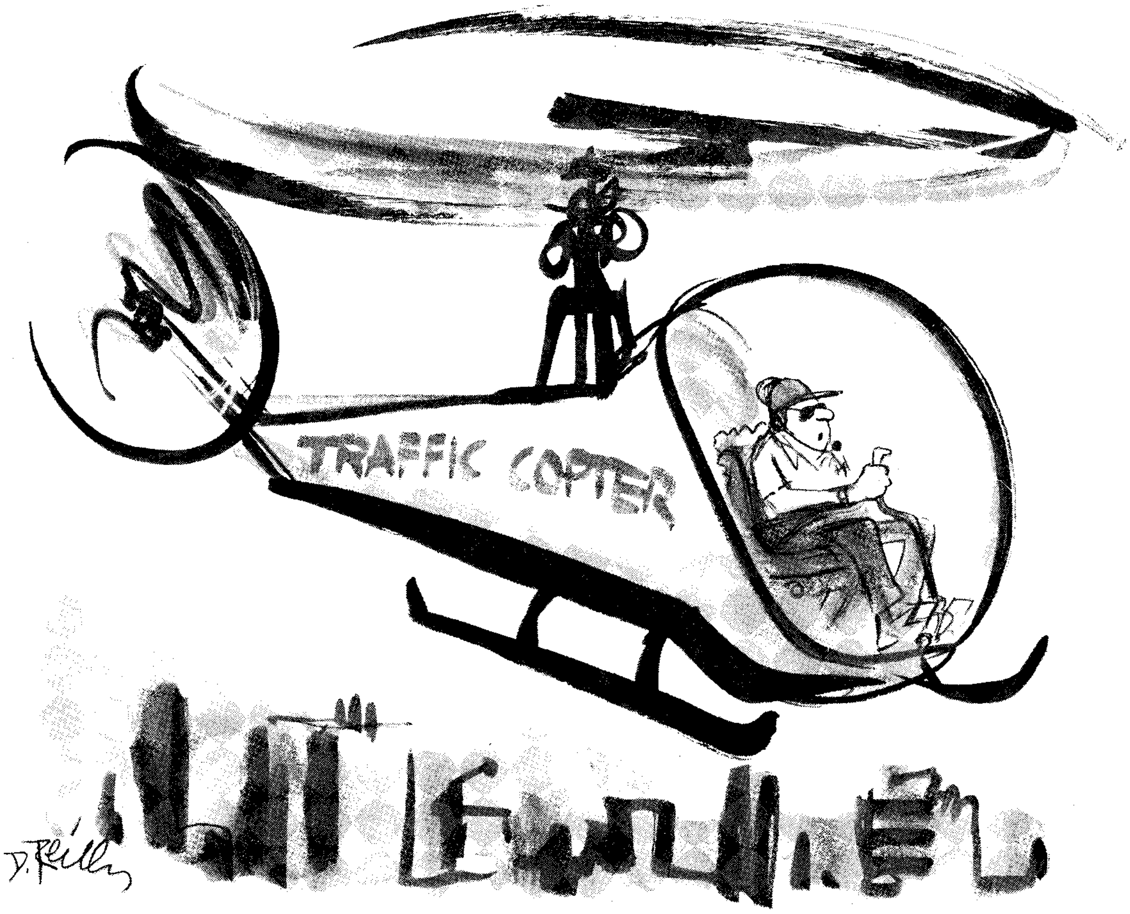
Then, one morning when she came down to get breakfast, while her husband shaved, she found Happy lying dead in his box beside the stove. Mrs. Webster had a strong, fibrous emotional constitution, but now she found herself kneeling beside the box with tears rolling down her cheeks. She didn't call out to her husband, and when he came down her tears were dry. "Happy is dead," she told him.

He stooped down, felt the inert little body, stood up, and said, "He had a good life. He lived sixteen years. That's over a hundred years in human years. I'll just put him on the back porch for now, and after breakfast I'll bury him." Until that moment Mrs. Webster had always thought that she was the tougher of the two.

Three days later, when Mr. Webster fell down the cellar stairs and broke his arm, she knew that they would have to move, after all. His eyesight wasn't what it had been and the stairs were steep and narrow. He had been going down to get some applewood for their nightly fire. They lived such a long way out of town in this large house on a run-down and now abandoned orchard. Bus service was irregular and taxis very expensive. Deliveries of groceries or laundry under ten dollars cost an extra dollar. It was when she was riding with her husband in the back of the taxi to the hospital that Mrs. Webster decided that there really was nothing for it but to sell the house and move to an apartment in Victoria.

She was a little bit of a thing, with high cheekbones, brilliantly blue eyes, and hair that had once been flaming red and was now a sort of pinkish gray. She detested it, refused to dye it, cut it short, and tried to ignore it. He was taller than his wife but not as much taller as he had been once. His shoulders, which had been broad, were now somehow narrowed, and he was stooped. His hair was snow white and his once firm face had sagged. But his wide, narrow-lipped mouth retained its firmness, its humor, and its compassion. In all his many years of teaching high-school physics he had never become a machine. He continued to find humor in Newton's laws of motion and he made his classes laugh out loud at the "feet per second per second" bafflement.

In his last year of university he acknowledged to himself that he wasn't really interested in physics and should have studied biology. It was, of course, too late. His father, a corner grocer who was rapidly being put out of business by the big chain stores, couldn't possibly understand or afford a sudden change of mind at that point. It didn't matter. By then he had met Judith. He finished his course, took a year of teacher training, got married, and went to teach at a small school in a tiny prairie town miles from no place. They had adopted some parentless gophers, a wounded crow, and a lonely field mouse that first year. His wife wasn't keen about them at first, but she came slowly to appreciate his affection for



"Manhattan motorists are advised to avoid the West Forties, because of a rain of fire and brimstone taking place in that area."

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these little creatures of the wild and to share it. By this time she was expecting a little creature of her own. But that didn't work out. The babe, a minute female, was born dead. Then they moved to the city.

Stephen was born two years later, and by that time Mr. Webster was head of the science department of a big high school, with a good chance of becoming principal within five years. When that chance did come, he turned it down. "I've never imagined myself as the boss man," he told his wife. "I'd sooner just teach. If I became a principal, I'd have to strap kids and make them afraid of me. That's one of the things a principal has to do. I don't think I could do that." She was secretly disappointed, but she pretended to agree. At that point they were raising an endlessly expanding family of white mice, which, to the dismay of almost all human families concerned, he kept donating to his students.

So here they were eating their scrambled eggs and looking out at the gravel driveway, splotched with patches of autumn leaves. Fittingly enough, it was drizzling. There had been heavy rain during the night and the water lay in puddles. "If you don't mind helping me do up these few dishes, I'll put them in their carton and then strip the beds and give the upstairs a last going over while you have a last look around outside. Don't forget to collect those beer bottles from under the willow. I wouldn't want them to think we'd thrown them there. The movers said they'd be here at ten, which I expect means eleven. We'll have cheese sandwiches and the last half bottle of plum wine for lunch, if you don't think it's too wicked to drink wine in the middle of the day."

He smiled at her and crinkled his eyes. "It's the kind of wickedness I enjoy." He had always loved her with a sort of modest amazement that she had ever agreed to spend her life with him, but he had never loved her more deeply than now, when he knew how sick at heart she was at giving up their house and their garden and turning their back on those sixteen blissful years they had spent here. It was not that they didn't want to be near Stephen and Bernice and their three grandchildren, but it was the admission of incapability that hurt. It hurt her, he felt, more than it hurt him. She was, by nature, more defiant than he was.

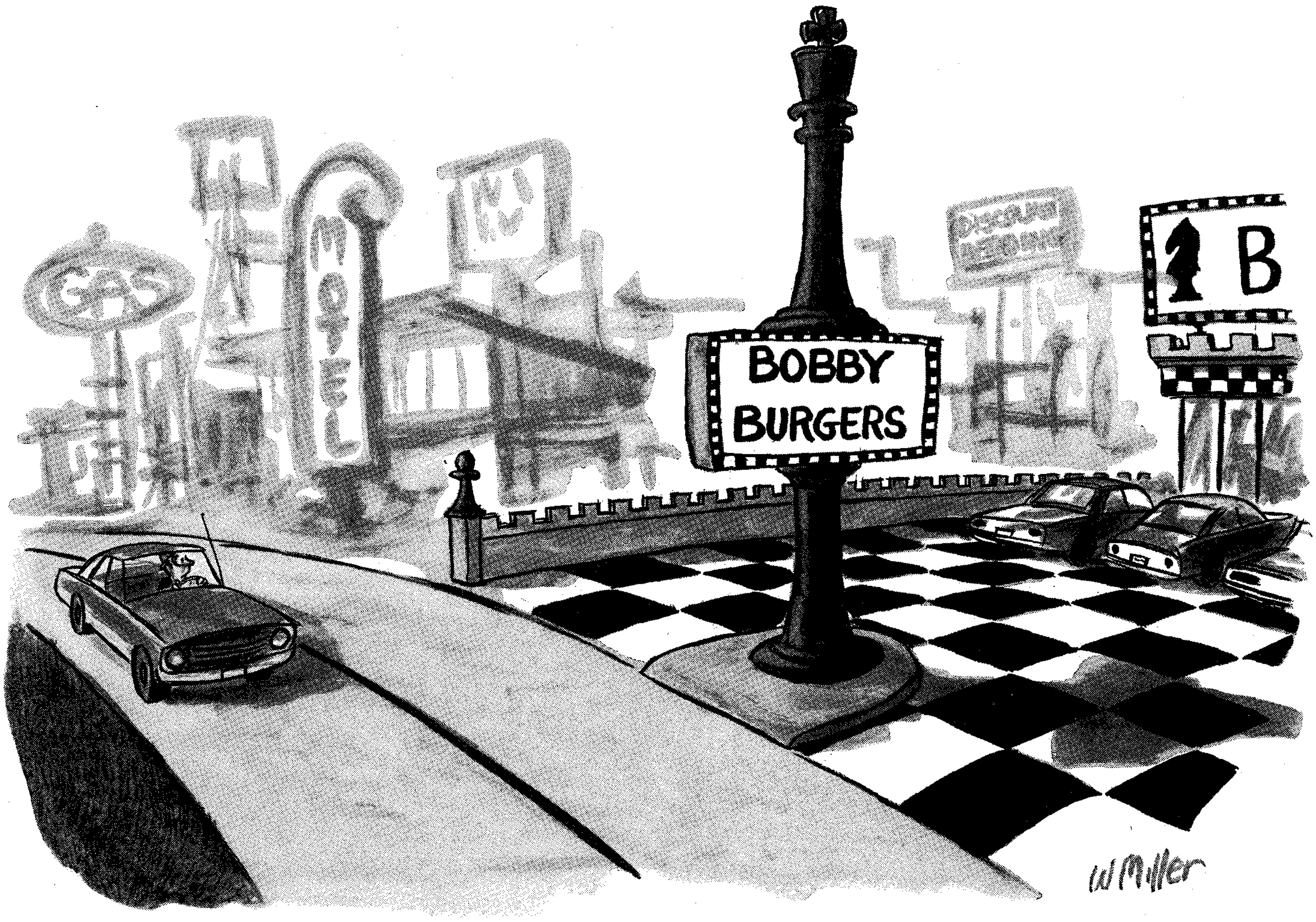
"Well," he said, "let's get the dishes done."

When they finished, he put on his raincoat and rubber boots and went out to pick up the beer bottles under the willow down by the road. It seemed to be a favorite spot for passing motorists to fling them. He scrabbled around under the drooping branches, putting the bottles into an old tin bucket. When he had collected as many as he could see in the dim light, he carried them back up the puddled driveway and dumped them into the garbage pail. It was old and very battered. They had talked of getting a new one for the past couple of years. He had said to the purchasers of the house, "I'll throw that in at no extra cost." They thanked him rather solemnly, and he wished he hadn't said it.

He picked up some odds and ends of rubbish and disposed of them, made sure all the tools were on their nails in the shed, and was just about to go back in when he remembered that the sawhorse was behind the shed. He hadn't used it since he broke his arm, but there was no point in leaving it there to rot. He went back to get it and, as he was doing so, heard a commotion in the underbrush. He stopped and listened. Then it came again. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled into the bush, pushing branches aside, peering into the dimness, and getting himself thoroughly soaked. At the back of his mind he wondered what his wife would do with these wet clothes when he changed into his suit before leaving. Perhaps he could just leave them behind. They wouldn't be much use to him in an apartment in Victoria.

Then he saw it.

It was a large raven thrashing about in a tangle of briars and dead thistles. He crawled a little farther forward and, ignoring the scratches on his face, reached in and grasped it by the neck. It fought him every inch of the way, but, slowly, he was able at last to extricate it, pinion its wings with his hands, and retreat from the underbrush. It fought him with fury, pecking and screaming abuse, but he got it finally, and, with his right arm firmly around it, holding it to his body, he seized its



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head firmly with his left hand and stood up and called for his wife.

He had to call three times before an upstairs window opened and she put her head out. "What *do* you want? You'd rouse the whole neighborhood if there was one to rouse. I was in the bathroom. What's that you've got?"

"I've got a raven with a broken wing."

"I'll come down," she said, and the window closed.

They examined it carefully together, and it looked at them with deep malevolence. It was silent now except for an occasional dark oath that it seemed to be able to utter even with Mr. Webster's gloved hand on its beak. The wing was badly broken. A bit of bone stuck out through the black feathers. "It needs to be anesthetized to have the wing set properly, and then it needs care for a long time before it can be set free again."

"How do you suppose it got broken?"

"I'd guess it got clipped by a car."

"What can we do for it? We can't take it with us."

He didn't answer because, at that moment, they heard the sound of air brakes, and looked up to see the moving van turning cumbrously into their driveway.

"Leave the movers to me," she told him. "I know what goes and what stays. You'd be in the way."

She went into the house with the two burly men. He went to the shed, found a length of tarred twine, and, with infinite care, managed to truss the creature like a turkey. He pulled out some filling from a discarded pillow and lined a small carton. Then he carried the bird into the house. It continued to gaze at him with implacable hatred. From the garbage bag, which he had to take out before they left, he retrieved a stale heel of a loaf of bread, which he moistened with warm water. He fed bits of it to the bird, and they were seized and gulped with angry greed. When it was all gone, he stroked its black shiny head, and it half closed its eyes and made a couple of noises a little more gentle than any previous utterances. After a bit he picked the box up and carried it outside again. He took the garbage with him.

WHEN the moving men had gone, they ate their cheese sandwiches and finished off the plum wine. The real-estate man came and they turned over the keys to him. They did a last-minute search, opening and closing all cupboard doors, and by the time the taxi had arrived they were ready to go.

It wasn't until they had had supper at the motel restaurant and were on their way to bed that she asked him what he'd done about the raven.

"I cut its throat with my penknife and left it back in the woods. It would have been fun to nurse it back to health."

"I just know I'm going to hate the apartment."

"It may not be too bad," he answered mildly.

He switched off the bedside lamp once they were both in bed. It occurred to him that they hadn't arranged for an early-morning call to be sure of catching their plane. It didn't matter; he would be awake early anyway. And even if they missed this plane there would be another the following morning.

—R. L. GORDON

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Spitz, who aspires to a career in dentistry but is toying with an idea of making movies, thus completed his brilliant swimming career with four individual gold medals and three from team events. That stamps him as the most successful athlete in Olympic history and is guaranteed to make His name known throughout the world for years to come.—*Colorado Springs Sun.*

Amen.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TREE WHERE MAN WAS BORN—III

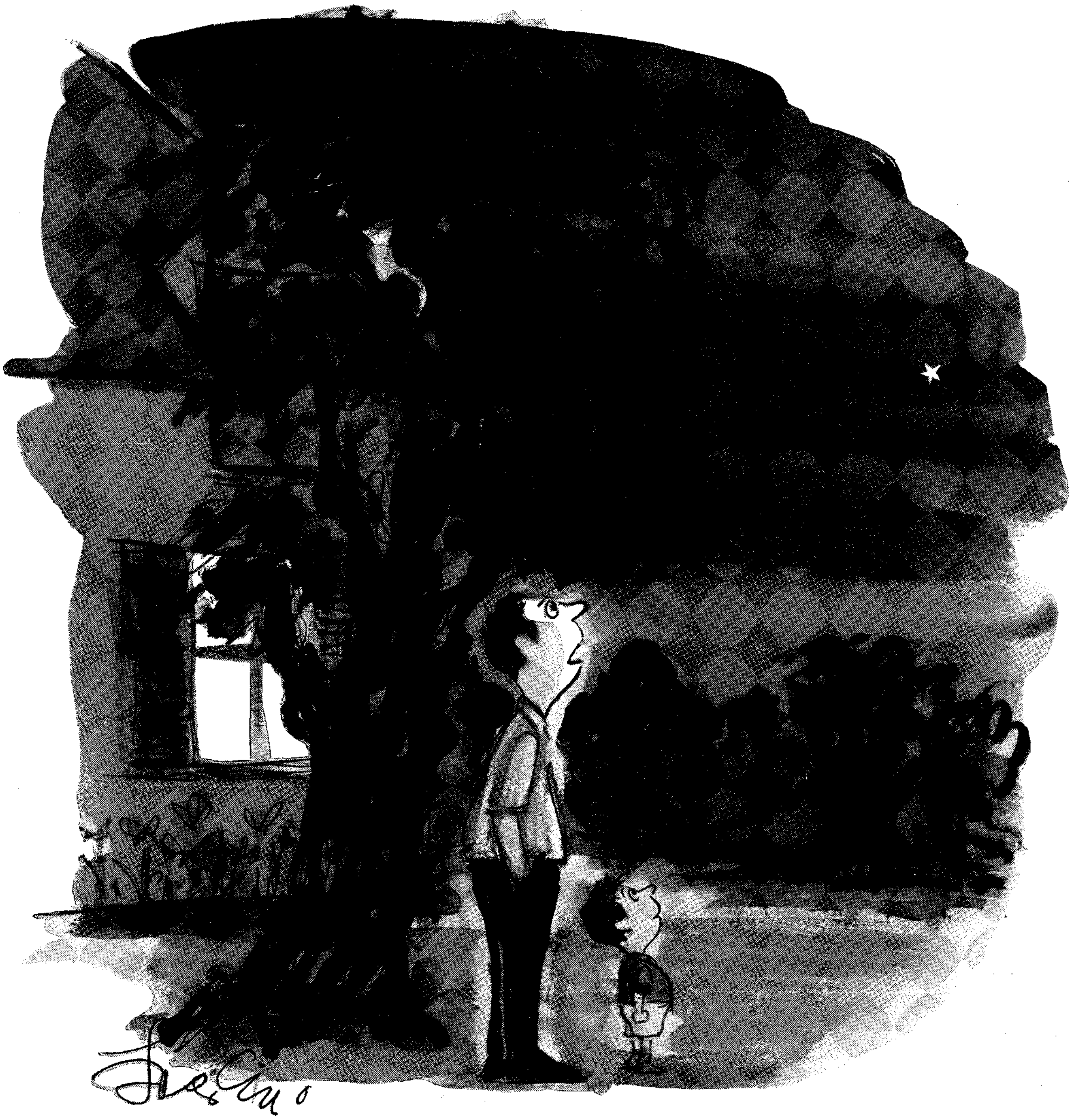
THE earliest record of East Africa, from an Egyptian trading voyage of the first century A.D., makes no mention of any black man, and it is possible that none was there. East and South Africa were still the province of yellow-skinned Bushmanoid hunter-gatherers, and Caucasoid herdsmen were drifting down the continent along the grassy, high plateaus of the interior. Derived from the Caucasoids, it appears, were the "Azanians" found by the traders along the coast of "Zanj"—tall, bearded men, "red" in color, a piratical tribe of fishers who exchanged tortoiseshell, soft ivory, and aromatic gums for iron blades and beads and cloth. Perhaps by this time the Azanians had mixed with those early Indonesians who brought the outrigger canoe and the marimba to the Indian Ocean coast and were to colonize Madagascar. Then, in the early centuries of the Christian era, waves of black peoples appeared out of the interior, bearing iron tools and weapons of their own.

The knowledge of iron that had spread from Meroë, on the Nile, travelling to West Africa, perhaps by way of old trade routes to Lake Chad, then south and east again through equatorial forests that metal tools and domestic plants made less formidable, had encouraged a surge in population. Among the peoples set in motion were the ancestors of the Bantu-speakers, who are thought to derive from Negroid stocks in the Cameroon Highlands region of the Niger River. Wherever they came from, it appears that the great Bantu population increase that impelled a geographic spread took place in middle Africa, in the Katanga region between the headwaters of the Congo and Zambezi, where an advanced and very wealthy civilization that mined and traded in copper had developed at Lake Kisale by the eighth century. By that time, Bantu peoples had occupied both coasts and settled the fertile lands around Lake Victoria, and within a few centuries, with remarkably small divergence in the Bantu tongue, they had spread throughout the subcontinent as far south as the Cape, then north again into present-day East Africa, and along the coast to the Juba River and Somalia. From the Caucasoids, perhaps, they acquired the Ethiopian millets and domestic animals that permitted them to settle the dry regions of South Africa, where many became herdsmen. On the southeast coast, they had access to such tropical Asian crops as the banana, yam, and taro, the coconut and mango. The implement of Bantu prosperity was the iron blade, in axe and hoe and spear, which insured their dominance and the adoption of their language almost everywhere. Older racial stocks found living along the rivers, as well as certain herdsmen and hunter-gatherers, were absorbed—hence the variety of Bantu physical types. Even today, as far south as Natal, non-Negroid features are discernible in certain Zulus, who interbred with the Xam Bushmen, and the pygmies of the Congo and the pygmoid Twa of the central lakes are clearly aboriginal in origin, despite their adoption of Bantu speech.

In most of East Africa, the Middle Stone Age gave way abruptly to the Iron Age, without that intervening stage of New Stone Age settlement that came about elsewhere with the domestication of plants and animals. Yet here and there the remains of Neolithic earthworks, terraces, dams, wells, and irrigation ditches have been found, together with stone "hut circles" or pit dwellings dug into wet hill regions suitable for farming. These are thought by some scholars to have been the work of northern peoples, the Caucasoid "Proto-Hamites," precursors of the modern Hamites of northern Kenya and Ethiopia. The great kingdoms of the interior—the mining civilization at Katanga, the stone city of Great Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, the lake kingdoms of Uganda and Ruanda-Urundi—were all Bantu domains, but Zimbabwe, at least, may have been influenced in its construction by the northerners, who are known to have worked in stone.

On the east coast, the Azanians soon vanished among the eastern Mediterraneans and the Asians—Persians, Indians, Chinese—whose brown sails were drawn on the winds of the monsoon to a growing trade in tortoiseshell, gold, ivory, amber, leopard skins, myrrh, frankincense, and slaves. By the tenth century, Muslim Arabs were becoming dominant, and long before medieval times the trading forts that have since become the small cities of the coast had been established. Meanwhile, the Bantu were beset by Nilotic and Hamitic peoples moving south, and their political systems were disrupted everywhere by feverish tribal wars set loose by the slave trade, which was intensified, in the sixteenth century, by the arrival on the east coast of Portuguese navigators, first among the Europeans. Though they established trade with the people of the Zimbabwe region, the Portuguese knew nothing of the interior. The slaving caravans not run by local tribes—for the tribes were encouraged to prey upon one another—were managed by Arabs or Swahili Bantu, a coastal people that intermixed with the Arabs and whose tongue, with its elements of Arabic, was to become the trading language of East Africa.

In South Africa, at the Cape, the Dutch East India Company established a supply port for its fleet in the seventeenth century, and later the Dutch South Africans, known as the Boers, trekking inland, helped to set off a great northward expansion of Nguni Zulu, who were to overrun Zimbabwe and settle finally in the region of Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. Elsewhere, the Europeans had no territorial ambitions, or even curiosity, about the hinterland, with its fierce heat, tsetse fly, beasts, spears, disease, and pillage. Such missionary-explorers as David Livingstone, who penetrated



"Go ahead, Son, make a wish, but keep within the realm of possibility."

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into Central Africa in the mid-nineteenth century, were astonished to find elaborate civilizations based on concepts that apparently had filtered southward by way of Meroë and the Sudanic civilizations, and certain baroque and cruel customs of these kingdoms laid a firm base for the belief in African barbarism that has been used ever since to excuse the more refined atrocities of the pale peoples from the north, although much of this barbarism arose out of the anarchy brought by the slave trade and the advent of firearms. It may be that at the time of the white man's coming the great Bantu kingdoms were already in decline, leaving few traces of the past, for in the tropics a city of thatch and timber—not necessarily more primitive than one of stone—would subside into the earth with the turn of seasons.

In the late nineteenth century, for political reasons having little to do with Africa, the nations of Europe embarked on colonial conquest, and East Africa was divided into British and German spheres of influence. Plantations of cotton, coffee, tea, pyrethrum, sisal, and pineapple drew more and more white settlers to East Africa, and modern medicine, like the iron hoe two thousand years before, brought on a renewed increase in the African population. Now, however, there was nowhere left for the Africans to go.

ONE winter day, I flew with Myles Turner, a warden at the Serengeti National Park, in Tanzania, around the south side of the Crater Highlands, which lay hidden in black clouds. The light plane skirted Lake Manyara, then crossed Mbulu Land, on the Kainam Plateau. Soon it passed over a great, silent valley. "That's the Yaida," Turner told me. "That's where those old Bushman people are, the Tindiga." Down there in that arid and inhospitable stillness, cut off from a changing Africa by the ramparts of the Rift, last bands of the Old People turned their heads toward the hard silver bird that crossed their sky. There was no smoke, no village to be seen, nor any trace of man.

I wanted very much to make a safari to Tindiga Land, where, I was told, a Swede named Peter Enderlein had lived alone for several years and was in touch with wild Tindiga still living in the bush. But a year passed before I crossed paths with Enderlein, and arranged to visit his game post at Yaida Chini in the summer. (A letter he had sent me gave me confidence that we would get on all right: "I think if you allow yourself two weeks here," he wrote in part, "you would be able to get a fair insight into the valley and its mysteries; if you stay longer, you might well end up at my position, knowing nothing at all.") In July, I picked up Aaron Msindai, a young Isanzu from the Mweka College of Wildlife Management, near Moshi, who had been assigned to Yaida Chini. We loaded his kit into the back of a Land Rover—a rifle and an iron bed, clothes, lantern, fuel, food for a month—and headed west, spending that night at Manyara, and at seven the next morning climbing the Rift wall into the clouds of the Crater Highlands. In the dense mist, trees shifted evilly, and slow, cowled figures with long staves, dark faces hidden in the gloom, moved past the ghostly fields of maize and wheat. These are the agricultural Mbulu of the so-called Iraqw cluster, a group whose archaic language, related to Hamitic, suggests that they have been here in the Highlands a very long time, perhaps well before the Iron Age.

From the town of Mbulu a rough

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One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

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Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

The Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

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And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of.

According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

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FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
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FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.8 in.
VW		161.8 in.
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FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
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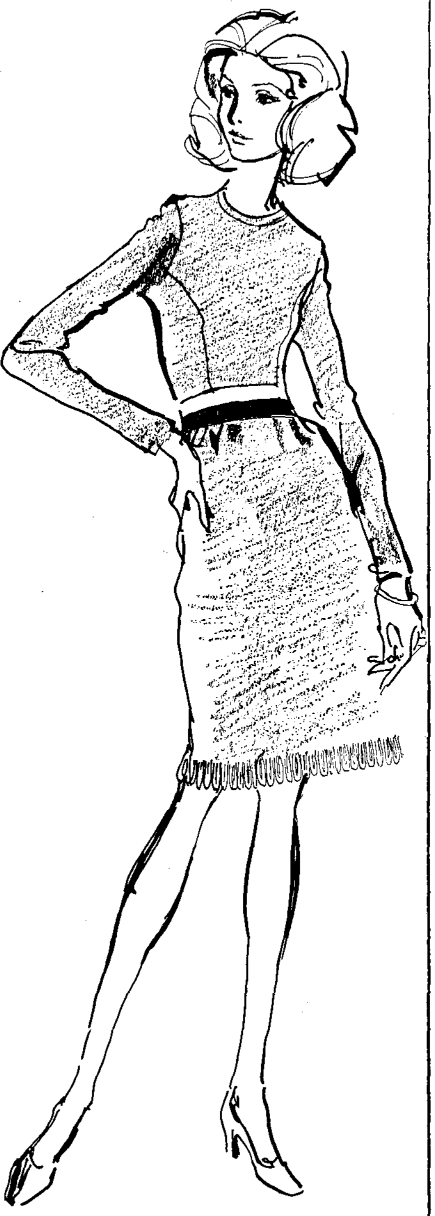
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT-KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional.



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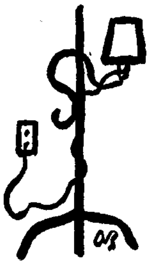
track heads west, dropping eventually off the Kainam Plateau into the Yaida Valley. We passed a fresh lake edged by papyrus and typha, a rare, pretty place of swallows and blowing reeds in a landscape of sloping grain fields, meadows, and soft, sheltering hills that shut away the emptiness of Africa. Beyond the lake, the road rose into sun and sky and wandered along the westward scarp where highland clouds were parting; below lay the pale plains of a still valley, fifty miles long and ten across, like a world forgotten in its desert mountains. A rough rock track winding downhill was crossed by two klipspringer, yellow and gray: they bounded away through low combretum woodland. Under the rim, out of the southeast wind, the air was hot. A horde of flies poured through the air vents, and Aaron Msindai struck at them. He hissed, "Tsetse!"

Following tsetse-control programs, the Mbulu, already pressed for space owing to population increase, overgrazing, and crude farming practices that have badly eroded the Kainam Plateau, began to move down into the Yaida Valley, while the Bantu Isanzu seeped in from the south. From the south also came fierce Barabaig herdsmen, and all of these people compete with the Tindiga and wild animals for the limited water. At the same time, the Tanzania government, embarrassed that a Stone Age group should exist in the new Africa, attempted to settle the Tindiga in two villages, one at Yaida Chini, the other farther west at an American Lutheran mission station called Munguli. Some three hundred were now living in the settlements, and a few hundred more were still hiding in the bush.

Today, Tindiga, Mbulu, Isanzu, and Barabaig are all present at Yaida Chini, which may be the one place in East Africa where its four basic language families—Bantu, Hamitic, Nilotic, and click speech (most notable among Khoisan peoples)—come together. Yaida Chini is a small, dusty settlement strewn along under a line of giant figs by the Yaida River, and a group of Africans milled out to greet the Land Rover as it rumbled down out of the hills. These people were mostly Isanzu, barefoot and ragtag in European shirts and pants, but to one side stood a dark, thickset girl, and Aaron Msindai said, "Tindiga." The girl had a large head with prognathous jaw and large antelope eyes in thick black skin, and by European standards she was very ugly. Unlike the yellow-eyed peasants, who offered shouts as evidence of sophistication, she came up softly and stared seriously, mouth closed, like a shy animal. "Tindiga have a very hard tongue," Aaron Msindai told me. "My tongue is not the same as theirs, but when I speak they know." His tribe, the Isanzu, has assimilated most of the southern Tindiga, and few are left who do not have an Isanzu parent. Eventually, the Tindiga may be entirely absorbed by the Isanzu, as Bantu tribes have been absorbing more primitive hunter-gatherers for two millenniums. Even "Tindiga" is an Isanzu name, for a people whose true name is Hadza, or Hadzapi.



Because of tsetse and the scarcity of water, the Hadza once had the Yaida to themselves, and scarcely anything was known of them before 1924, when a district officer of what had become, after the First World War, the Tanganyika Territory reported on a people who hid from Europeans and were even less affected than the Bushmen by the world beyond: "A wild man, a creature of the bush, and as far as I can see he is incapable of becoming anything else. Certainly he does not desire to become anything else, for nothing will tempt him to leave his wilderness or to abandon his mode of living. He asks nothing from the rest of us but to be left alone. He interferes with no one, and does his best to ensure that no one shall interfere with him." A few years later, the Hadza were inspected by an authority on the Bushmen, who stated in the peremptory tones of colonial scholarship that "there must have been some connexion between this black ape-like tribe and the small delicately built yellow men," whose habits, thoughts, and language structure seemed so similar. The district officer's perplexed tone was echoed by the scholar, who observed that these unprepossessing people often danced in simple pleasure: "*Hamana nale kuï*," they sang. "*Nale kuï*." ("Here we go round, go round.")

At the western end of the settlement, downriver, Peter Enderlein had built a house. At the sound of the motor, he came out on his veranda, a tall, barelegged man in shorts, boots wide apart, hands stuck in his hip pockets. We went immediately on an inspection of the ostrich pens, where he was raising an experimental flock for plumes and skins and meat. (In the wild, there is a heavy loss of eggs and chicks to predators of all descriptions,

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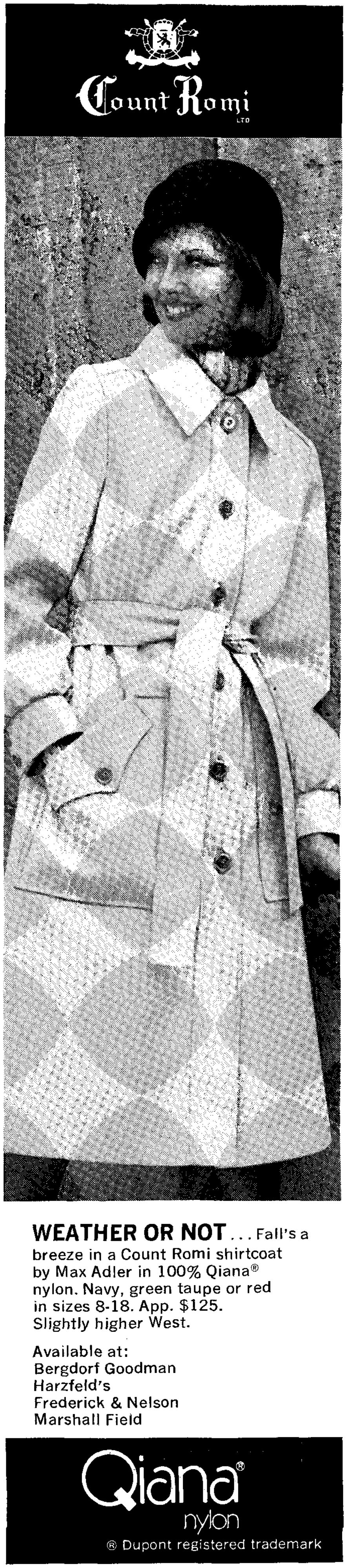

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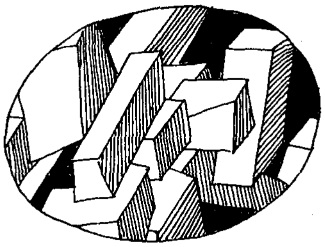
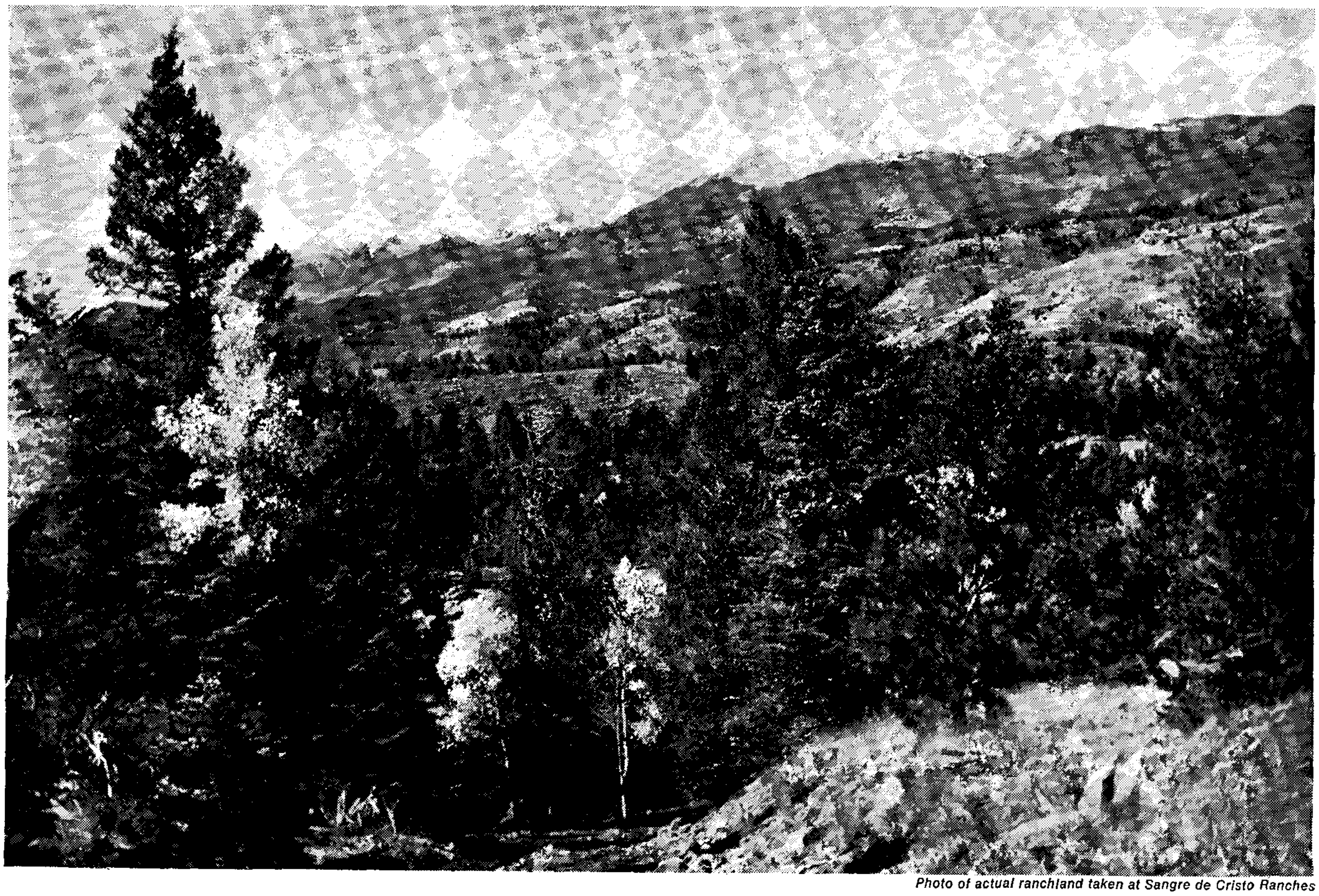
including lions, which are fond of playing with the eggs.) With their omnivorous habits and adaptations to arid country, ostrich could be domesticated in the Yaida, where tsetse and a shortage of surface water—the annual rainfall is less than twenty inches—are serious obstacles to agriculture and livestock. Enderlein, employed by the Tanzanian government to investigate the valley's resources, had decided he would like to try game ranching here, but he had received little support for this scheme or any other, and for the moment had to content himself with shooting the animals instead. Fresh meat was being sold cheaply to the local people or dried for sale elsewhere; the valuable common animal was the zebra, and the sale of zebra hides to wholesalers was the game post's main source of income.

Enderlein was spending most of his time supplying food for the impounded Hadza, who were not supposed to leave the settlement, much less revert to their old lives in the bush. Hunters have always made the transition to agriculture with the greatest reluctance, and as a rule the people will consume immediately any livestock or maize seed that is given them, and beat their hoe blades into arrowheads. Neither the dry climate nor their temperament lends itself to tilling, and in consequence they do little but drink the millet beer called pombe. This enforced idleness and dependence will certainly lead to their utter disintegration, and Enderlein had been trying to persuade the government to establish the Yaida Valley as a game reserve in which Hadza would be hired as trackers, game scouts, and hunters in a game-cropping scheme. Meanwhile, settlement by outsiders would be concentrated instead of scattered at random over the landscape, destroying thousands of square miles of wildlife habitat for the sake of a few *shambas* that cut off the water points. The Yaida has the last important population of greater kudu in northern Tanzania, in addition to all the usual trophy animals, and as a game reserve would receive income from game-cropping and hunting fees, which at present, because of a lack of roads, are negligible. Although he had submitted to the government a careful analysis of game numbers and potential in the valley and an imaginative program of resource management, and although President Julius Nyerere was said to feel that the Hadza might come more readily to civilization through game cropping than agriculture, Enderlein's plans had been regularly aborted by the district politicians who have replaced European civil servants almost everywhere, and who take care not to approve or disapprove any project of a white man lest they expose themselves to the ambitions of their peers.



As in other new African nations, the government endorses the principle of conservation, since conservation seems important to those Western countries which are helping it in other ways. But most educated Africans care little about wild animals, which are vectors of the tsetse fly, a threat to crops and human life, and a competitor of livestock. Wild animals are also identified, emotionally, with the white man, white hunters, white tourists, and a primitive past that the new Africans wish to forget. As for the Hadza, they are the last tribe in Tanzania that is not administered and taxed, and the sooner they vanish the better. Of the Maasai, President Nyerere has remarked, quite rightly, that the government cannot afford to keep part of its people as a human zoo for tourists, and the same could be said about the Hadza. The small hunters are looked down upon by their own countrymen, and most of those who come into the settlement soon flee. Poverty and the inferior status that await the acculturated Hadza are a poor alternative to bush life and the serenity of the old ways, and to take all this away from them for the sake of a "progress" they cannot share is to abuse their innocence and do them harm. Enderlein had been accused of wishing to keep these people in the Stone Age and told not to give game work to idle Hadza, since the government was committed to a national program of agriculture. Tsetse control was to be resumed, and the people sent out to girdle and kill the "useless" tsetse-harboring acacias that keep the valley from turning to a desert, and ever more outsiders were being encouraged to settle the Yaida even though two crops out of three have been lost to drought, even though the land was blowing away under the sharp hoofs of the cattle.

Enderlein showed me hard, bare flats in the grasslands that spread west to the hills called Giyeda Barakh. "Ten years ago," he said, "the people walked a long way around the grove where my camp is now, there were so many



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rhino, and they still speak of the great herds of eland and elephant moving through. Ten years from now, this whole valley will be a desert."

WE head north under the Yaida escarpment. Like all mornings in the dry season, the day is born in a dusty sun and restless wind. There is an old safari track, grown over, but the Land Rover makes its own way through acacia savanna, where a slender-tailed mongoose, dark and lustrous, slips like a swift fish through the fading grass. At midmorning, the lower Udahaya is crossed, a slow stream dying in the plain. Slowly we wind toward the south Sipunga Hills. Somewhere in the Sipunga, perhaps thirty miles north of Yaida Chini, small bands of Hadza hide from the resettlement program, living as they have always lived, by hunting and gathering, a people without pottery or gardens or domestic animals other than the random dog. Probably they will hide from us as well, unless they see that we are with Hadza whom they trust. Magandula is a game scout, and the prestige of his *bunduki*, or rifle, entitles him to two porters, Gimbe and Giga. Magandula is loud and opinionated; Gimbe and Giga are quiet. Magandula and Gimbe have Isanzu fathers, but Giga, smaller and older, is pure Hadza—black, with heavy jaw and swollen cheekbones and flat nose in a head too big for a small, thick body that will never attain five feet in height. Until recently, Giga has been living in the bush—he is one of a number of Hadza who drift back and forth between the old life and the new—and as if in sign of his transitional state he is wearing a sandal on his right foot but not on his left. Magandula, on the other hand, is an outspoken convert to the new Africa, and wears bright-red socks in black street shoes.

In early afternoon, under Sipunga, Giga speaks. Off among the wrinkled boles of sun-swayed thorn trees he has seen a shift of shadows, and now Magandula is speaking, too. "Tindiga!" he says in tones of triumph, choosing the Isanzu name.

There is more than one. It is a hunting party, crouching low in the golden grass to peer under the limbs; the black of their skin is the old black of acacia bark in shadow. Giga is smiling at them, and they do not run; they have seen Giga, and they have a fresh-killed zebra. Enderlein is grinning freely for the first time since I have known him. "Oh, we are *lucky!*" he says, twice; he had not thought we

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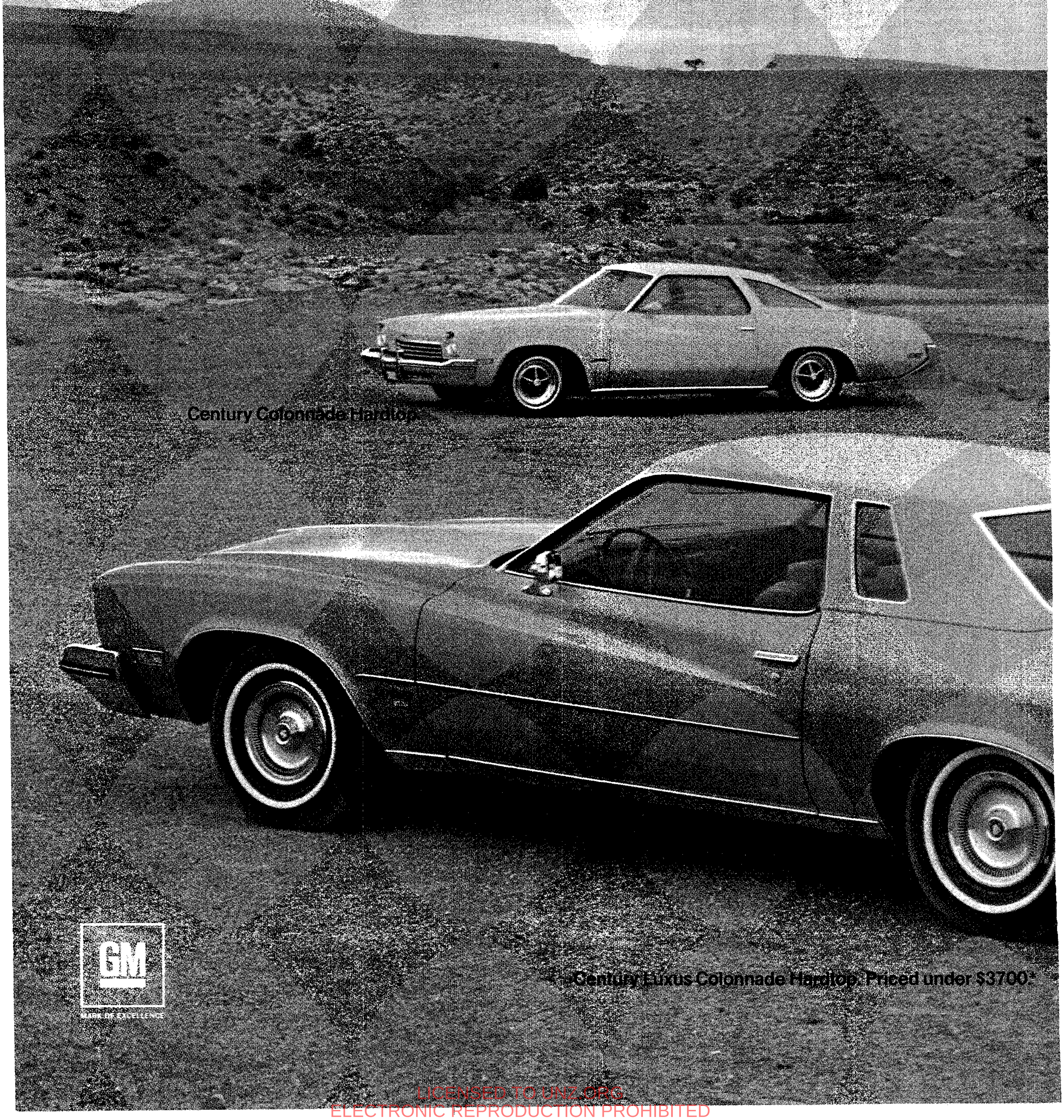

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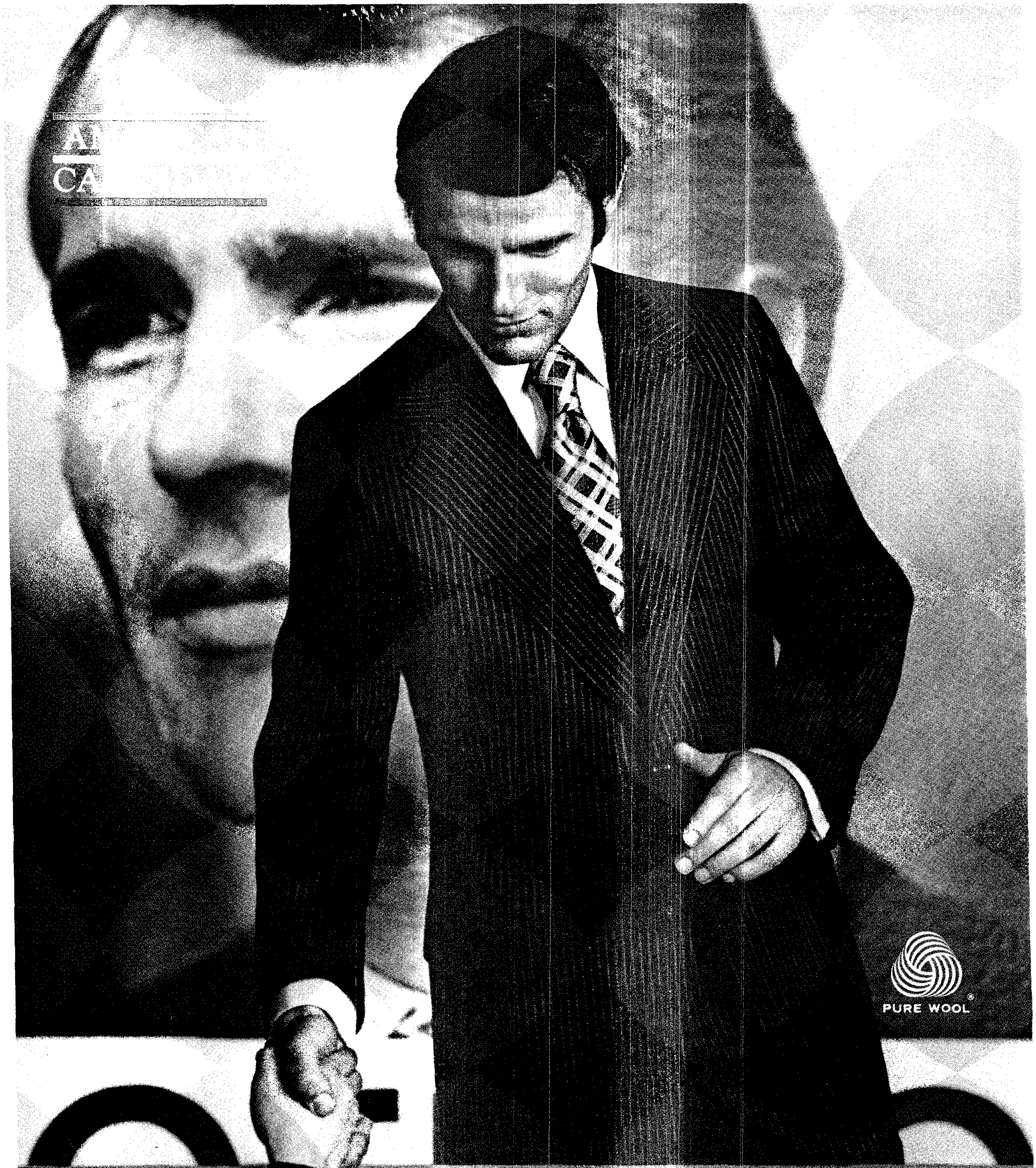

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would find the hunters this first day.

A striped hock shines in the fork of a tree; the rest rides on the hunters' shoulders. There are ten Hadza, seven men with bows and three young boys, and all are smiling. Each boy has glistening raw meat slung over his shoulders and wrapped around him, and one wears the striped hide outward, in a vest; except for beads at neck and waist, the boys are naked. The men wear loincloths faded to an olive earth color that blends with the tawny grass; the rags are bound at the waist by a hide thong, and some wear simple necklaces of red-and-yellow berry-colored beads. All wear crude sheath knives in the center of the back, and one has a guinea-fowl feather in his hair.

Shy, they wait in a half circle, much less tall than their bows. "*Tsifiaqua!*" they murmur, and our people say, "*Tsifiaqua mtana,*" and then the hunters say, "*M-taa-na!*" with warm emphasis, smiling wholeheartedly. ("*Tsifiaqua*" is "afternoon" as in "good afternoon," and "*mtana*" is "nice" as in "nice day," and "*Tsifiaqua m-taa-na,*" as the hunters say it, may mean "Oh, beautiful day!") The two groups stand face to face in the sunny wood, admiring each other, and then hands are taken all around, each man being greeted separately by all the rest. They are happy we are to visit them and delighted to pile the zebra meat into the Land Rover, for the day is hot and dry and from here to where these Hadza live, behind the Sipunga Hills, is perhaps six miles of stony walking. The eldest, Mzee Dafi, rides, and others run ahead and alongside, and others stay behind to hunt again. The runners keep pace with the car as it barges across the stones and thorn scrub and on across the south end of Sipunga through the ancestral Hadza Land called T'ua. Soon Giga kicks off his sandal and runs barefoot with the rest, and then Magandula, in red socks and shiny shoes, is running, too. Only Gimbe, a mission boy from Munguli, sits quietly; he is not yet home.

There is no track, only an intermittent path, and here and there Enderlein heaves rocks out of the way to let us pass. So glad are the hunters of our coming that they hurl rocks, too, but since most of them, Giga included, have no idea what they accomplish, they struggle with rocks that are far off the route, out of pure good will.

On the sky rise twin hills, fortified with soaring monoliths quite unlike anything I have ever seen; the hills overlook the upper Udahaya Valley, between the Sipunga and the Mbulu

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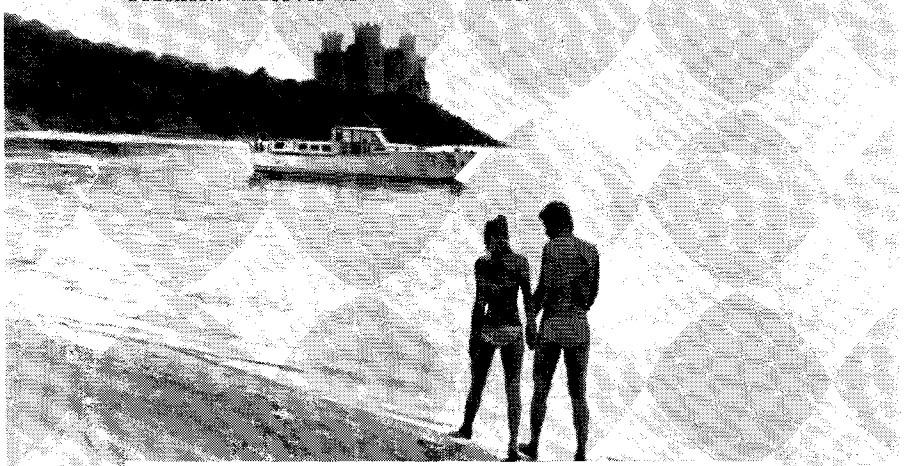

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escarpment. Seeing the hills, the hunters cry out, leaping rocks, and the swiftest is he with the guinea-fowl feather, Salibogo. Approaching groves of monumental granites across a meadow of pink baobabs, Dafi whispers, "Gidabembe." Still there is no sign of habitation. But bright-green in the sun are two fresh gourds set out to dry on a rock shelf; the placement of the gourds gives man away. A yellow dog, the first and last such animal we saw in Hadza Land, walks stiff and silent from the bush under a tilted monolith, and from the shadows of the stone a thin smoke rises into the dry sunlight, and a crone the color of dry brush appears among the leaves. In the shadows, she stands like a dead stick, observing.

At the next grove of rocks, a stone has toppled in such a way that its flat face, some fifteen feet by fifteen in dimension, is held clear of the ground by the debris of its own fall, forming an open-sided cave five feet high. Inside, at a hearth, are a cracked gourd, a rag, a dik-dik skin, a bone. With hand brooms of grass and twigs, Gimbe and Magandula and the hunters brush loose dust from the floor, while squat Giga pushes three hearthstones together and, with fingertips and breath, draws grass wisps into a fire and places an iron pot on the points of stone to boil. Outside the cave, an old woman has appeared, bent under a morning's harvest of orange grewia berries, which are dry and sweet and taste like nuts; offering these, she is given a strip of the zebra meat spread out across a stone. Our people take meat for themselves, and so do others who come quietly into the glade, for the Hadza have no agonies of ownership. On sharpened sticks Gimbe skewers the red meat, laying two sticks across the fire; the rest he places in the trees to dry. Our arrival at Gidabembe is celebrated with a feast of tea and zebra and the fire-colored berries.

Gidabembe, the Hadza say, has been one of their camps for a long time, longer than the oldest of them can remember; it is used mainly in the dry season, when large animals are more easily killed, and people gather into larger groups to be in the vicinity of the good hunters. The main encampment lies uphill, on a knoll overlooking the river, where four small hearths with thornbush walls are grouped among the stones. No roofs are constructed in this season, for there is no rain. The people are invisible to the outside world. Their fires are small and their voices quiet. Only a rare infant's cry betrays the presence of a

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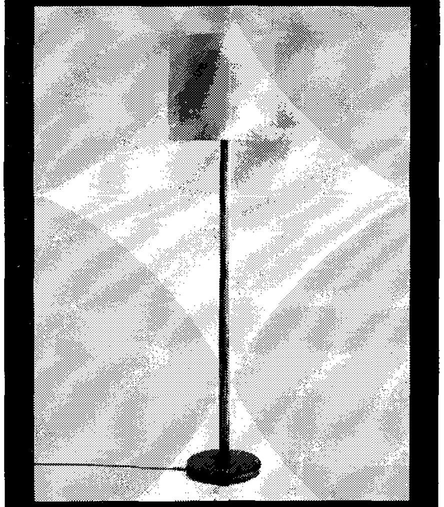

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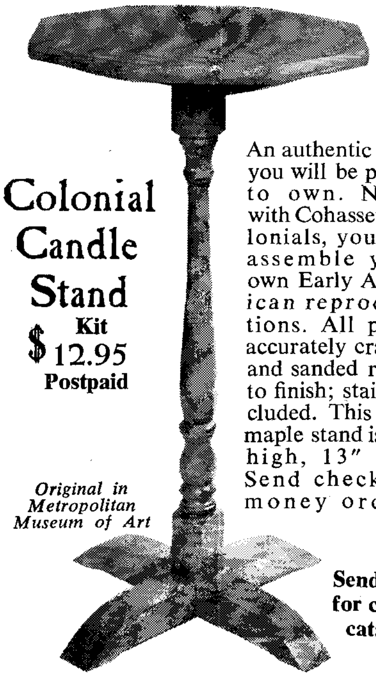

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On the television "stage" there'll be Neil Simon's *The Trouble With People,* five new comedy sketches; Kaufman and Ryskind's ageless political satire, *Of Thee I Sing;* the original drama, *The Hands of Cormac Joyce.*

Jacques Cousteau continues his undersea explorations with *The Smile of the Walrus.*

For children, there will be a broad range of both educational and just-plain-fun programming, including *The Last of the Curlews,* the first in an innovative series of after-school specials. There'll be adaptations of children's classics and a young people's Philharmonic concert.

And, culminating with election-night coverage, local and national campaigns will be spotlighted in up-to-the-minute coverage.

A more complete sampling is shown below.

You might say television makes every week in October and November a very special week.

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Haydn, Ravel. Sunday, Oct. 1 (5-6 pm).

Last of the Curlews. ABC Afterschool Special about last species of Eskimo bird. Wednesday, Oct. 4 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Lion at World's End. Bell System Family Theatre—Story of "Christian," a lion. Friday, Oct. 20 (8-9 pm).

The Fabulous Country. The American Experience—Documentary on America's early years. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

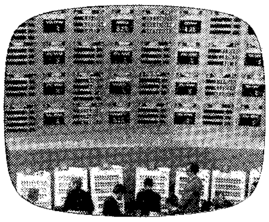
Smithsonian Adventure: 99 Days to Survival. Re-creation of 1869 trip down Green and Colorado Rivers. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

Of Thee I Sing. Pulitzer-winning musical starring Carroll O'Connor, Cloris Leachman, Jack Gilford, others. Tuesday, Oct. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Australian animated version of Stevenson classic. Sunday, Oct. 29 (5-6 pm).

You're Elected, Charlie Brown. Charlie runs for class president. Sunday, Oct. 29 (7:30-8 pm)

Robin Hood. Sherwood Forest revisited. Sunday, Nov. 5 (5-6 pm).



Election Coverage. All networks. Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Flip Wilson/Geraldine. Animated special. Sunday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8 pm).

The Trouble With People. Bell System Family Theatre—Original five-sketch comedy by Neil Simon starring George C. Scott, Alan Arkin, others. Sunday, Nov. 12 (9-10 pm).

America. Alistair Cooke narrates series: The New Found Land; Home From Home. Tuesdays, Nov. 14, 28 (10-11 pm).

The Smile of the Walrus. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Study of migrations of once-endangered species. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

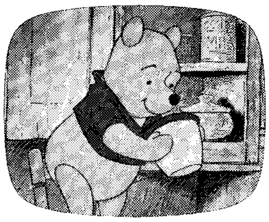
Burt Bacharach Special. An hour with top contemporary composer. Guests: Sammy Davis, Jr., Anthony Newley. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Hands of Cormac Joyce. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of an Irish fisherman. Starring Stephen Boyd, Colleen Dewhurst. Friday, Nov. 17 (8:30-10 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Animated version of Defoe novel. Thursday, Nov. 23 (12-1 pm).

The Jerry Lucas Super Kids Day Magic Jamboree. 3 hours of fun in which youngsters will learn about science, numbers, words, etc. Friday, Nov. 24 (10 am-1 pm).

The Prince and the Pauper. The Mark Twain tale. Sunday, Nov. 26 (5-6 pm).



Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Sebastian Cabot narrates animated version of A. A. Milne story. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8-8:30 pm).

The Man Who Came to Dinner. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New presentation of Kaufman-Hart play, starring Orson Welles and Lee Remick. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly)

Wednesday: ABC After School Special (1st Wed. of each month)

Saturday: In the News/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With A Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs

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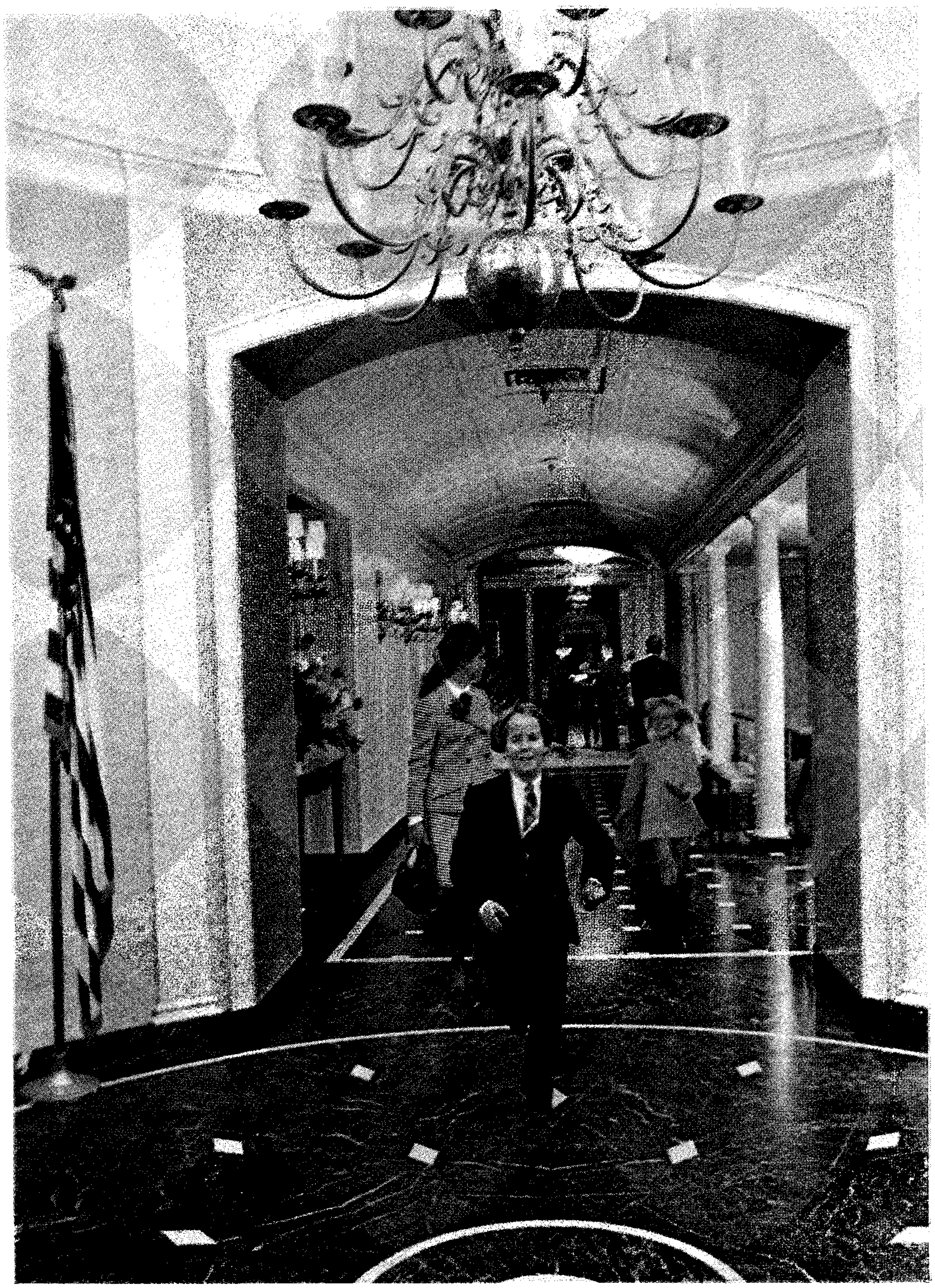
The earth behind the fire has been softened with a digging stick. Here, at dark, covered only with the thin rags worn in the day, the family will lie down together on a small mat of kongoni hide or hay. From the thorn walls hang gourds and arrow packets and bird skins for arrow vanes, and by one hearth is an iron pot, black and thin as a leaf cinder. In these simple arrangements is a ceremonial sense of order in which everything is in place, yet these shelters last no longer than the whims of their inhabitants, who may move tomorrow to another place, nearby or far. In the rains, especially, they scatter, for game and water are widespread. Somewhere they draw a few sticks over their heads, with grass matted on top. In the dry season, many will return to Gidabembe, by the river, for Gidabembe is permanent, although all but the oldest of its people come and go. The hunter, who must travel light, limits his family to parents and children, and the people move in ever-changing groups, with little sense of tribe. The Hadza have no chiefs, no villages, no political system; their independence is their very breath. Giga speaks of an old man who wandered off last year and was thought lost. Three months later, he turned up again, well rested from the stress of human company.

In the day, the men and boys remain separate from the women. The men carry a fire drill among their arrows, and wherever Hadza tarry for more than a few minutes—and tarrying occupies much of their life—a small fire will be built. Until recently, a male Hadza wore the pelt of a genet cat, bound on by the hide thong that holds his knife, but now almost all wear small cloth skirts. Each carries a hide pouch with shoulder strap containing scraps of skin and tendon; tobacco leaves and hemp; a disc of baobab wood, *lucocuko*, used in gambling; a hunk of vine tuber which, when chewed, serves as a glue for binding arrow vanes; some rag-wrapped hornet-larva medicine, or *dawa*, useful for chest pain; and snakebite *dawa*, of ingredients known only to a few, which is used in trade with other peoples; spare arrowheads and scraps of metal; a chisel tool made from a nail; a pipe carved from a soft stone in the river. This pipe, one of the few Hadza objects that is not obtained in barter, is no more than a tube, and the tobacco will fall from it unless it is held vertical. Both men and women, staring at the sky, smoke the stone pipe with gusty sucks accompanied by harsh, ritual coughing, which is followed by a soft, ecstatic sigh.

The hunters' arrows are long, thin shafts cut from a grewia or dombeya and feathered with vanes of bustard, guinea fowl, or vulture. Bird arrows are tipped with sharpened wood, and each bundle has an arrow with a lance blade of honed iron which is used for small game like guinea fowl and dik-dik. All the rest have single- or double-barbed metal points dipped in black, resinous poison, made ordinarily from seeds of the black *Strophanthus* fruit or sap of the desert rose; both poisons are heart stimulants, consumed safely in meat but fatal when received into the bloodstream. The barbs are wrapped in thin strips of impala hide, and the long, stiff bow is wrapped with circlets of impala for decoration. Ordinarily, Hadza bowstrings are of zebra tendon, while split tendons of impala are the sinew that binds the arrow vanes onto the shaft.

When not out hunting roots and tubers with their digging sticks, Hadza women remain at their own hearths, where their children, who have big bellies and small, prominent behinds dusted gray with hearth ash, play a variety of games with the hard bright-yellow fruits of nightshade known as Sodom apples. Gondoshabe sits with Gindu, mother of Andaranda, who killed the zebra, and lank-dugged Angate with a tobacco wad behind her ear, and Hanako, young wife of the swift hunter Salibogo, threading beads on long strands of fibre from the baobab, and Giga's daughter Kabaka, who, with her baby, has run away from the game scout Nangai at Yaida Chini. The women wear the same three garments as the women of the Bushmen: skin aprons front and back and a sort of shoulder cloak tied at the waist to form a carrying bag, formerly of hide but now of cloth. They sit flat on the ground with legs straight out, toes upright, or squat on their haunches like the men. Though the nomadic Hadza do not burden themselves with metal bracelets, most women wear single headbands of white, red, and blue beads as well as bead armlets, anklets, and knee bands, and, like the men, they may have three scars cut on the cheek in decoration. Small boys wear a simple strand of beads around the waist, small girls a rag and small bead apron, while infants may wear fetishes and charms



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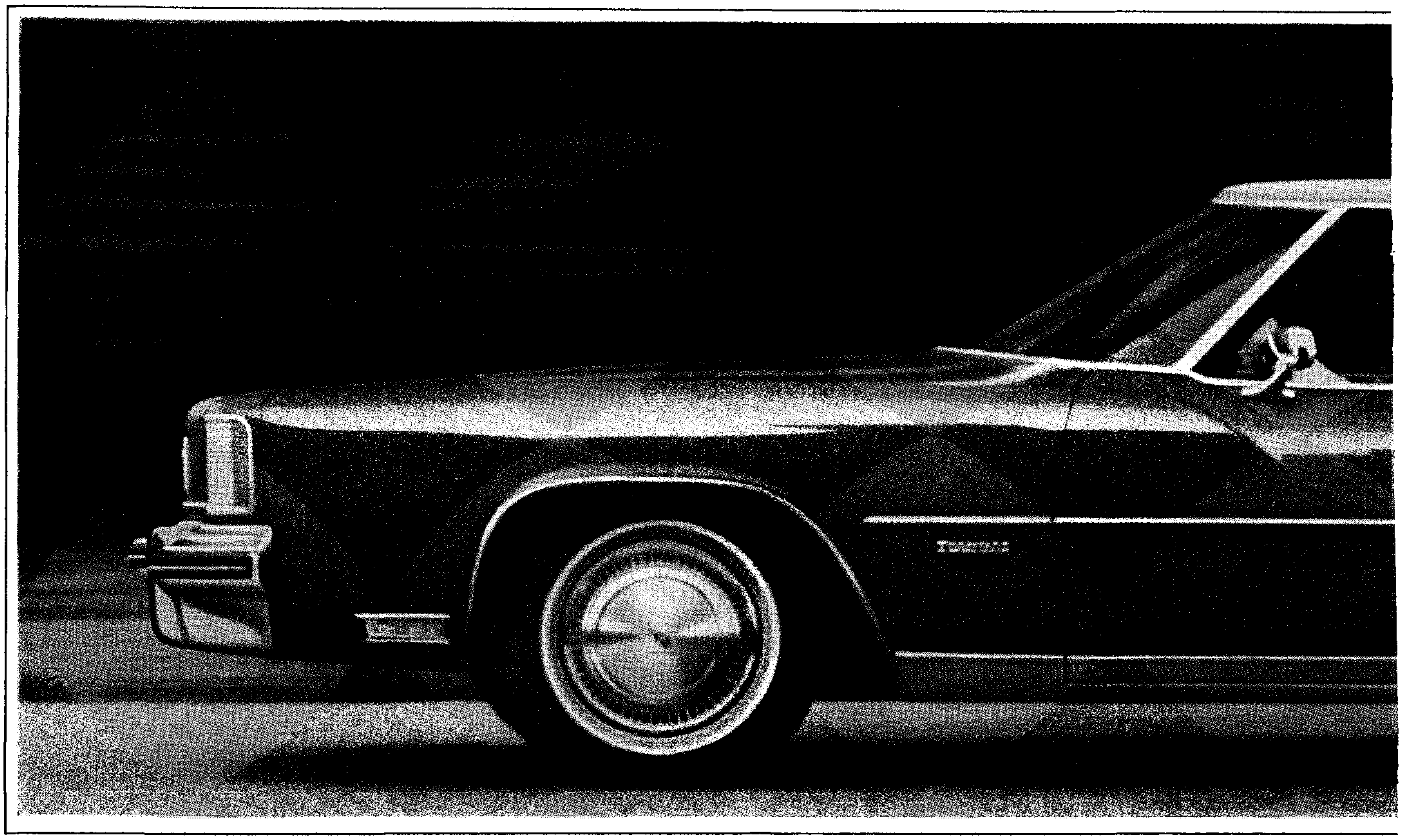

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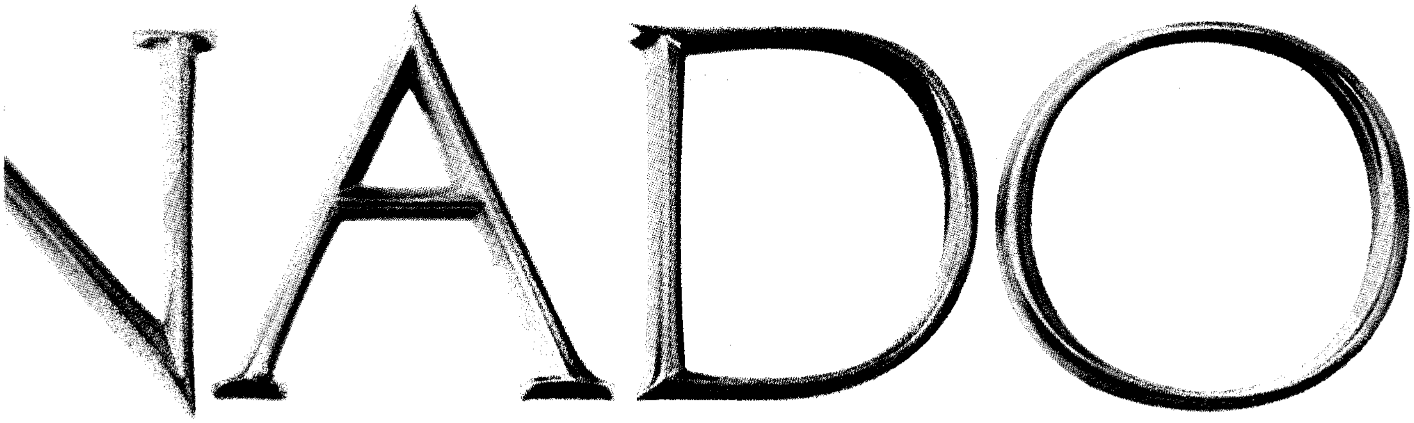

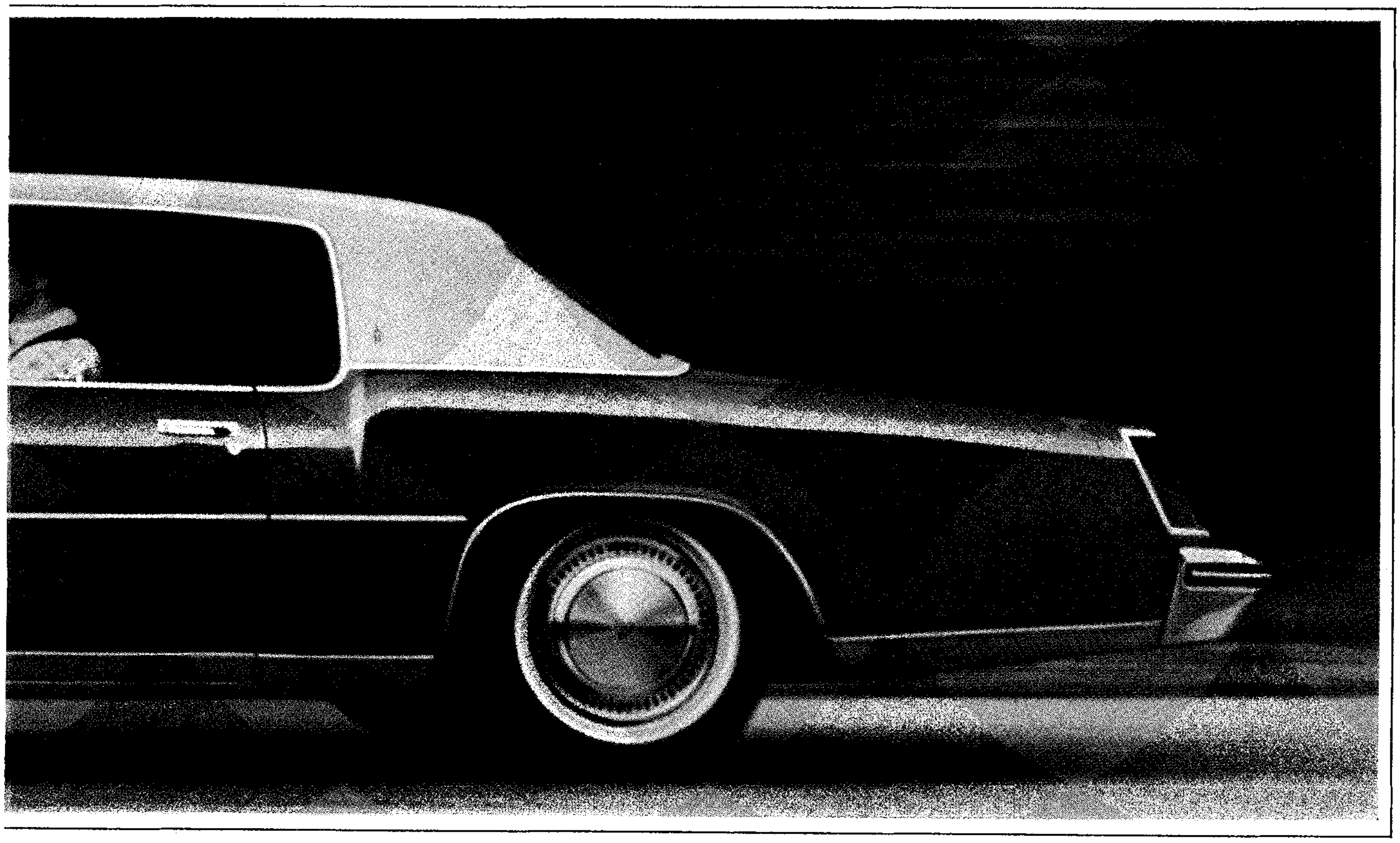

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as protection against the touch of menstruating women and the night cries of hurtful birds. Kabaka's baby is immobilized by strings of beads, but for all her wealth Kabaka looks disgruntled, and it is she who raises her voice against the presence of *mzungu*, or white people, in the camp. The wild Hadza women pay her little mind; though shyer than the men, they soon disregard the visitors and go on about their business. They grind maize, gather firewood; they dry new gourds bartered from the Mbulu, for they have no pottery, and fetch water from the river in the old. The gourds of cool water stand at angles beside a calabash of bright fresh berries. In this dry place, the sparkle of precious water borne in gourds has a true splendor. Gourds and arrow shafts may be marked with crosshatching incised between parallel lines, these pairs of lines being set at angles to each other, but otherwise the Hadza have no art besides the decoration of their persons and the simplicity of their lives.

THE Hadza see no sense in hunting hard with bow and arrow when there is a rifle in the camp. In hope of meat, people are coming in out of the hills, and there are seven hearths where there were four. The Hadza here are now no less than thirty, but a buffalo would feed everyone for days.

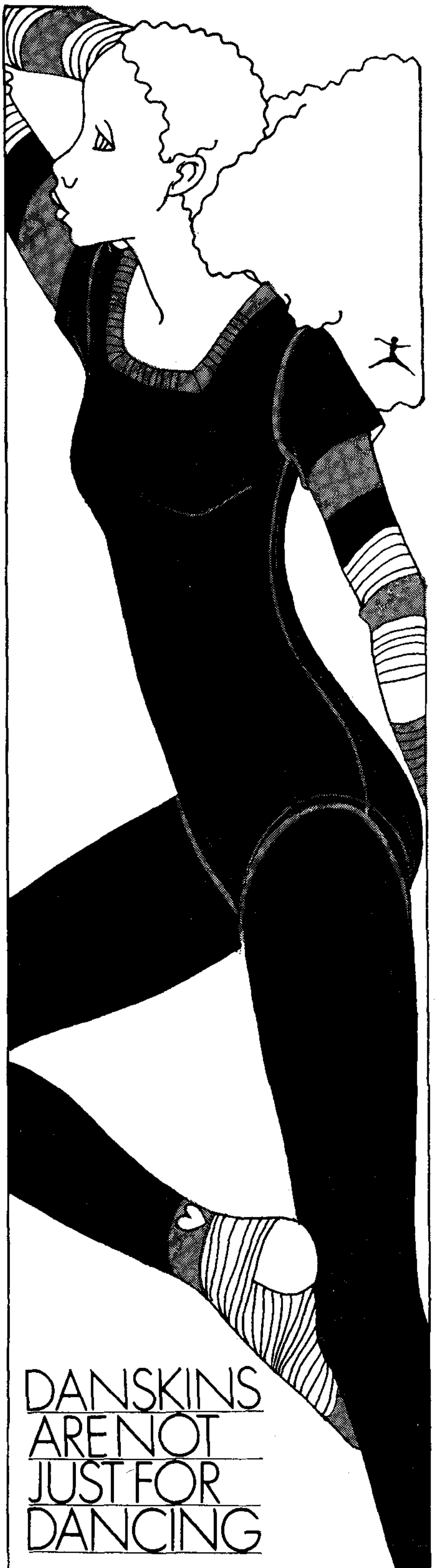
Many buffalo, as well as rhinos and elephants, live in the forest below Gidabembe. We descend to the river at daybreak. Magandula carries Enderlein's .375, which few hunters consider powerful enough to stop a buffalo, and another game scout brings a .22 for small game. Two wild Hadza, Yaida and Salibogo, carry bow and arrows. We ford the river where it winds around the base of Gidabembe, and enter the dense forest single file. Salibogo is in the lead. For the first time, Magandula is shirtless, and he has a porcupine quill stuck in his hair, but he clings to his red socks and pointed shoes.

Trees in this virgin place are huge—umbrella thorn and soaring fever trees, and here and there a mighty winter-thorn (*A. albida*), the noblest of all acacias, these interspersed with fat sycamore figs and sausage trees. But along the animal trails and walling the small glades is head-high thicket, hollowed out, where rhino and buffalo may stand entirely hidden. Their spoor is everywhere. We move slowly and quietly, bending here and there to peer into the grottoes. The trick is to sight any hidden beast before it feels crowded and decides to charge, but the cover is dense, and Enderlein offers a tense grin. "Bloody dangerous bush," he murmurs. "They can see you, but you can't see them."

Oblivious birdsong descends in the early-morning wind; warm butterflies spin sunlight through the glades. The Hadza pause every little while to wring dry berries from the grewia bushes, but my mouth is too dry; I am not hungry. There is exhilaration in the hunt, and also the quick heart of the hunted.

In a circular glade, Enderlein crouches, stiffens, and steps back, holding out his hand. Magandula gives him his rifle. In the shadows ten yards to the left, the cave of leaves is filled with a massive shape, as still as stone. A little way back, there was fresh rhino track, and Enderlein thinks this is the rhino. He circles out a little way, just to make sure. A slight movement may bring on a rhino charge—its poor vision cannot make out what's moving, and its nerves cannot tolerate suspense—whereas a sudden movement may put it to flight. I am considering a sudden movement, such as flight of my own, when I see a tail in a thin shaft of light, and the tail tuft in fleeting silhouette, and grunt at Enderlein, "Buffalo." The buffalo is said to be the most aggressive animal in Africa, much more dangerous than the rhino, since that beast will often thunder past its target and keep right on going until, at some point in its course, having met with no obstacle and having forgotten what excited it in the first place, it comes to a ponderous halt. The buffalo, on the other hand, turns quickly and is diligent in its pursuit. It is keen of nose and eye and ear, and, like the lion, is very difficult to stop once it attacks, often persisting in the work of destruction for some time after the object of its rage or fear is dead. It will even stalk a man, especially when it is wounded, coming around on its pursuer from behind, and last year near Lake Momela a lurking buffalo killed a man in his own garden.

A sun glint on the moisture at the nostril: the animal is facing us. The tail does not move again. We stand there for long seconds, at a loss. Enderlein cannot get a fair shot in the poor light, and at such close quarters he does not want a wounded buffalo. He starts a wide, circling stalk of the entire copse, signalling his game scouts to follow. But it is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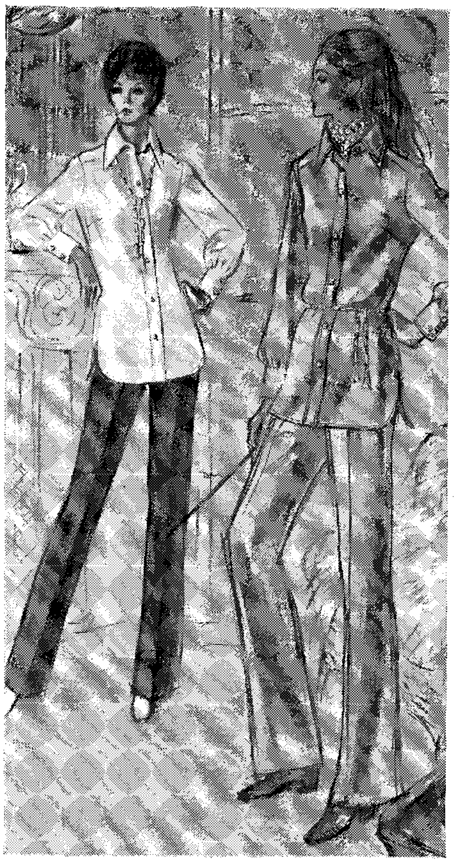

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a boy porter, Mugunga, who jumps forward, and the others are content to let him go. We follow carefully, but soon the hunters vanish in the bushes. Heat and silence. Soon the silence is intensified by a shy birdsong, incomplete, like a child's question gone unanswered.

The bird sings again, waits, sings again. Bees come and go. Soon Mugunga reappears. The beast will not be chivied out of hiding, and there is no hope of a clear shot with the rifle. But a poisoned arrow need not be precise; the hunter has only to wait a few hours before tracking, so as not to drive the dying animal too far away, and in this time he can return to camp to find help in cutting up the meat, or if the animal is big to move the whole camp to the carcass. Mugunga draws on Yaida's bow, then picks the stronger bow of Salibogo. The Hadza faces fill with joy; they respect the rifle but they trust the bow. Then Mugunga vanishes once more, and the silence deepens. Leaves stir, and are still.

The birdsong ceases as the buffalo crashes free, but there is no shout, no rifle shot, only more silence. When the hunters reappear, Enderlein shrugs. "I thought the arrow might bring him out where I could get a shot at him, but Mugunga waited a split second too long, and the bloody brute pushed off, out the far side." Even so, we will track this buffalo; Enderlein keeps the gun. The Hadza move on, bush by bush, glade by glade, checking bent grass, earth, and twigs, darting through copses where one would have thought so large an animal could not go. To watch such tracking is a pleasure, but this is taut work, for the buffalo is listening; it has not taken flight. Somewhere in the silent trees, the dark animal is standing still, or circling to come up behind. Wherever it is, it is too close.

In the growing heat, our nerves go dead, and we are pushing stupidly ahead, inattentive, not alert, when the spoor dies, too, and we cut away from the river in search of another animal. But the sun is climbing, and the big animals will have taken to the shade. The chance of catching one still grazing in the open is now small.

In a swampy place, the Hadza fall on a tomato bush. The small fruits are warm red, intensely flavored, and we eat what we can and tie the rest into a rag to bring back to Gidabembe. Not that the hunters feel obliged to do this: men and women seek and eat food separately and quickly, to avoid the bad manners of refusing it to others, and occasional sharing between the sexes is a matter of whim. Farther on, Yaida and Salibogo locate honey in a tree, and

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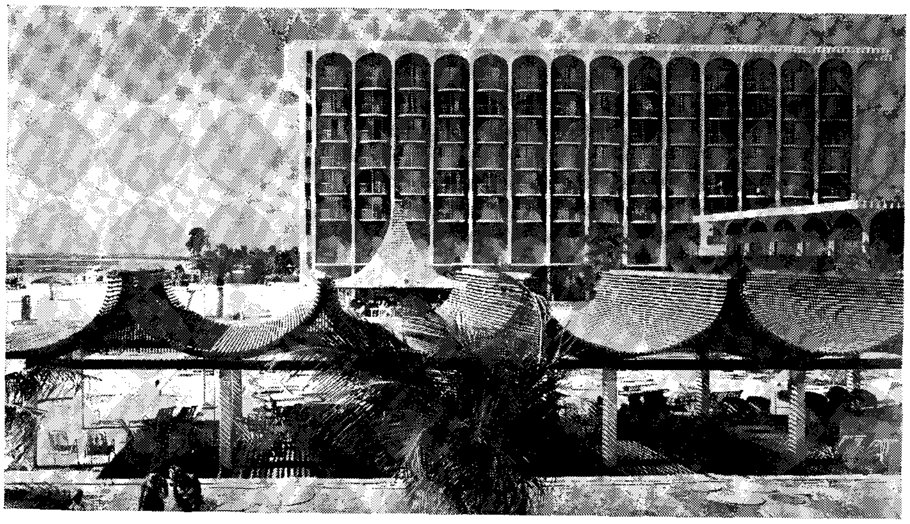
again the hunt for buffalo is abandoned. Usually, a grass torch is stuck into the hole to smoke out the bees, but the Hadza are more casual than most Africans about bee stings, and Yaida is wringing one stung hand while feeding himself with the other. The honeycomb is eaten quickly, wax, larvae, and all. The Hadza also eat cats and jackals, though they draw the line at frogs and reptiles, and not every man will eat a vulture.

Salibogo kicks at buffalo manure to see its freshness, and it is plain that we have passed the dark, silent animals close by. Mugunga, frustrated, shoots a lance arrow at a dik-dik half hidden by low intervening branches—he leans into the shot on his left foot as he shoots—and the arrow drives hard into a sapling by the dik-dik's neck. Mugunga turns to look at us, shaking his head.

We circle slowly toward the Udahaya, striking it at midday, far downriver. The hunt is over, and we walk barefoot in the water, shooting doves and hyrax with the .22 as we return upstream. Enderlein is brooding, but I am still excited by the hunt, and glad to be free of the dense bush. And the Hadza seem happy, too. Their time is now. Though there will not be nearly enough to go around, it awes them to see the doves fall to our gun. They are used to failure in the hunt, which these days occurs often, and in the future must occur more often still.

We have been told of a great rock with red paintings, which in this land may be thousands of years old. To see it, a trip must be made across the Sipunga Hills. A hot climb brings us out onto a ledge under an overhanging wall, like a wave of granite on the yellow sky: Darashagan. Well hidden by the tops of trees that rise from the slopes below, the ledge looks down the whole length of the Yaida Valley. There is a hearth here, still in use, and on the wall behind the hearth, sheltered by the overhang, are strong paintings in a faded red of a buffalo and a giraffe. We stand before them in a line, in respectful silence. One day, another man, all nerves and blood and hope, just like us, drew these emblems of existence with a sharpened bird-bone spatula, a twist of fur, a feather, and others squatted here to watch, much as the Hadza are squatting now. The Mbulu and Barabaig have no tradition of rock painting, whereas the Bushmen, before they became fugitives, made paintings very similar to these; the only other red paintings in this country are found in the region of Kondoa-Irangi, in the land of the click-speak-



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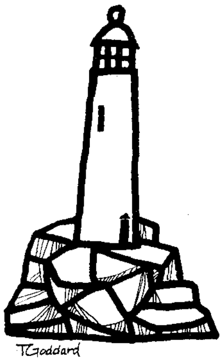
ing Sandawe. Of these drawings the Hadza say shyly, "How can we know?" Pressed, they ascribe them to the Old People or to Mungu (God), searching our faces in the hope of learning which answer we prefer.

At the cave is the game scout Nangai, come on foot from Yaida Chini to fetch back his young wife, Kabaka, daughter of Giga. "Who knows why she ran away?" Nangai shrugs, smiling shyly at his sullen wife. Giga, holding his ornamented grandchild to his cheek, rolls his eyes and croons. Tea is served by sad-faced, discreet Gimbe, who says, "*Karibu chai*" ("Welcome to tea"). With his wood ladle he stirs maize meal into boiling water to make the thick white paste called ugali that is subsistence in East Africa; ugali, eaten with the fingers, is rolled into a kind of concave ball used to mop up whatever is at hand in the way of meat, vegetables, and gravy. Soon he presents a bowl of water in which the right hand is to be dipped and rinsed prior to eating, because here in the cave our *posho*, or ration, is eaten from a common bowl. The Muslim custom of eating only with the right hand comes up from the coast by way of the part-Arab Swahili, once the agents of the trade in slaves and ivory; so does the marimba, called *irimbako* by the Hadza, who have no musical instrument of their own. The flat-bar zither is a hollow box faced with tuned strips of stiff metal that produce soft, swift, wistful rhythms, and the old one here at Gidabembe is passed from hand to hand. It is Giga who plays it by the fire as we dine on ugali and doves.

A visitor to Gidabembe has come from a small camp in the Sipunga Hills, where he helps take care of a young invalid, apparently an epileptic. Last year, this boy was badly burned when he fell into a fire, and was led across the hills to the clinic in Mbulu, but after two days he ran away, back to Sipunga. This spring, left alone in camp, he fell again into the fire and was burned so drastically that he can no longer move.

Magandula has borrowed a wood comb from Giga; perched on a rock, he combs his head for a long time without discernible results. According to Magandula, it is only the influence of civilization that prevents the Sipunganebe from deserting the man burned, and the Hadza cheerfully agree: among nomadic hunter-gatherers, who cannot afford responsibility for others, such desertion is quite common. Only last year, Yaida says, a man in fever was abandoned in the mountains: "We left him his bow, but he could not live; surely he was eaten by lions." Magandula, scrubbing his shoes, becomes excited and speaks shrilly: "To live in the bush is bad! Hasn't the government taught us to live in houses? I want nothing to do with the bush!" In recent years, the government has made the Hadza a symbol of primitive apathy to their countrymen, who are exhorted to increase their numbers and work hard on their *shambas*—"Don't rot in the bush like the Tindiga!"

An old man, Mutu, comes tottering to his hearth and sinks down in a heap against a stone. He no longer bothers with his bow and arrows, which rot in the bush behind his head; the sad old broken arrows with their tattered vanes are the home of spiders. Mutu is back from begging maize at an Mbulu *shamba*, and complains of his feet, which are leprously cracked and horned up to the anklebone. To my touch, his afflicted flesh feels rubbery and dead. Once, Mutu walked as far east as Mbulu, where he came by his disease. "Things like *this*"—and he flicks his ruined flesh, contemptuous, lip curling around a villainous old mouthful of snag teeth—"you don't find in the bush." In proof of his corruption by the world, Mutu begs cynically for two *shillingi*—the only Hadza who has begged at all—and is happy to accept a dove instead. Despite his misery and decrepitude, he has no wish to visit the dispensary at Yaida Chini, and waves away the offer of a ride. Already he has his stone pipe lit, tucking a red cinder into it with his bare fingers, and now he lies back laughing at some ancient joke, coughing ecstatically after the custom of his people. Twig-legged Mutu is big-bellied as a baby, lying there in the sunlight in his swaddling. He rails at life with unholy satisfaction, and so do two old women whose hearths adjoin his own at the base of a great tilted rock with rounded top that might be the gravestone of God. All three worn-out souls are of separate families, and fiercely maintain their family hearths as symbols of the independence that is so vital to the Hadza. None of them has relatives at Gidabembe, yet Mutu has maize and berries for his supper, and so do his two neighbors.



Four naked children have clambered up into a grewia bush and hunch there in the branches, knees under their chins,

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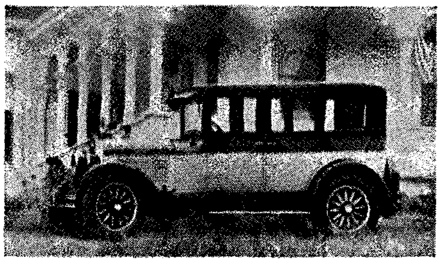

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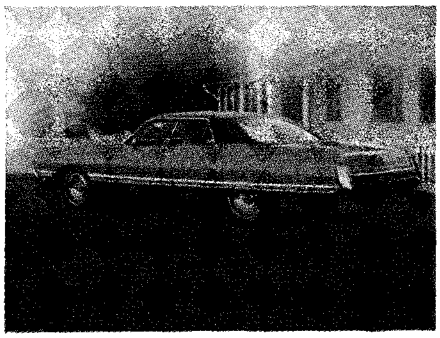

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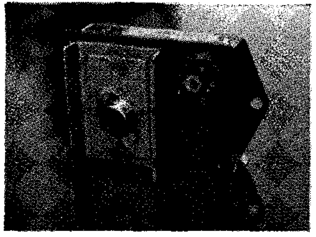

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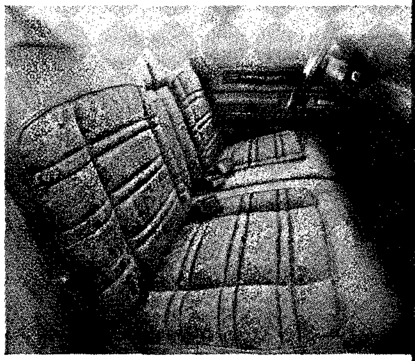

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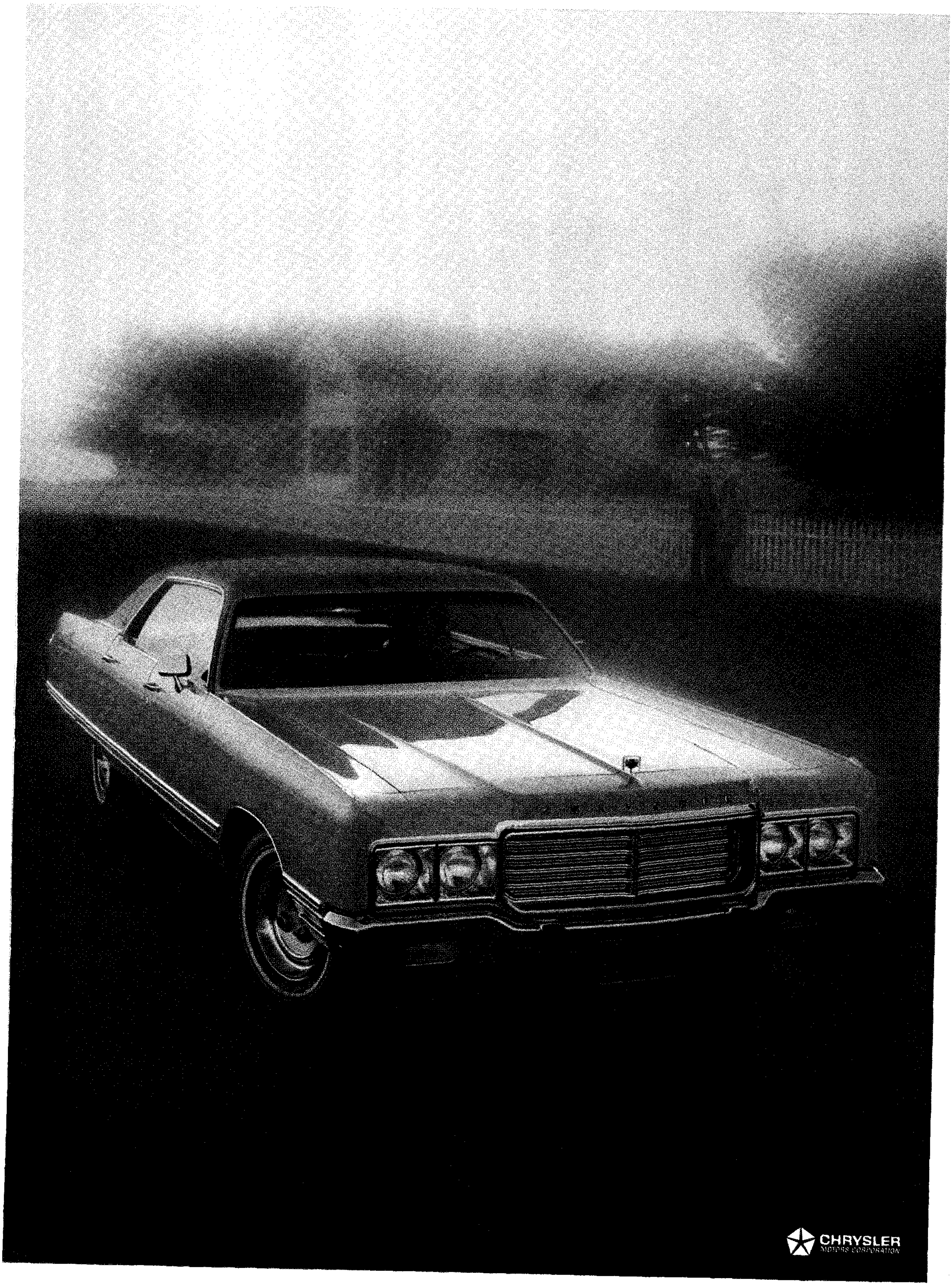
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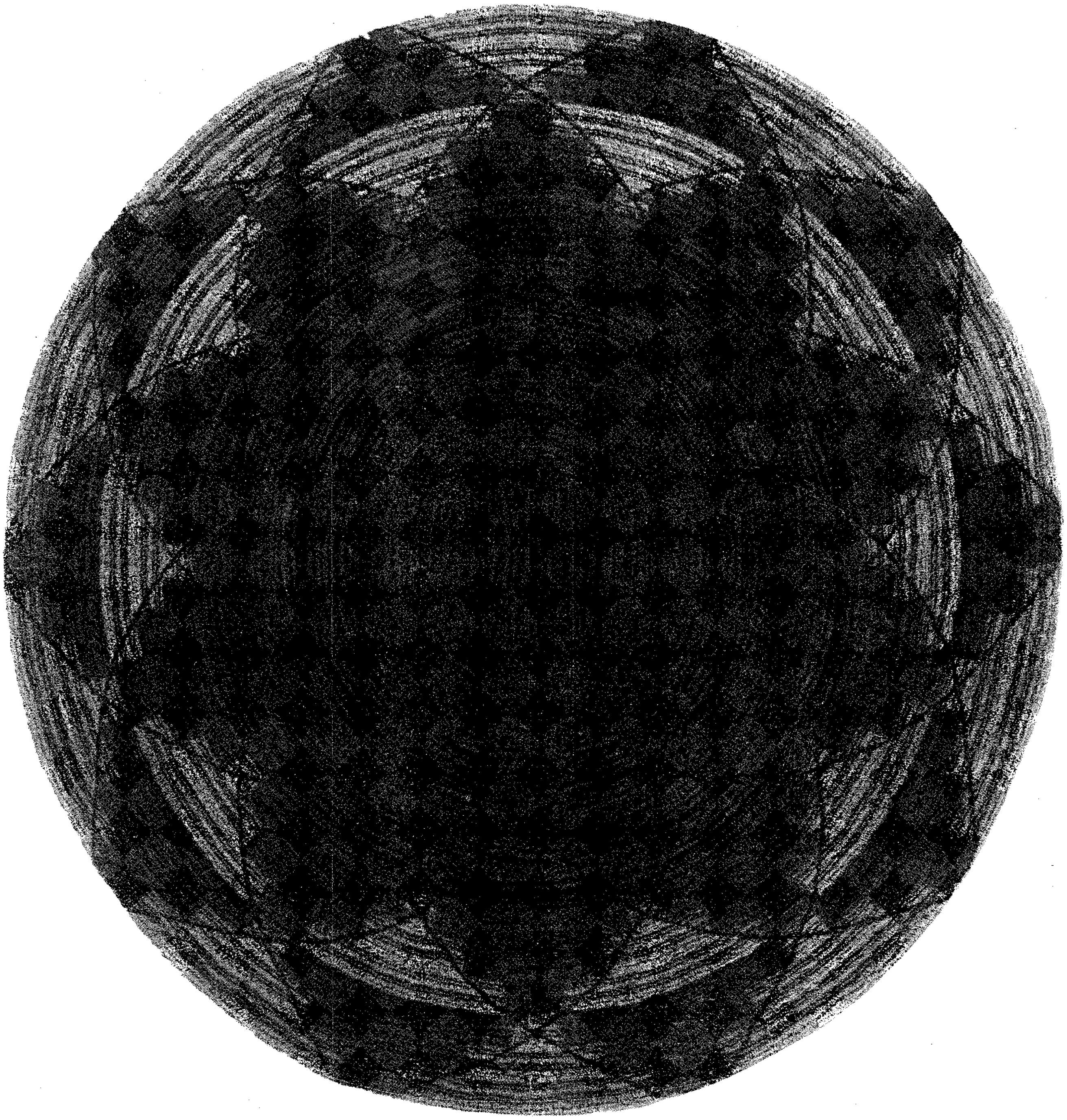

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munching sweet berries while they watch us. Hadza children are clear-eyed and energetic, and, like their parents, they are cheerful. Somewhere it has been suggested that hunter-gatherers seem happier than farmers, and of necessity more versatile and alert than people who live mostly in a rut. But their good spirits may come also from their varied diet, which is far healthier than the ugali and pombe fare of the *shamba* dwellers they are told to emulate.

Magandula watches the white man watching the small, dark, naked bodies in the branches. "*Kama nyani!*" he jeers. ("Just like baboons!") He searches our faces for the affirmation that he feared was there before he spoke.

Listening politely to the jeering of Magandula, the hunters do not protest. They accept the scorn of their fellowman as a part of Hadza life. On the other hand, they prefer to remain in the bush. "I have got used to it," says Chandalua, who is Yaida's older brother and lives ordinarily in the Giyeda Barakh, on the far side of the Yaida, overlooking Lake Eyasi. Giyeda Barakh, known in the click speech as Hani'abi ("the rocks"), will be a last stronghold of the Hadza. Chandalua's gentle face has the transparence of infinite simplicity. Sitting on his warm stone notching an arrow shaft, he smiles approvingly on Magandula, who scrubs fiercely at his shoes.

The eldest woman, muttering, passes with a bundle of sticks for her night fire. When, out of happiness, I greet her, she gives me the cold, cheerless stare of ancient women—Why do you greet me, idiot? Can't you see the way that the world goes?—and totters past me to her hearth without a word. At darkness, in wind, three fires light the rock face with leaping shadows of the three small human forms, clattering and cawing, but the dance of shadows dies as the fires dim, and the three *paanakwetipi*, the "old children," fall silent. The eldest draws bat-colored rags about her, hunched and nodding, and subsides into a little heap.

In the cave, Hadza are gathered at their fire, shoulder to shoulder, clicking endlessly in their warm tongue, with big sighs and little groans of emphasis and soft "n" and "anh" and "m" sounds, hands moving in and out among the embers, the scraping of a knife blade on a stone, a cough. Finally, the last man squatting, Magandula, crawls off to his sleep with a loud, self-conscious sigh that tells the white men, stretched silent beneath the stars, that the worldly Magandula, although patient to a fault, has no place among such simple folk.

Toward dawn, Giga, the fire tender, hurls faggots on the fire and makes himself a smoke and coughs and coughs and coughs to his heart's content. Soon the cricket stops its singing, and after a silence there is birdsong—the bell note of the slate-colored boubou, the doves and turacos, a hornbill. At sunup comes an electric screeching that signals the passage of swift, petal-colored lovebirds.

The Hadza hunch close to their fires, getting warm; when the sun has heat in it, the day begins. Soon the *akwetipi*, the "little people," come past the cave, first boys with bows, then younger children seeking berries. "*Shai-yaamo!*" they call. And the answer is "*Shai-yamo mtana*," to which they echo a soft "*M-taa-na.*" They pull berry branches down and strip them, laughing. The hunters carve and chew and soften and sight new arrow shafts, bracing them by inserting them between the toes, or cut pipe holes into new pieces of stone found in the river, or pass an *irimbako* from hand to hand, or smoke and talk, or gamble. The gambling is a simple game (for the Hadza do not count beyond four), depending on the lucky fall of wooden discs, and a man winning arrowheads or perhaps stone pipes is said to be "eating," while he who loses is "being eaten." The game scout Magandula mutters about poachers in the region, and asks if he may linger in the bush when we go away.

"*Dongo-go-ko*," one man sings softly. "*Dongo-go-ko gogosala* . . ."

("Zebra, zebra, running fast . . .")

The women have been out gathering roots and tubers, and also the silken green nut of the baobab, which, pounded on a stone and cooked a little, provides food for five months of the year. The still air of the hillside quakes with the pound of rock on rock. Sometimes the seeds are left inside the hull to make a baby's rattle, or a half shell may be kept to make a drinking cup. In the rains, the baobab gives shelter and stores water in its soft hollows for drought. Aside from the nuts, there is always fibre thread, and sometimes honey to be got from the green trees. Perhaps these baobab were already full grown when the Old People made red rock paintings at Darashagan, but because of the use of fire by tall strangers who clear the country for their herds and gardens, the tree where man was born is dying out in Hadza Land.

—Peter Matthiessen

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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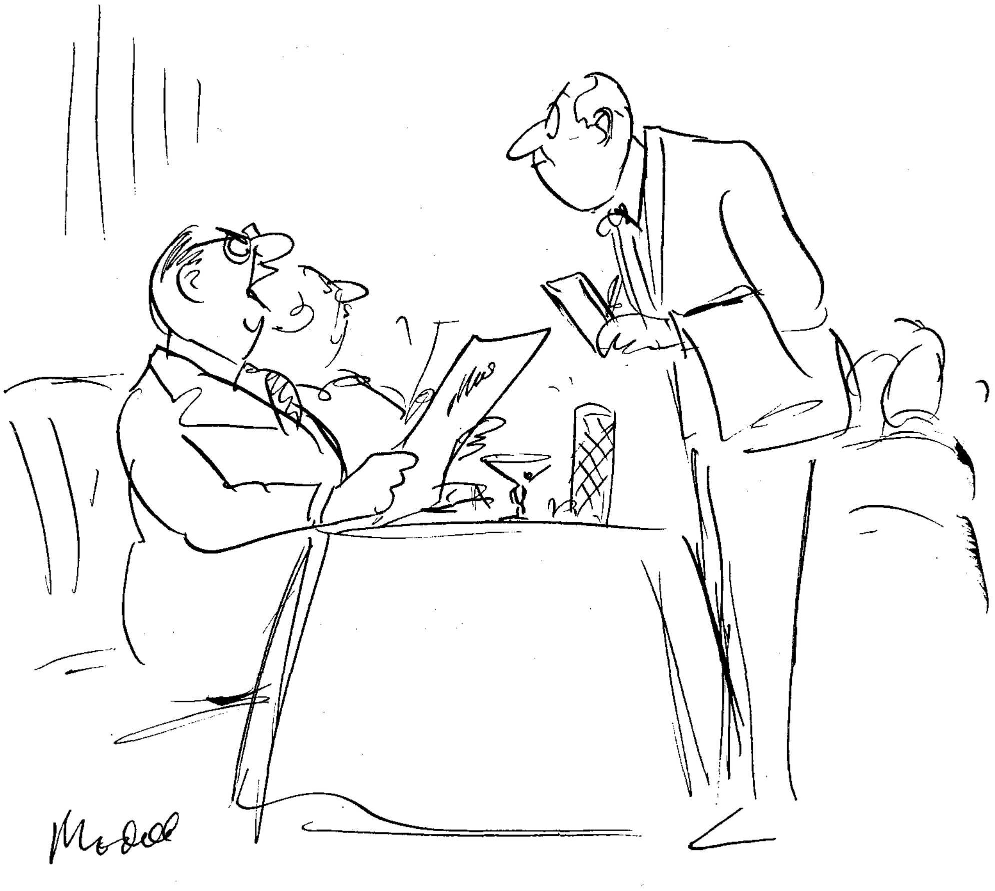
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Mérimée Perspective

THE dramatic force of Bizet's "Carmen," an *opéra comique* done very often, and seldom very well, is most potently released in a small theatre, by a cast of actors who share the language of the audience. In most large opera houses the casts are international, yet "Carmen" cannot be denied to them, any more than "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," and many another work more striking in smaller space—for then most big cities would have no "Carmen," and most big companies would run short of the popular repertory they need to keep going at all. However, since these major companies command the major interpreters, they can start with a different advantage, and by it overcome the space handicap and the language barrier, both of which reduce the impact of a piece that was meant, above all things, to be emotionally direct. These familiar reflections are fresh-prompted by the Metropolitan's new presentation of "Carmen," which is boldly and intelligently addressed to just such problems. Other, special problems were involved, too. The basic cast had been determined, if unwittingly, by Sir Rudolf Bing, who had engaged Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, and Tom Krause for a revival of "Tannhäuser." Goeran Gentele, preferring to open his new regime with a new show, switched them to "Carmen." Before his death he had plotted the production that has now been executed in detail by Bodo Igesz. Mr. Gentele's aim was not a "spectacular" such as Karajan mounted in Salzburg (where the heroine summoned a corps de ballet to support her intimate dance in Act II); visually this "Carmen" is sober: no horses, no bulls, not even a donkey. Three things make it unusual—things that have been tried before, but never all at once in a large-scale presentation. Guiraud's intrusive recitatives have been scrapped in favor of the spoken dialogue of the original. A dozen or more passages of music that were cut before the first performance of 1875 have been reinstated. And an attempt has been made to reëstablish the "Mérimée perspective," which places Don José Lizarrabengoa, rather than the titular heroine, at the center of the drama.

The curtain rises in mid-prelude, and as the Fate motif surges from the pit José is revealed on the darkened stage, staring with wild surmise into the blackness; then he disappears amid the bright bustle of the opening chorus. At the final curtain he is again alone, with Carmen's corpse, on an empty stage: no crowd, no Escamillo, just a single row of heads high above, peering over the rim of the bullring. He is brought into similar prominence during several moments that traditionally "belong" to Carmen. The "Habanera" is almost a duet, with José's line in dumbshow. It contradicts the text ("Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime"—but this José is visibly panting with love), contradicts the direction that José should remain indifferent to the song, and the implication that it is his very indifference which piques Carmen's interest. The snatch of dialogue before the flower is thrown ("What are you doing there?" "Making a chain for my firing-pin" "Firing-pin indeed! . . . Firer of my soul") is not restored; at the Fate motif the lights dim to a glow around Carmen, another round José. Something is lost by this handling of the "Habanera;" instead, we learn that José was lost from the moment he set eyes on his *démon.*



"*And I'll have the sole amandine, but hold the nuts.*"

At the close of the act José positively ensures Carmen's escape, barring the way to her pursuers. The restored dialogue reminds us that he has fled Navarre and joined the Army because in quarrel he killed a man; indeed, the text has been rewritten to make this more evident than in Meilhac's and Halévy's original. (In Mérimée's tale, he also kills Carmen's husband, and the lieutenant.) The man's violence is stressed. He handles Carmen roughly. In the duel he goes for the elegant *torero* like a maddened, blundering bull (their duet, though shortened, still contains some of the weakest music in the opera, but is very well staged). Mr. McCracken is good at this. In "Otello" he has often conveyed the sense of violence scarce-checked, smoldering beneath a heavy surface until suddenly it breaks through. Verdi spoke slightingly of "Carmen," but his Othello borrowed features of Don José; the same singers—Zenatello, Martinelli, in our day Jon Vickers and Mr. McCracken—have often excelled in both roles. Mr. McCracken's José was forceful and passionate—a powerful interpretation, powerfully sung. The timbre was fiery, the phrasing hammered to keenness. Connoisseurs at the old Opéra-Comique used to classify their favorites by the execution of the "Flower Song's" peroration: *en tête* or *en poitrine* (most favored of all were tenors who commanded both methods, and used the *bis* to demonstrate it). Mr. McCracken sang the pianissimo phrase *en tête*; his head-voice sounded unnatural, but no more so than Bizet's rum cadence, which must be meant to tell of all reason gone. On the first night he failed us only at the end; the final outburst lacked power.

What of Carmen? In neither appearance nor temperament is Miss Horne completely suited to the role; nor, for that matter, in timbre: Carmen's voice needs a dusky glint, a dark sudden flash, and these were lacking. Yet beyond expectation Miss Horne succeeded: by a direct, fearless, forthright portrayal that was uncommonly well sung. The card scene was especially striking, delivered, as Bizet directed, *simplement et très également*, with delicate attention to the detailed dynamics. The "Habanera" was held too strictly in time; we missed those seductive little pushes and pauses of rhythm that give it life. In the Séguedille, however, there were some bewitching little flicks and flourishes. The "Gypsy Song" combined grace with exuberance. Miss Horne resisted any temptation to wow us with trombone tones from the chest (except once, closing the second strophe of the "Habanera"). Her French was boldly handled, though somewhat broad. In spoken dialogue she was disconcertingly apt to suggest a big jolly girl, as refreshingly harmless underneath as any Micaëla. She won many laughs.

Micaëla was Adriana Maliponte, conventional, unremarkable, but not colorless. Mr. Krause played a slim, spry Escamillo. He looked good, but his singing was monotonous and imprecise, and his French barely intelligible; the role needs a more swiftly focussed voice, of bright, forward, thrusting quality. Among the minor parts Raymond Gibbs' cheerful, dapper young Moralès and Donald Gramm's bluff Zuniga were outstanding. The choruses were confident, and the urchins quite excellent.

In the pit, Leonard Bernstein began ill, as if illustrating Inghelbrecht's discourse on "How Not to Conduct 'Carmen' ": all battery and brass, where what matters is that we should hear vigorous string articulation. But thereafter he led a colorful, nicely judged account of the score, marked by some intense solo playing, strong in atmosphere and picturesque detail. Lazy, seductive tempi were well set for Carmen's solos. The Quintet and the refrain of the "Card Trio" were robbed of vivacity, however, by breakneck

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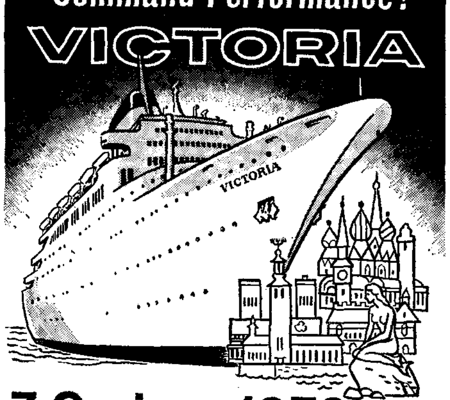

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tempi that gave their phrases no chance to tell.

The line of the Gentele-Igesz production was clear. It was set in plain off-white scenery, by Josef Svoboda, of strong general effect but unpleasing shape and proportion. Mr. Svoboda is a fluent, versatile designer, much in demand. He knows every trick of the trade, and technically he can be fascinating; but the cut of his sets is often awkward and crude. Act I here is a courtyard, gated from the largely invisible square and containing both guard block and the entrance to the cigar factory: an ingenious but unconvincing solution to the tricky problems of crowd/solo alternation. "Sur la place chacun passe," sing the soldiers, staring out front, but in the square just about no one comes, no one goes: Seville lacks civilians. The inn of Act II is roofed by a lattice roll decked with fairy lights. In Act III we shift to abstract geometry: a parabolic funnel-gorge, and the Bayreuth inclined circle. Act IV, though clumsy to look at, cunningly combines enough space for promenade and *corrida* processions with the suggestion of a menacing corner in which Carmen is trapped. The opening of this scene needs more lively action; the crowd strolls with the regularity of a German interval audience. David Walker's Goya-based costumes are nicely detailed.

Textual matters may be dull things to discuss, but the edition chosen does much to determine the character of a "Carmen" presentation, and the textual history of the piece is as intricate as those of "Boris Godunov" and "Don Carlos." Of the two textual decisions mentioned above, one—the use of spoken dialogue—is unquestionably right, the other controversial. Yet a question about the former had remained, until the Metropolitan Opera dared at last to solve it. Guiraud's recitatives are skillful and tasteful, but they at once eliminate detail about the characters and the action, and weaken the dramatic tensions of a carefully balanced score. Most people agreed on that, yet feared that, in a big international house, French spoken by non-French artists might prove weaker still. Not so: Guiraud's recitatives can now go the way of Costa's for "Fidelio." Even in French of variable quality, the gain was evident.

Boris Goldovsky's New England Opera Theatre, in 1949, was the first company to produce "Carmen" with some passages previously unheard, unpublished, rediscovered in Bizet's autograph. Other houses followed suit, and then in 1965 Fritz Oeser published an *Ur*-"Carmen" containing still more music, reconstructed from the original orchestral parts. Scholarly battle had already been joined on whether the additional music (whose quality is not in question) had been struck out against Bizet's will (some of it? all of it?), or whether the vocal score published in his lifetime represented his final thoughts on a more concise, more dramatically effective version. The opera was first prepared in a disturbed and difficult atmosphere; the performers, and particularly the chorus, found it difficult (most of the cuts concern the chorus). We know that Bizet resisted changes "ferociously." But each must decide for himself which passages, if any, the composer lost reluctantly, and which losses are pure dramatic gain.

I heard the première of Dr. Oeser's *Ur*-"Carmen" in Bremen (in German, only one long interval—and sets, incidentally, by Mr. Svoboda). It moved swiftly and well; Bizet's first conception was plainly "viable." But further hearings in less intimate surroundings have made me increasingly doubtful whether it is suited to general use. The Metropolitan gives us Oeser pretty well whole. Carmen's mocking reprise of José's "Je souffre de partir . . . ," embellished with parody sighs from the violins, is pure gain. The full restatement of the Fate motif in Act I can be defended in this particular production. The expanded "smoke" chorus, the lengthier quarrel—each episode in itself can be welcomed, but cumulatively they make the act seem a matter not of time (for in minutes the sum of the new passages is small) but of dramatic pace. It is easy to imagine the composer himself tightening his action by these little cuts. Even easier in the finale of Act IV. The alternatives here are numerous, and the version chosen by the Metropolitan Opera is disastrously less effective than the familiar ring of fanfares cutting into José's "Eh bien! damnée!"

—ANDREW PORTER

EDITORS' NOTE: Winthrop Sargeant has retired from his duties as our regular music critic in order to devote more time to other writing, which this year will include writing Profiles and reviewing classical records for *The New Yorker*. Andrew Porter, music and dance critic of the *Financial Times*, of London, who is on leave of absence from the *Financial Times*, will be our guest critic this season.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

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Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

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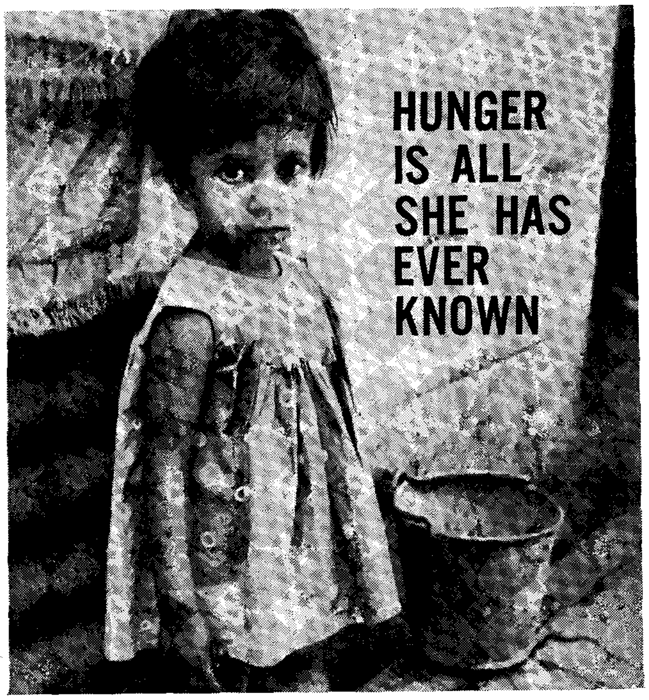

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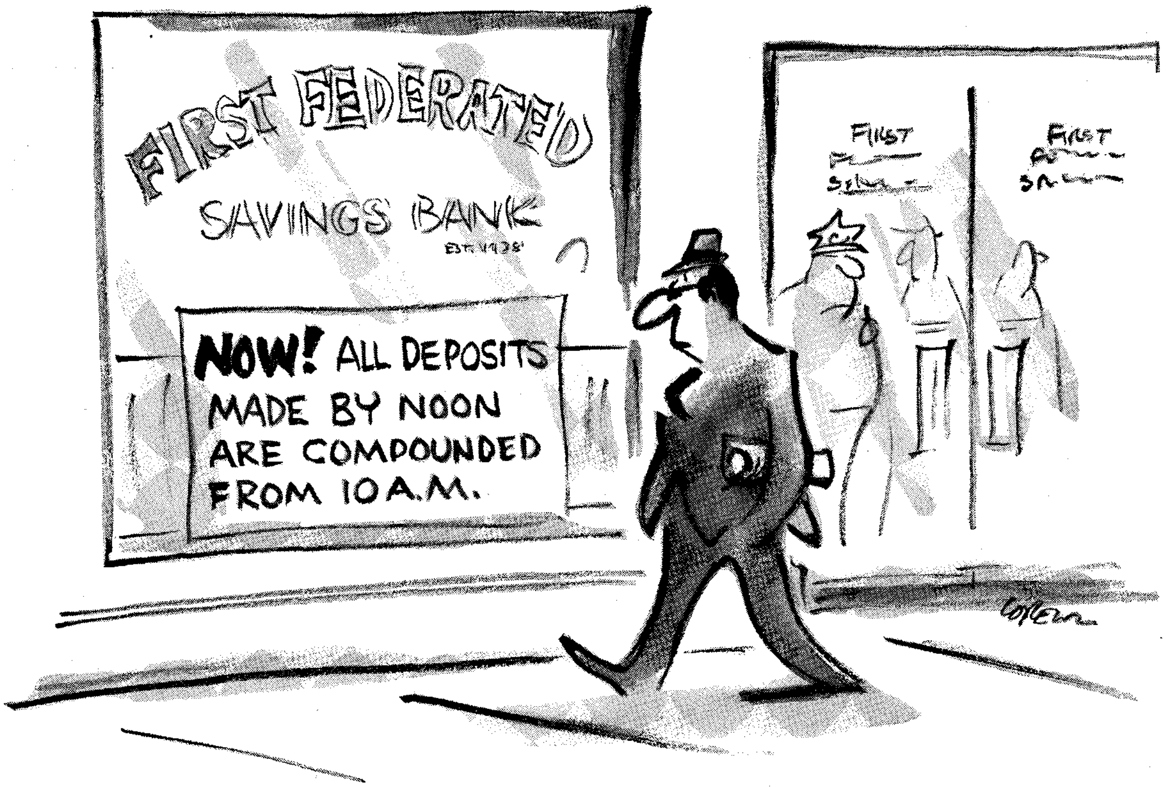
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE woman in search of fashion who chooses from neither the inexpensive frivolities of the junior departments nor the costly extravagances of the couture is supposed to feel thoroughly at home in the shops by now, and properly grateful for the "return of the classics." Well, there are some very good-looking clothes around, and even some that are also imaginative and new, but their discovery takes persistence. They are often buried among the fuddy-duddy clothes that the steamrollering enthusiasm for proven favorites has brought out from the fringes of the fashion departments—from whence, the squawks of the worried fuddy-duddies notwithstanding, such styles have never disappeared—and displayed as the latest fashions in areas where weary, overheated shoppers must wait interminably for crowded elevators, or in Fifth Avenue windows, which the cowardly passerby peruses in order to avoid the questioning eyes of McGovern workers at their rickety sidewalk tables. If your time is limited—and I persist in the naïve belief that no one would actually choose to spend half of her waking hours with sizes and charges—a beeline for niches that contain a whole range of coördinating sportswear parts is recommended. So, too, is an investigation of corners given over to European imports, which—however often their designers may employ tweed and Tattersall and display all kinds of impeccably "classic" credentials—are almost always more unusual than native products of comparable quality and finish, and at prices that are about the same.

I was enormously cheered, recently, when I stepped off the escalator on the third floor of Lord & Taylor and into a cranny known as Importique. There are few ugly clothes in this spot and there are no boring ones. For example, a fine group of outfits represents the talented Italian designer Walter Albini. (As it happens, many of the clothes in Importique are Italian at the moment.) Albini's current collection was not bought up by American shops with the widespread birds-of-a-feather frenzy that so often spoils the whole point of imported fashions for American women, who must pass themselves in the street and be introduced to their dress at parties. This scarcity is a chance bonus for the wearer of the Albini models, whose elegance is chiefly founded on a subtlety that is in pleasing contrast to the aggressive certitude of many of those American classics that proclaim a person's philosophy and social standing as plainly as a bumper sticker or a uniform. The outfits come in packages of three or four pieces—drawing on a field of jackets, vests, sweaters, blouses, skirts, and trousers—and two color schemes, based on shades of gray or on variations of beige and red. They all employ, in various masterly fashions, a most compelling button, which, being more than an inch wide and thickly scored on one side, as if by the claws of a prehistoric creature, is just a little clumsier than what one might expect to see on a rather lightweight wool-and-nylon knit and around such small-boned shapes. Sometimes rusty-hued, sometimes the color of well-rubbed ivory chessmen, this Albini button is full of murmured messages about the thirties, or perhaps the fifties, and it is a thousand times superior to the militaristic, meanly proportioned decorations that are being stamped out once more to march across the gabardine-clad bosoms of committeewomen. On one of the Albini combinations, the button is found as the solitary fastening, beneath the neat and pointed collar of a little, narrow-shouldered, bias-cut jacket with a hip-length hem that almost forms a circle. For this, the knit appears in a heathery mixture of black, red, and beige, and the jacket's sleeves blouse into a cuff at the wrists. With this top go a dolman-sleeved sweater whose narrow rust and beige stripes run round and round the wrists and midriff and up and down the sleeve-and-bodice part, and a pair of trousers in a large, houndstoothy weave in the colors of the jacket. The whole is $180. In a second outfit, the same houndstooth makes a jacket that has tuxedo lapels, pinioned back by buttons, and a fitted waist, at the front of which a single button holds the jacket closed. With this are teamed a sweater that has an elongated turtleneck and merging stripes of ivory, yellow, and burgundy, and an A skirt with an inverted pleat at the hem in back. Inside this pleat, four more buttons line up. The price is $165. (Signor Albini's sense of frolic does not always stop short of the impractical: one of his skirts lines up a group of buttons down one side in back. This would seem to preclude the act of sitting down.) A further ensemble from Italy—and one whose elements may be assembled at Importique—relies less on innovation



of design than on flawless detail and on the novel union of pale peach with chocolate brown. The mainstay of the group is a thigh-length smock jacket of brushed peach melton with wide sleeves and patch pockets, both finished in top-stitching, like the seams. On the inside, the seams are finished in a way that makes the unlined smock look double-faced. The coat is $210, and $75 secures a complement to it in the form of cuffed trousers of brown gabardine and with good, pure lines. Forty-five dollars buys a peach vest in a synthetic yarn that is crunchy, shiny, and characteristically Italian. A Tattersall check in loopy brown wool yarn is hand-worked on the front. A shirt of brown wool challis with a slightly drawling, rounded collar (this is $60) completes an enviable collection.

Importique can also provide resolutions of the evening dilemma. The fashion magazines have finally come to terms with the fact that few people go to balls and night clubs (although the couture hasn't given up yet, which is why its grandiose gowns are so perplexing), and have begun to burble about something known as "the intimate evening with friends." This sounds encouragingly realistic, but the glossy illustrations of what to wear on such an occasion—sable battle jackets, lean Lurex sheaths with matching cardigans, black cocktail dresses with sparkling spaghetti straps—are appropriate for intimate gatherings with fashion designers but not with the populace. (At a recent dinner party, I found a fellow female guest in denim miniskirt, tennis shoes, and pigtails.) A good-natured ability to mingle with both bluejeans and chiffon is required of evening clothes. This quality is present in a short dinner suit at Importique that bears the name of the aforementioned Walter A. The material is a velveteen brushed into narrow stripes, and the color, with variations according to the way the light catches the several naps of the stripes, is gray. (All varieties of gray—except gray flannel, which is as tiresome as ever—look new this season.) The suit has a fluid, flippy skirt and a double-breasted blazer with four pockets. The flaps of these, together with the lapels and the cuffs, are faced in a gray satin paler in tone than the velveteen. I feel bound to express mild reservations about the buttons, which are pearl earclip affairs ringed with rhinestone chips, and perhaps unworthy of its refinement. The price is $190. Dove-gray rayon satin goes into an ankle-length two-piece that is as well mannered as the short suit but possibly a bit younger in style. The top

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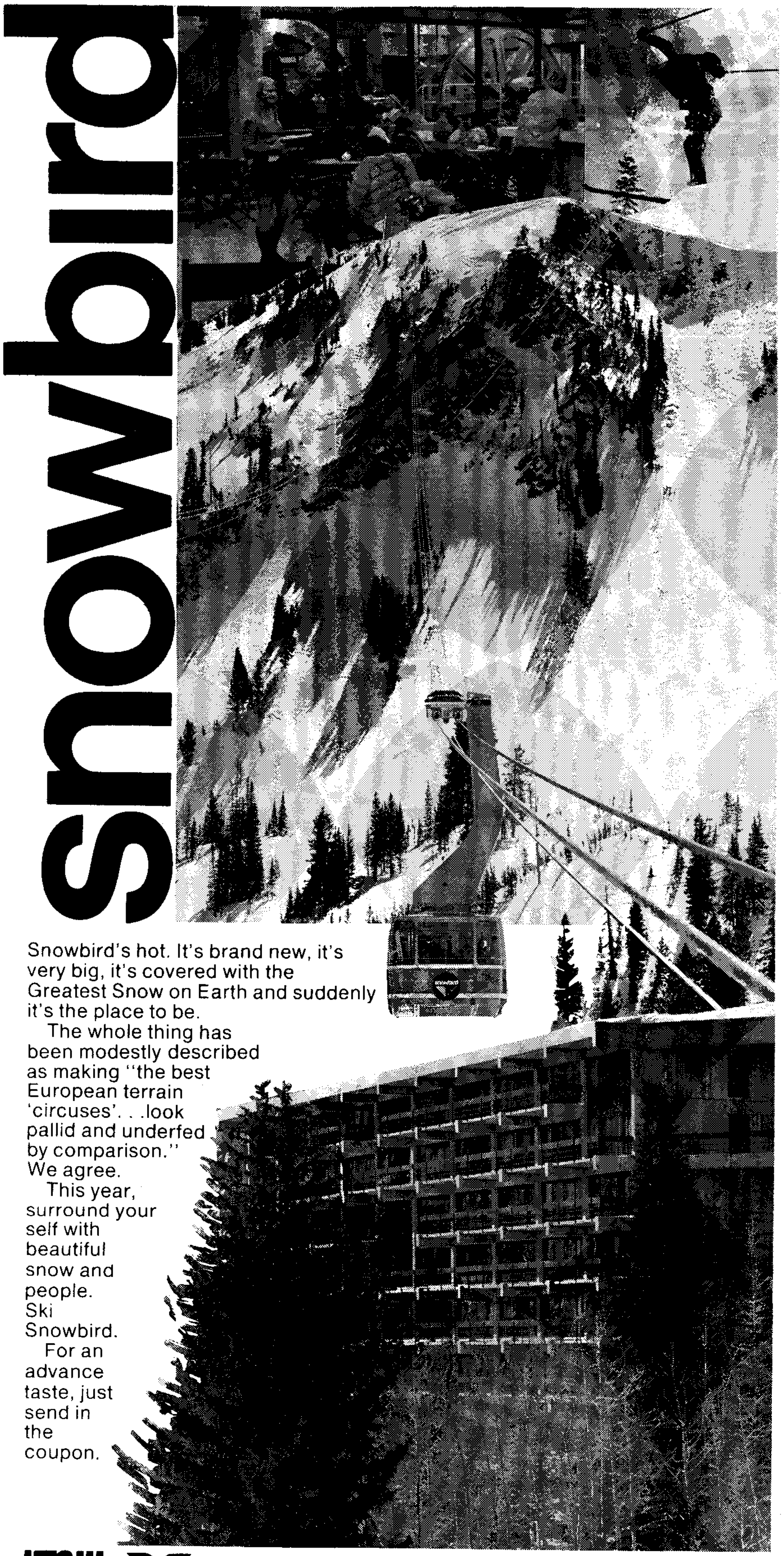
is also double-breasted, though more mischievously, since the overlapping flap hooks at one side of the neck under the long collar, like the flap of a leather flying jacket. This flighty little game is kept up by the bands of ribbing in knitted gray silk that keep out draughts around the waist and wrists, and into which the bodice and sleeves are gently bloused. The skirt is bias-cut and has a fine way of moving. The sum total is $175.

THE S'fari Room, at Bonwit Teller, has improved tremendously of late. In fact, if you steer clear of the Courrèges dresses, with the back-to-back vinyl "C"s on their chests, you can hardly go wrong among this excellently edited choice of imported and imaginative home-grown clothes. The semicircular display area at one end of the room is now given over to a good collection of shirts and sweaters. (Such humble items, incidentally, have never looked better.) The S'fari Room also offers coats from the French ready-to-wear houses, which have produced some of the most interesting thoughts on the subject this season. The firm of Christian Aujard, to take one example, has done great things with double-facing. Aujard's name appears inside a neat, wrapped, and sash-belted coat that is emerald-and-white tweed on the outside and solid emerald wool on the inside, and reasonably priced at $180. Another Aujard coat, this one collarless, is also sashed and wrapped, but it has raglan sleeves with gussets under the arms. This may be worn over a suit, and would probably look best on tall women. The outer layer of its blanketlike wool is camel; the inner skin is white. The price is $180. The pendulum is finally beginning to swing toward greater width in the sleeves and underarms of coats, so women may cover up layers of clothes or dolman styles. After several seasons of stuffing whole families of sleeves into other sleeves that are only fractionally larger, it is gratifying to see coats like one by another Frenchman, Roland Chakkal. The sleeves are nearly a foot wide, and so at the opposite pole from the sausage-skin school of sleevery. This expansiveness of cut continues throughout the coat, which may be observed in navy wool. There are trenchcoat tabs at the wrists, and a trenchcoat flap appears over the upper back. A school of gathers born beneath this flap comes rushing out to add to the billows of the smocklike hem. There is a narrow belt, but this seems a concession; the coat is not designed for the cautious, who might be unnerved by its mock-severity and laudable strangeness. The cost is $170.

The S'fari Room also offers some good solutions to the problem of dresses, which fashionable women would like to wear, in theory, but which often are dreary and old-fashioned. One way of bringing dresses up to date is to make them look two-piece; another is to wear a sweater or blouse underneath them. This perpetuation of the layered look means, of course, that the main purpose of a dress—to simplify the process of clothing oneself—is lost. What's more, all these layers are hot. Sara Shelburne, another designer based in Paris, has cut through many difficulties with her narrow-waisted, long-sleeved dresses cut on the bias out of plaid in unexpected colors. The sleeves have buttoned cuffs at the wrists and a modest puff at the shoulders, and the collar on the high neck is rolled in front and runs into drifting scarf ends behind. A brown suède belt is the final touch, and the total is $135. Stan Herman—about whom there is nothing Parisian, unless it be his flair—came up with some excellent ideas in his fall collection, which was his first as an independent spirit. One is a short, button-down wool-jersey dress that is both elegant and unusual. It can be found in this corner of Bonwit's. It is described, most aptly, as a "kite" dress. The fabric is striped in school-tie widths in beige, bottle green, and white; the stripes run diagonally downward, away from the buttons of the chemise-shaped body, which is all of a piece with the squared-off, caftanlike short sleeves. To a dress with such easy grace, even the fact that it would be enhanced by the addition of a turtleneck sweater must be forgiven. The price is $140. Papillon—despite the name, another New York firm—gives further evidence of the authority of bottle green. It pairs a neat, buttonless wool cardigan in that shade with a well-cut gabardine skirt of the same. The top is tied in front beneath its low V by the ends of its waistband. The skirt is $58, the top $36, and a Tattersall-checked blouse from the French firm of Mic Mac, at $40, would team up well.

REMAINING needs in daytime clothes might be filled a few steps outside the S'fari Room in the nook assigned to the creations of Kasper. For value in this season's luxurious, monochromatic, interlocking sportswear, this chap's collection is hard to beat. The combinations of Kasper pieces are virtually unlimited, but the best things in his less expensive range depend on the use of four pastels—beige, pink, pale blue, and lavender, which last seems particularly attractive. You might build around a pair of trousers in a lavender-and-white herringbone tweed. (Herringbone is now making a welcome reappearance; the revival of the classics is not entirely without merit.) To the trousers, which cost $50, add a lavender-and-white gingham shirt, at $24, and a lavender sweater with a deeply ribbed midriff and a few discreet eyelet triangles on the front. The sweater is basically lamb's wool, with a whiff of angora for fluff and a hint of nylon for strength; $30. After this, the field opens up as you come to consider a choice of herringbone tops—a tent-shaped, mid-thigh coat with raglan sleeves, at $112; a belted, hip-length jacket with a placket front, at $100; and, for $90, a waist-length top of the style once described as a battle jacket but now referred to with increasing frequency—as an offshoot of the lamentable "topper," and because Seventh Avenue has chosen to keep abreast of war—as a "chopper." Any of these tops might also encounter a knee-length herringbone skirt with a plain back, and a buttoned placket and pleats in front; $50. Or they might venture into partnership with any of a group of harmonizing suèdes in the same pastel shades, such as a skirt at $100, trousers at $120, a dropped-shoulder battle jacket at $140, and a raglan-sleeved peacoat affair, which is $200. Kasper has also produced some elegant knee-length coats in more formal mold, and these are often already teamed up with skirts and tops. Some of his dresses look good, too—particularly a chemise one in paprika wool flannel. A V neck with a widely spread collar reveals the dickey and the rolled collar of a separate underlayer of orange polyester jersey. The slim sleeves of this garment are exposed beneath the wide sleeves of the dress (dress and sleeves are one vaguely T-shaped piece), which are rolled up to the elbow. The dress may be cinched in by a two-inch leather belt in a subtly different shade of orange and buckled by the mock tortoiseshell that Kasper has used to great effect throughout his collection. The sum of $130 acquires a dress that is meticulously detailed and intelligently conceived.

I WOULD cut back into the S'fari Room for evening clothes. The simplicity of a pair of cuffed trousers in brown satin, at $64, or an ankle-length



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skirt in black crêpe, with a dirndl waist and an inset panel that is in evidence only in motion, at $60, would serve as a good foil to a sumptuous evening blouse from Folmar Fantasy Ltd. This blouse, which might also serve as a jacket over a barebacked top, is a romantic, carefully constructed study in ivory satin. The sleeves are lightly puffed into shoulders that are cunningly dropped an inch or two, and their great width is designed to flatter the hands. The blouse is secured at the throat, beneath a mandarin collar, by way of ball buttons. These appear again at a fastening under the bust, below which the bodice is slightly belled. This comes to $60.

NO mention this season of the French ready-to-wear, or, indeed, of the potential value of "classicism" in imaginative hands, would be complete without the name of Daniel Hechter. For examples of his work one may turn to Young Dimensions, on the seventh floor of Saks. Here is a lively coat, quite unlike any other, in a charcoal bouclé tweed. This has a princesse line, a narrow chest, and a tentlike, above-knee skirt, with a vent from shoulder blades to hem. ("Length has *nothing* to do with fashion anymore," I heard a shopper explaining irritably to a companion who hadn't yet seen the light.) The vent is all buttoned up and nestled in a triangular inset panel of pleats. There are semicircular caps over the set-in sleeves, which are of knitted wool ribbing in a paler gray. All in all, $155. Alternatively, there is one of those inimitably Gallic improvements on the English original—a raglan-sleeved coat in the Aquascutum mode, with a placket fly, an inset pleat down the back, and trenchcoat tabs at the wrists. The fabric is a bright, light-hearted navy tweed with a red Tattersall overcheck, and the price is $145. Many of Hechter's delightful dresses go back to *le style écossais*, and smack of little girls playing Diabolo at Deauville, with cowlike English "misses" in attendance. And then there is the more purely French *tablier* idea, as in a well-bred dress in a bright-red wool-and-angora mixture. This dress plays off the contrast between voluminousness and gathers (in the long sleeves and shortish skirt) and straight lines and squares (in the neckline and biblike bodice) with delicacy and ingenuity. The price is $95. —KENNEDY FRASER

•

5/2/72 Mrs. Prophylaxis. 10-
—*Dentist's bill received by a man in Harwinton, Conn.*

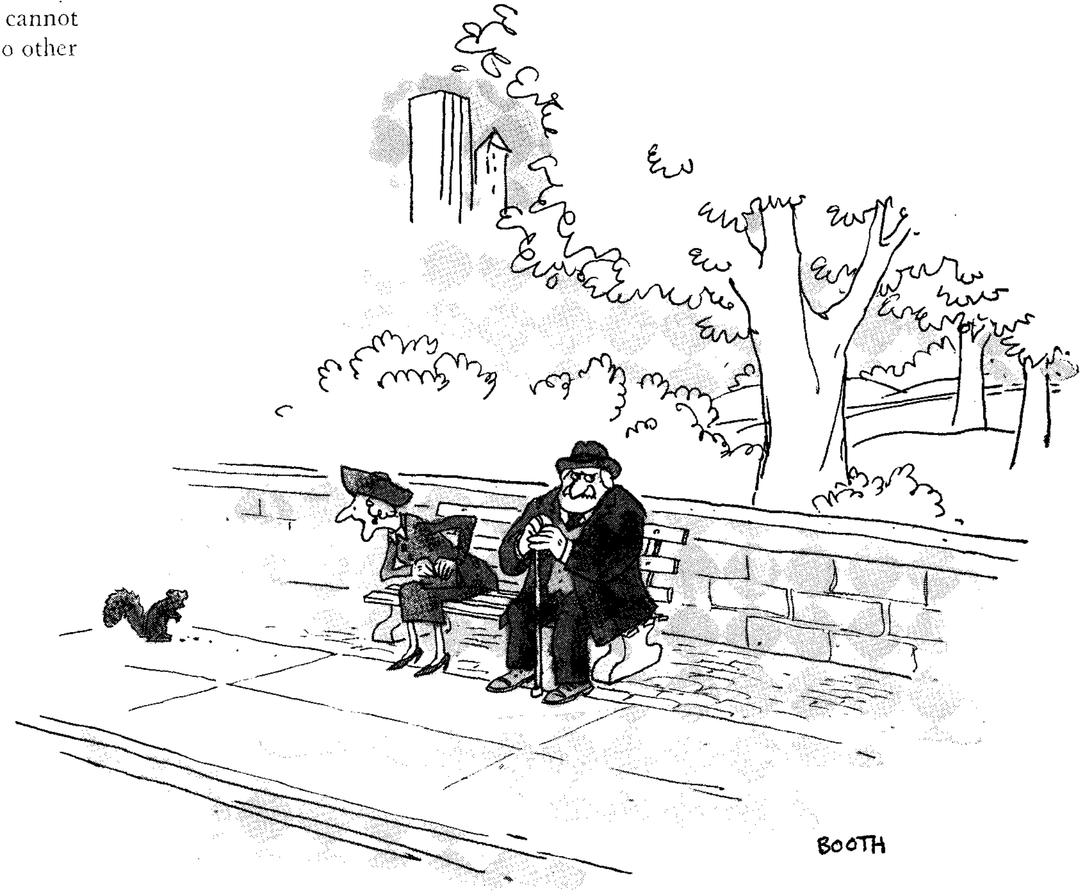
Better make that Ms., Doc.

LETTER FROM EAST GERMANY

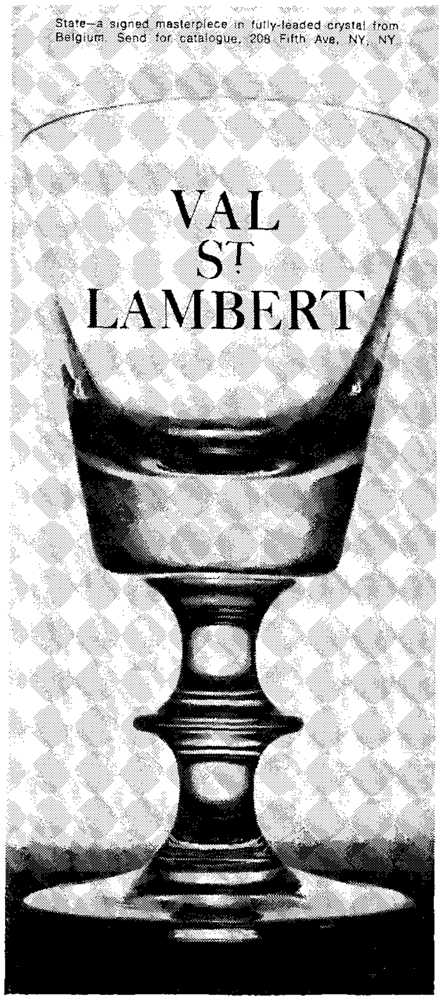
THE German Democratic Republic is a country whose accomplishments are few, and for that reason the official enthusiasm for those that do exist can be almost boundless. Thus, as the government completed its new town centers—pedestrian malls with a sprinkling of modern hotels, restaurants, and shops—in East Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and a few smaller cities over the last five years, the impression was conveyed that this represented definitive proof of the superiority of the Communist system. Postage stamps and souvenir folders with pictures of department stores and hotels were issued to commemorate the centers. The Schönefeld Airport, in East Berlin, was entirely redecorated to feature larger-than-life shots of the city's rebuilt Alexanderplatz. And newspapers rushed to remind readers that without the Berlin Wall, built eleven years ago, "our new town centers would never have been possible"—the official view here being that until the Wall went up West German monopoly capitalists conspired to destroy the East German economy.

A visitor to East Germany cannot help noticing the centers, if for no other reason than that they have almost all been constructed adjacent to main railroad terminals in their cities, and a stroll through them is indeed a pleasant and surprising experience for those who have spent some time in Communist countries. The centers' restaurants and ice-cream parlors have such innovations as polished Formica tables and leather swivel chairs. There are even luxuries like storefronts with red, green, blue, and yellow plastic lettering outside, instead of the usual pallid neon markings that have for decades created a year-round atmosphere of midwinter dusk across the countries of the Communist bloc. Special local features are, of course, not absent. The staff of the service desk at the thirty-six-story Interhotel Stadt Berlin, which dominates the Alexanderplatz, had been named the Angela Davis Collective when I was there in 1971, and until Miss Davis's acquittal a petition in her behalf to Governor Ronald Reagan lay next to brochures about theatre tickets and guided tours. (Almost every East German schoolchild wrote a one-line letter to the Governor, stating, "*Wir fordern die Freilassung von Angela Davis.*") Next door to the hotel, the Centrum Department Store has its corridors lined with pictures of exemplary workers in each of the store's divisions. A furniture store in the Alexanderplatz offers the wonders of INTECTA, "an integrated system of interior decoration," with floor models presenting suggested combinations of modern-style furniture; bookshelves in the sample rooms are filled with volumes like "Under the Banner of Proletarian Internationalism," "Proceedings of the Fifth Party Congress of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany," and "The Struggle of Marx and Lenin for the Proletarian Party." On each floor of apartment houses nearby, where well-off bureaucrats and professional people live in comfort, people stepping out of the elevator are confronted with portraits of Communist Party leaders.

Despite all this, what impresses one most is that in building their showcases the authorities have chosen to measure progress by how closely they have approached Western styles. Thus, the Grill Bar of the Interhotel demonstrates how up-to-date it is by introducing pay toilets in its rest rooms. And not only that—the bar prominently displays cash registers imported from Sweden, whereas most establishments make do with locally manufactured registers. Though the menu of the Grill Bar offers "Milch Shakes," it does not include a single Russian specialty—not even a Russian *solyanka*, a spicy soup with fish, olives, and capers, which is usually considered to be any restaurant's minimum gastronomic concession to the Soviet Union. After dinner at the Grill Bar, one can take a jaunt over to East Berlin's Bowling Zentrum, the first of its kind in Eastern Europe. All the equipment there is American-made, and for weekend evenings a lane must be reserved a week or more in advance. There were two clothing chains—Exquisit and Boutique-70—selling imported Western fashions at four to six times what they cost in Western Europe; bluejeans or Dacron pullovers go for forty dollars, simple suède jackets for three hun-



"I was just eighteen when dashing Jamie Benton looked at me in bold *admiration. There was a tight feeling about my heart, and for a moment I thought I would swoon. In the days that followed, I was courted with wine and roses and Shakespeare. My soul awoke with a gasp, and in the very instant of awakening went out to him forever. Today, however, I feel privileged to get so much as a grunt out of the old curmudgeon."*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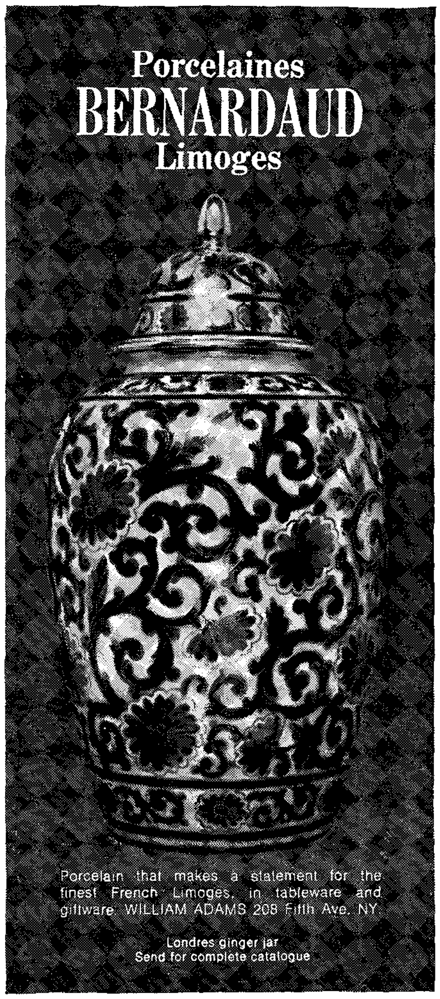

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dred. And the talk of East Germany these past two summers was a new hotel on the Baltic Sea, the Neptun, which was erected entirely by a Swedish construction firm under government contract. At times, the imitativeness goes awry, as when the bar at the Interhotel in the port city of Rostock was given the name Boutique.

ALTHOUGH there have obviously been improvements in East German life in the last few years, most of the country's seventeen million inhabitants are obsessed with the conviction that things are better in the West. A joke that began circulating shortly before Walter Ulbricht's retirement as Party leader a year and a half ago tells of a visit by the East German leader to Mao Tse-tung. "Tell me, Mao," Ulbricht says. "How many enemies do you have in your country?" Mao thinks for a while, and then answers, "Well, I'd guess around fifteen or sixteen million." "Whew, I'm glad to hear that!" Ulbricht blurts. "I don't have any more than that myself." And while Western journalists speculate about a liberalization under Erich Honecker, the new Party leader, his countrymen remind visitors that Honecker's specialty in the Politburo, of which he has been a member for fourteen years, has been internal security; when he delivered a speech on cultural policy, a few years ago, a number of novels and films that had just been released quickly disappeared from view. Recently, though, he gave a speech favoring a loosening up on cultural matters. Mostly, though, life goes on as it has in the past, with the same annoyances. People here show a strange mixture of political consciousness and political apathy. The government's attempt to claim every newly opened fruit-and-vegetable market or apartment building as further proof of the correctness of Party policy naturally tends to make the citizens feel that the government must also be to blame for all shortcomings and errors. As one might imagine, the authorities hardly come out ahead in this weighing process, but it does encourage citizens to reflect on the meaning of politics in their daily lives, and the Party leaders can take some comfort in the fact that the people at least do not ignore them.

The apathy of the East German people, however, goes beyond a simple weariness with endless slogans and sermons; broader questions that have been engaging other nations in recent years have met with indifference here. While Americans worry these days

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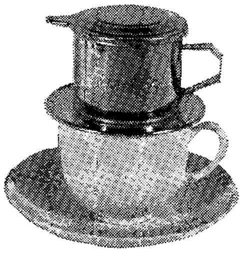
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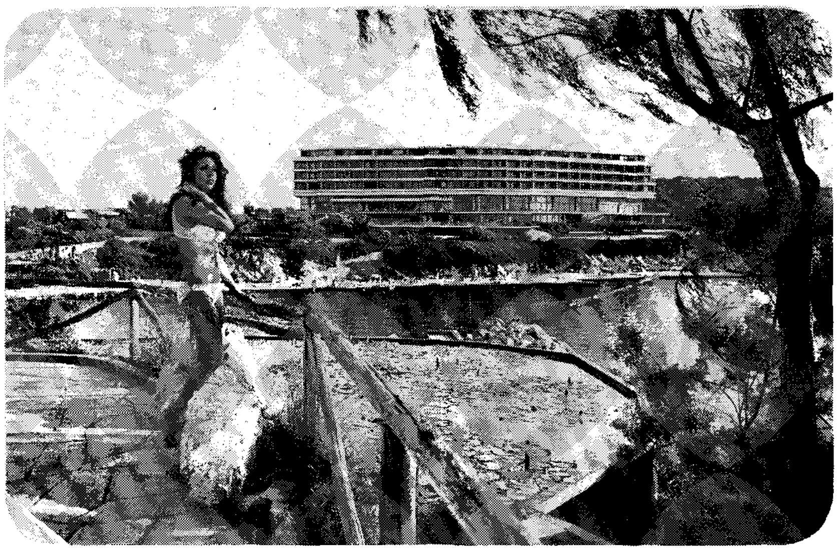
about things like, say, ecological disaster or hunger in Bangladesh, East Germans fret about such mundane problems as the absence of bananas from local fruit stands or the inability to buy a razor blade that will cut whiskers or a shampoo that will get hair clean. Daily life is such a problem here that nobody has time for higher considerations. Though this gives people's political opinions a down-to-earth quality, it all but eliminates anything resembling broadminded idealism.

East Germany officially describes itself as "a modern advanced Socialist society," and the East German standard of living is, in fact, the highest in Eastern Europe, so that while Westerners may rank East Germany as the least appealing country in the Communist bloc, visiting Poles and Bulgarians tend to put the country at the top of the list. There must, however, be some unconscious irony in the oft repeated official claim that "the successes of Socialist construction" in the country "show that the superiority of Socialism applies not only to a country on the road to development but also to already advanced societies." For, in contrast to the Russians, many of whom seem not to know what they're missing, the East Germans are acutely aware of what they lack and will tell you about it on almost any excuse. Items that were common forty years ago—coffee, oranges, apples, bananas, chocolate—are luxuries now or else are completely unavailable. "What's the use of having those new stores in the Alexanderplatz when none of them sells any bananas?" a matron demanded of me one afternoon over a medicinal-tasting local cola drink—a somewhat more drinkable lemon soda having been sold out in most of East Berlin. Interestingly, Leipzig residents can always find bananas in their markets during the semiannual trade fairs there (the authorities are apparently under the impression that the sight of residents actually being able to buy a banana will impress foreign visitors), but fresh fruit is generally so uncommon that huge lines form wherever any is sold.

"It's very nice that they subsidize the cost of bread," a housewife told me. "But occasionally I'd like a piece of chocolate." A medium-sized chocolate bar, usually stale and crumbling, goes for about a dollar—about two hours' wages for the average worker. For reasons nobody can quite fathom, and for as long as anyone can remember, Berliner Weisse, the favorite local beer, has been largely unobtainable in East



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Berlin—a situation somewhat akin to a twenty-five-year absence of Jewish rye bread in New York. One day at lunchtime, I made a trip to one of the oldest restaurants in East Berlin, Zur Letzten Instanz, which is reputed to serve the best Weisse in town. I couldn't get any. "Precisely *because* we have the best Weisse in the city, we never have any," a waitress told me. "Whenever some comes in, it's sold out on the spot."

Western critics of wasteful advertising, worthless products, and useless packaging might find local attitudes somewhat surprising. "When I think of cities in the West, it makes me want to cry with longing," a student told me. "The beautiful advertising—those bright lights! That's where the life is!" Many East German youths eagerly repeat advertising slogans and jingles they have heard on West German radio or television, and one sees more "Pepsi-Cola" buttons than buttons supporting Angela Davis. Furthermore, it is possible to believe that a product like suntan lotion is useless only until one views the endless sunburned bathers lining East German beaches, where lotion is unavailable. And one even becomes more sympathetic to the excesses of American packaging after repeatedly observing glass jars with dangling labels, syrup bottles sticky all over, and racks of detergent almost invisible under loose powder escaped from the boxes.

"In your country, the stores fight with each other for customers," one East German told me. "Here, the customers fight with each other for things to buy, and the stores couldn't care less." I got the point when I paid a visit to East Germany's largest supermarket, in the Centrum Department Store. Both in its huge size and in its condition (the standard fading paint and crumbling plaster are missing), the market is—or is supposed to be, at any rate—something of a showcase. The first point to realize about an East German supermarket, as about almost any other East German store, is what is *not* for sale. Basically, this means anything out of the ordinary—spices, nuts, canned soups, foreign food—and much that is ordinary. The choice of meats the day I went was pig tails, beef bones, or hearts. What animal the hearts came from was not specified. Pork chops are now available somewhat more often than they were several years ago, but they still create good-sized lines when they make an appearance. (In a meat store in the northern manufacturing city of Stralsund, I saw the word "Liver" followed by three exclamation points on a sign headed "Today's Offerings.") Cans of meat, frequently swollen and suspect-looking, sit on the shelves for months, their appearance too sickening to invite purchase. One afternoon, I bought a jar of something called pig's-head goulash, which gave every appearance of being on the verge of explosion, in a market in downtown East Berlin. The cashier looked at me somewhat peculiarly, as if to say, "How can you buy that?" I felt like asking her how she could sell it. Other sections of the Centrum supermarket are equally interesting. Milk is left standing out in the open, without refrigeration, and is often sour by the time someone buys it. As for eggs, those in charge of their marketing make no effort to develop strains of chickens that will lay eggs the year round or to speed the delivery of eggs to the stores but, instead, freeze eggs during the winter, thus depriving them of all taste by the time they are offered for sale. The occasional "fresh" carrots or tomatoes are invariably emaciated and dirty. Honey is crystallized in about ninety per cent of the jars on sale. There are only three varieties of cheese. You can buy any kind of cookies you want, as long as they are tea biscuits. Local chewing gum, after several minutes in the mouth, dissolves into lots of sugar and small bits of some synthetic substance which do not cohere.

A private sector of retail trade still exists, and it gets more than its share of business. In Leipzig, a family-run *Konditorei* offers the only genuine whipped cream in town, and a private bakery on the main street has long lines outside, embarrassing a mostly empty state-run bakery down the street. Even Wandlitz, an East Berlin suburb where many high Party officials, including Ulbricht, live, boasts a large and popular combined grocery store and ice-cream parlor that is in private hands. But many older private shops and restaurants are closing as their owners die, for no new licenses are granted. "Ten years ago, there were five restaurants and about as many bakeries right around where I live," one East Berliner told me. "Today, there is one restaurant and no bakery." The boarded-up shopwindows everywhere add, of course, to the prevailing gloom.

In general, East Germans are about equally vocal in bemoaning the high cost of things and grumbling that there is nothing anyone wants to buy anyway. For visitors who have become familiar with the quality of East German wares, it is almost easier to sympathize with the latter complaint. In this most industrially advanced of Communist countries, virtually nothing that local industries produce is up to international quality; moreover, one would be hard pressed to come up with any consumer products that were first developed in East Germany—or anywhere in the Communist bloc, for that matter. These lacks result in an inability, by and large, to export goods to the West, which, in turn, makes it difficult to import in any significant quantities the higher-quality Western goods that people want.

How does one survive in a society where nothing works? In hot weather, the local traffic lights often go haywire, and the telephone system ceases to function properly. In cold weather, the new trams, which were imported from Czechoslovakia in the late sixties, often break down, and there are those who say that the system has been saved so far only by its continued use of prewar cars. Outside the elevators in public buildings here there are only two signs that flash on: "This Car Up" and "Out of Order." An East German buying a car stays on a waiting list for several years and pays forty-five hundred dollars for a diminutive Wartburg sedan, which more than likely will break down after two weeks and then be impossible to repair, because spare parts are unavailable. Months can go by before one can obtain even a new battery or a sparkplug. During one trip on the East German Autobahn, in light traffic, I saw many cars stopped on the side of the road, usually because of overheated engines. There is a saying here that the word "auto" begins with an "ahh," ends with an "ohh," and has a "t" in the middle for "*teuer*"—"expensive." As for the roads, it is said that one reason automobile production cannot be expanded faster is that the roads couldn't survive the extra cars.

Most other products work no better than the cars. Of ten ball-point pens I bought at random, three were unusable, because the click mechanism didn't work. The finest East German razor blades do a questionable job on the first shave, and are dangerous to the skin if they are used more than three times. (Men with heavy beards have no choice but to use imported Gillette blades, which cost thirty cents apiece.) Local shampoo is latherless. East German shoes are all made of some sort of plastic, and they remain hard and uncomfortable throughout their all too

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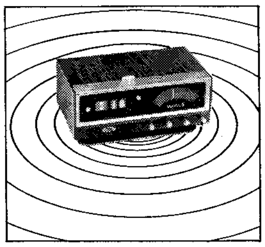
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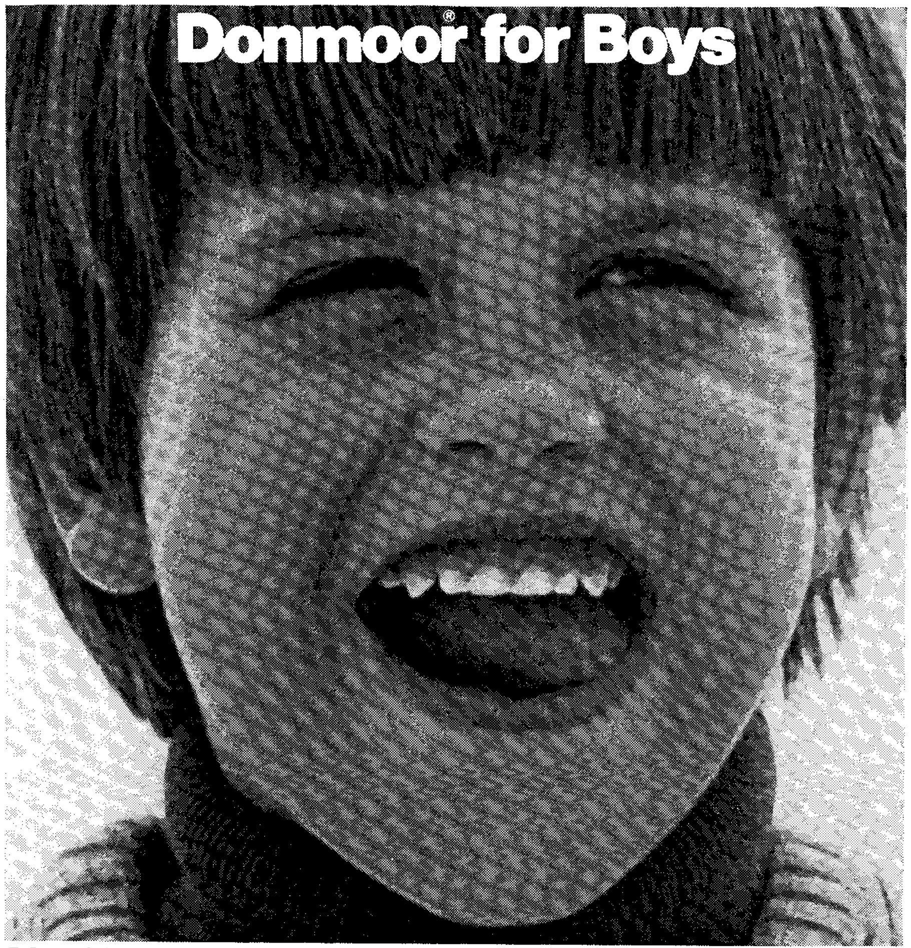
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brief lives. People are even unhappy about the soap, which smells bad, and the toothpaste, which burns the mouth, and those with connections rush to supply themselves with Lux and Colgate.

Local clothing design has supposedly moved from a potato-sack look into the world of high fashion, the generous spirit behind this transformation having been expressed best by an editorialist who applauded hot pants because they took up less material than skirts or slacks. It is hard to tell how much of the dreadful design and the drabness of East German fashion results from a lingering belief that bright, attractive clothes are really part of a subtle West German plot and how much results from sheer incompetence. An American over on a one-day visit from West Berlin said after looking over the women's-apparel section of the Centrum Department Store, "All I saw was rows and rows of the same awful designs." And an East German electronics engineer remarked, "It is annoying to keep seeing people on the street wearing the same things you're wearing."

Since the 1970 riots over rising food prices in Poland the easing of consumer-goods shortages has become the official order of the day in much of Communist Europe. Honecker laid down the new line at the Eighth Party Congress, held in East Berlin in June, 1971, informing the delegates that "the meaning of Socialism" could be summed up in the slogan "Everything for the people's welfare." Ever since, *Neues Deutschland*, the Party daily, has been filled with reports of consumer-goods factories that have been attempting to satisfy the demands of customers, together with articles critical of factories that have continued to operate in the traditional Communist manner. Even so, shortages are still the rule. "If you go into a store looking for ten things, the odds are you'll get about five," one East German told me. Surely there is something wrong when one comes across a bar with the sign "Beer Sold Out" on the door, or a gas station with the notice "Gas Sold Out." A corollary to the continued shortages is the continued waiting. For instance, there is a one- or two-year wait for most furniture; there is a six-month wait for leather boots; and repairmen are in such short supply that a year's wait for a plumber or an electrician is typical. High-rise apartment buildings often go without elevator service for weeks after the elevators break down, the only exception being the new buildings in the city centers. "A lot of secret

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policemen live here," a resident of one such building told me blithely. "So we never have any problem getting a repairman." Railroad stations constructed before the war with, say, ten ticket windows generally have no more than two open, making the purchase of a ticket almost as uncomfortable as the ride itself. Because there is a shortage of railroad cars, passengers on heavily travelled lines, like the one between Berlin and Dresden, are often forced to stand during the entire trip, which takes three hours.

The restaurant situation has recently improved from catastrophic to merely dreadful, but the widespread knowledge that the absence of service in Communist countries has by now been enshrined as part of the local color no doubt inhibits thoroughgoing reforms. The idea of sitting at one's own table instead of being packed in with another group is still unknown, and long waits for lunchtime seats are the rule. In all but the very fanciest eating places, setting the table consists in dumping a pile of silverware and paper napkins at one corner, and often napkins are available only on request. Salt, pepper, and mustard must almost always be asked for. The finer restaurants, which shun anything as primitive as forcing people to stand in line for tables, resort to signs on their doors reading "Temporarily Closed Because of Overcrowding." The signs often remain on the doors all evening, and the question of how the restaurants become overcrowded is fascinating, because the process of making a reservation at some of these places is shrouded in mystery. When I asked a Berlin friend whether he had ever tried to get a reservation at one of these restaurants, he replied, "*I*? Who am *I*?"

The most popular shops in East Germany are—technically, at least—closed to the people. These are the Intershops, which sell nylon stockings, Marlboro cigarettes, Maxwell House coffee, Lux soap, Johnnie Walker whiskey, Tobler chocolates, and other such imported, and otherwise unobtainable, luxuries at prices slightly above Western levels, but only for foreign currency. These shops were originally designed to attract foreign currency and to help visiting West Germans buy gifts for their relatives here, and until around two years ago a tourist had to present his passport before entering. It is still illegal for East Germans to hold Western currency, but the profits in hard currency that the government makes by buying sought-after Western goods at wholesale and selling them at

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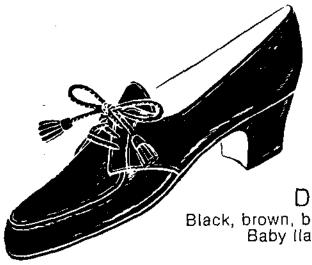

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retail have apparently overcome ideological objections; in recent times, the passport check has been eliminated, and new Intershops have been opened in remote sections of the country where foreign tourists never venture. The hope is to encourage West Germans to leave generous sums of cash with their relatives, and to flush out black-market money.

To observe an East German in an Intershop is to see an expression of sheer happiness. Here East German children willingly wait in line for fifteen minutes to buy a pack of Western chewing gum. Tired-looking old men with two days' growth of beard cart out eight giant economy-size jars of coffee and a box of detergent. Such people obviously enjoy the Intershops, but the shops tremendously increase the resentment of those who have no West German relatives to give them Western currency. This animosity is aggravated by the knowledge that there are East Germans in high Party or government posts who get part of their salary in West German marks. Meanwhile, the unprivileged are left to rely on occasional windfalls—such as the time, after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, when the Czechoslovakians were unable to pay for a shipment of Cinzano vermouth they had ordered from Italy, and their brotherly allies were kind enough to foot the bill. For a few months in 1969, therefore, Cinzano was available, at five dollars a bottle, in East German liquor stores. Many homes here now have empty Cinzano bottles as mantel ornaments.

East Germany's ruling class is theoretically made up of workers, but the facts do not fit the theory, for here the workers have not only their employers against them, as in the West, but the government and the trade unions as well. At the Eighth Party Congress, the unions were told, according to *Neues Deutschland*, "to be very careful that improvements in working and living conditions are never made at the expense of higher production." In what *Neues Deutschland* called "encouraging words," Honecker informed the Congress that "a certain amount of obstinacy on this score is also part of the function of a good trade-union leader." Furthermore, wage increases cannot outstrip productivity, since they are determined by the country's Five Year Plan, which has wages rising about seventy per cent as fast as productivity during that period. Significant groups of East German workers have received no pay increases at all in five years, and the average industrial wage, which was about equal to the West German level in 1960, is now thirty per cent below it. (I asked an official why it would be wrong for workers in a Socialist society to exert pressure to have their vacation time increased. He looked stunned, and then replied, "First they start asking for more vacations. The next thing you know, they'll be asking for more wages.") Basically, given the nature of the economic system, economic growth depends in significant measure on sweating more out of people. Thus, waitresses in East Germany work eight or more tables, whereas most waitresses in New York work between three and five; obviously, this explains many of the deficiencies in restaurant service. Recently, the trade unions have encouraged workers to "suggest" that their factories begin working night shifts, so that "expensive machinery" can be amortized more quickly. Enthusiasm for this scheme is nonexistent, since multiple shifts have already been at least partly to blame for East Germany's reportedly having the highest divorce rate in Europe. Almost all women work, and they are given the first shift, from early morning to mid-afternoon, so they can be home when their children return from school or day-care centers. This arrangement puts most men on the second shift—leaving for work just as their wives come home.

MATERIAL complaints are, of course, not the only ones that East Germans have. Their country remains a police state. When one talks about repression here, one is talking about people's being carted off to jail for a month or so in punishment for stray comments overheard in a restaurant, or about a student's being sentenced to several years in jail shortly after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia for unfurling a banner that read "Russians Out of Germany." It is, in fact, surprising how often one comes across people who have had political run-ins with the authorities themselves or else know someone who has. In a bar in Leipzig one evening, I struck up a conversation with a young construction worker and his girl friend. The two were not especially interested in politics, it developed, yet he had almost been thrown out of school at the age of fifteen for calling the class secretary of the Free German Youth, the government's youth organization, "a political slut." Another young man I met told me that a few years back two classmates had said in class that the facts they were taught about West Germany were "lies," and that several days later a policeman interrupted the class to arrest the pair.

Unless an East German is talking very softly with his family or with friends or foreigners, it takes a spirit of adventure for him even to open his mouth in a public place. Paid spies are among the workers at every factory, and a certain percentage of the delegates to any conference are secret policemen. Anyone angling for a favor or a reward can always turn volunteer informer, and there is, additionally, a large net of plainclothesmen, particularly in the central parts of East German towns. One quiet Saturday morning, I witnessed a traffic accident in downtown East Berlin, which occurred when the only two cars in sight managed to collide. What was interesting, I thought, was that of the passersby no fewer than four identified themselves as plainclothes policemen, who immediately joined the regular police in keeping back the crowd and watching over the scene. When someone began taking photographs of the accident, a plainclothesman approached him and told him that taking pictures at the scene of an accident was not allowed unless one worked as a journalist. The photographer replied that he was simply interested in taking pictures to show as a warning to his children, but the plainclothesman was insistent. Exasperated, the man finally asked under what law picture-taking was forbidden. "I didn't say it was forbidden," the policeman answered. "I said it was prohibited." No more pictures were taken.

Taking photographs isn't the only thing that is, if not forbidden, at least prohibited. "There's so much compulsion," a girl in Leipzig told me. The compulsion is not of the slave-labor-camp variety; mainly, it amounts to a lot of irritation. And it's not only a matter of what one is not allowed to do but also a matter of the rituals that one must go through merely to exist. Every child has to join the Free German Youth. Factory employees are expected on occasion to gather after working hours for a tedious speech, film, or play; they are not fired or arrested if they don't come, but they will probably lose any year-end bonus they are in line for, or something like that. The same is true of attendance at various "mass demonstrations." I once arrived at a rally in Berlin about fifteen minutes late. Since everyone seemed to be leaving, I thought it was over. "No, don't worry. It's just starting," some-

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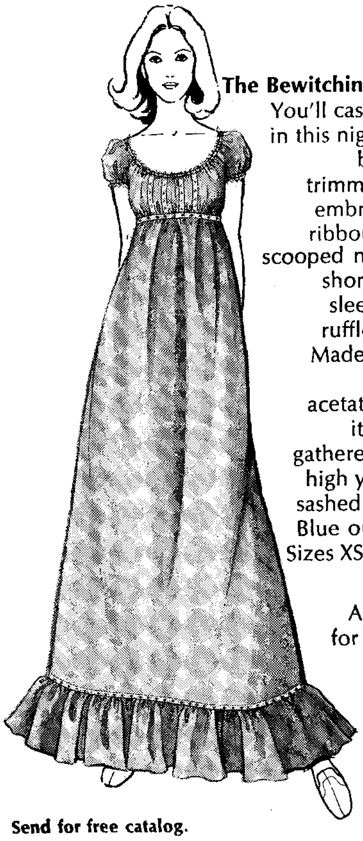

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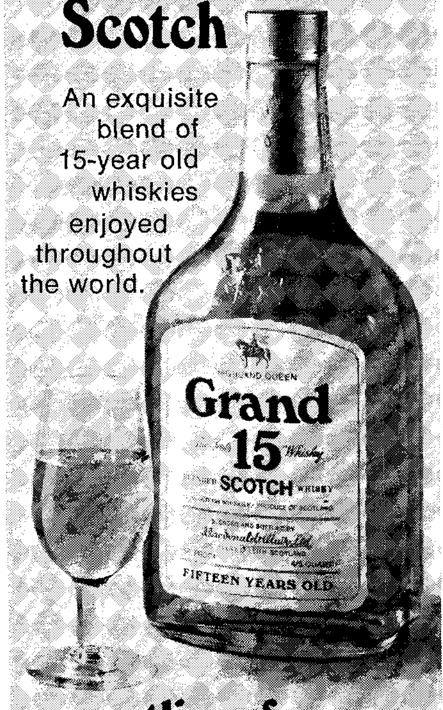

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body told me. "It's only that the factories have finished taking attendance." At a demonstration at the site of the Buchenwald concentration camp, where people couldn't leave because the only way to get home was by chartered bus, it was impossible to hear the speeches above the noises of chatting, playful screaming, and general frolicking among the "demonstrators."

"As a result of individual changes," begins a notice posted next to the elevator on the ground floor of an apartment house for the workers of a factory in Dresden, "the appearance of many of the balconies in the building is such that it does not correspond to the level expected of the center of town in a modern Socialist city." The announcement went on to complain about individuals who did such odd things as putting beach umbrellas on their balconies so they could sit outside during the summer. Apparently, what corresponded to the level expected in a modern Socialist city was flowers on the balcony, and only flowers. Offenders were warned that unless they removed the beach umbrellas the matter would be taken up with the building owner—the factory that employed the tenants. Similarly, Free German Youth committees at universities roam around inspecting students' rooms for cleanliness and orderliness. The names of those with the cleanest and the dirtiest rooms are posted on a bulletin board. One day, I was invited to go out hiking and sightseeing in the Erzgebirge Mountains, near Dresden. Before we left, my hosts told me that I had better tuck in the polo shirt I was wearing; the police might object if it was out.

Of the many things prohibited to East Germans, what rankles most is not being able to travel to the West. Except for excursions to a select list of Communist countries (Yugoslavia is off limits and Czechoslovakia was cut off for a period), the people find it next to impossible to leave. For many of them, the subject of foreign travel borders on an obsession. It encompasses everything people don't like: the government's distrust of its citizens, the prisonlike character of the country, the grass growing greener on the other side. Then, there is the boundless cynicism revealed in the government's permitting people over sixty-five to visit West Germany, the reasoning being that if a pensioner defects there is one less unproductive person to take care of. (About eighty thousand pensioners on visits to West Germany in recent years have decided to remain there.) The officially encouraged form of va-

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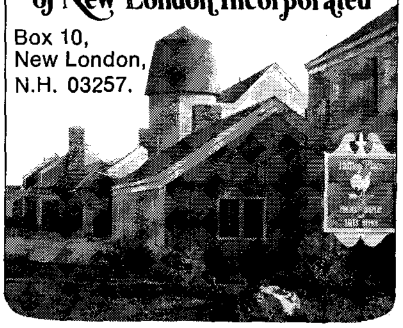

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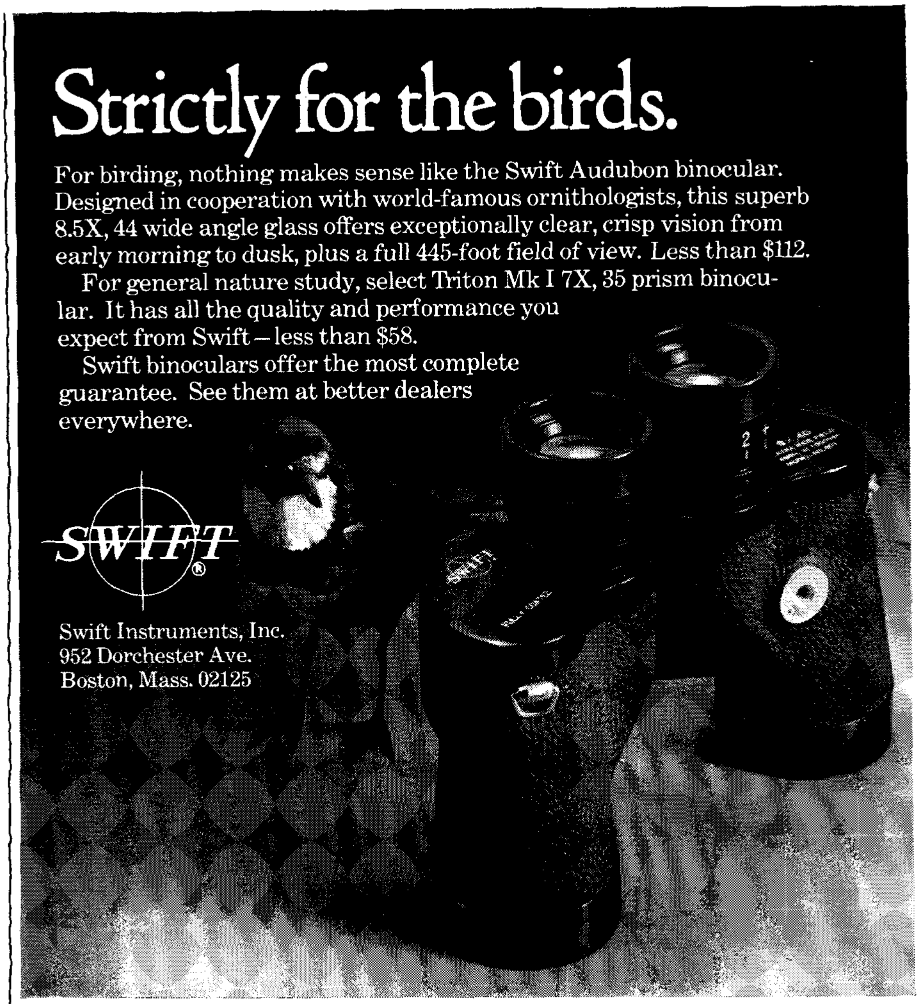
cationing is group travel, because activities can be programmed and the group leader is obliged to present a report on the ideological consciousness of each group member. The carefree group vacationer asking his Bulgarian guide about Georgi Dimitrov's contributions to the Socialist construction of that nation one day and playing squash with other members of the group the next embodies the regime's ideal of the citizen at leisure.

"Everybody here has two faces—public compliance and private disgust," one citizen here told me. Generally, direct run-ins with the authorities are a childhood disease. Soon, observing the boundaries of the permissible becomes second nature. Since all the advantages lie on the side of going along, one very quickly learns the required routines. "We Germans are not a people who rush to the barricades," another citizen remarked to me. "Look, we never rose up against Hitler, either. And what's the use of a revolt? The Russians would be here in a minute." Perhaps the most frequently spoken words in East Germany are "You can get used to anything." One government official told me, "You know, man is the most adaptable creature on earth. He can live in the Arctic or in the tropics, and no other animal can do that. And as for this freedom you speak of, we think we can arrange things so that our people gradually get used to living without it."

Perhaps they can. In any event, boredom by now seems to be a bigger problem than compulsion. "Our people complain that they are bored with too much politics in everything," the same official told me. "They ask why there always has to be politics in movies and television and the newspapers. The answer is that there has to be because the people are so hard to convince." Everybody might be happier and less bored if East German propagandists took a few lessons in subtle persuasion. The clumsiness and humorlessness that the world community got a taste of during the East Germans' attempts to impose their own translations of the text of the Four-Power Berlin Agreement in 1971 are part of everyday experience here. Reflecting the view that West Berlin is "a separate political entity," with no ties to West Germany, while East Berlin is "the capital of the German Democratic Republic," the official term for East Berlin is never simply "Berlin" but "Berlin, the capital of the D.D.R." This applies even to exit signs on the East German Autobahn. The sign at the Friedrichstrasse



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checkpoint between East and West Berlin informs the traveller going west that he has come to the place for "Border Crossing from the Capital of the D.D.R. to the Independent Political Entity of West Berlin." In fact, among East Germans who want to show the proper political attitude it is customary never to use the actual word Berlin at all but to speak merely of "the capital." Among the others, however, such manifestations, and the myriad posters, banners, and similar exhortations along the streets, can be, and are, simply ignored. Somewhat more painful are the sleep-inducing workplace "discussions" of the latest directives from on high. "The workers come because their section leader says they have to," an acquaintance told me. "The section leader calls the meeting because his boss says he has to. *His* boss was told by a higher boss. All these meetings are making somebody up there very happy, but nobody knows at what level people start actually believing in them."

Entertainment not only provides no rest from politics but is often as awkward as everything else. Films are probably the worst offenders. "Any movie that is pure entertainment takes place a minimum of a hundred years ago and preferably during the Middle Ages," one local moviegoer told me. "The government's idea of a modern-day entertainment film is a family drama where the factory is changing over to three shifts and the husband doesn't want this, so his wife, a loyal citizen, has to persuade him." Before the Berlin Wall went up, a slew of *Grenzkinos* ("border movie theatres") catering to East Berliners grew up just inside West Berlin. "Ideological poison," an East German official called them recently, adding, "But since we've closed the border it's harder for such stuff to seep in." In 1962, an American Western somehow got released in East Berlin, but it was closed after large crowds rioted trying to get into the movie theatres where it was being shown. The latest East German equivalent of a Western, "Osceola," was filmed in Cuba and chronicles an uprising of Seminole Indians and runaway Negro slaves in Florida. The slaves are whipped on the average of once every forty-five seconds they are shown on the screen. Life in East Germany is good by comparison. The favorite pastime of the whites in the movie, aside from whipping Negroes, appears to be giving decadent parties. Even an East German reviewer felt constrained to write of "Osceola," "There are dramaturgical weaknesses in the drawing of some of the characters, but it would perhaps be too much to ask if in addition to the film's political strong points deep psychological human portraits were also expected." The most highly approved type of film here is of the Second World War anti-Nazi variety. Over the past year or so, there has gradually unfolded a five-part Soviet film extravaganza entitled "Liberation," which depicts the Soviet struggle against the German hordes. Part Three played all one summer, usually to empty houses, at the giant Cinema International in downtown East Berlin, and Part Four was released in conjunction with the annual Week of Soviet Culture, which coincides with the observance of the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. School, factory, and Communist-bloc tourist groups are dragged to such films, but tickets for a movie like "My Fair Lady" (which was shown here in the late sixties) have to be purchased days in advance.

Even the most ordinary forms of amusement have to be dressed up with some dull message. Recently, East German television began showing some locally produced but more or less standard detective stories. When one new criminal series began, the local version of *TV Guide* felt it necessary to describe the show this way:

> Crime in the streets—an unfriendly expression, one that doesn't seem at home in our society. For our society's essential features are peaceful labor, carefree learning, unspoiled joy in sports and games. During our country's years of Socialist development, the social roots of crime have been eliminated. In our state there exist no immutable conditions causing crime. However, there are, even under Socialist living and working conditions, factors that do not exclude socially unacceptable behavior. Bad home influences, but above all the attempts at ideological diversion by the class enemy, combined with weakness of character or misuse of alcohol, give crime its chance. And a handful of slackers and lazy bums can succeed at times in escaping social control.

In the early nineteen-sixties, high-school students who were caught dancing the Twist were expelled from school. A few years ago, a rather pathetic striptease was attempted at the Moskau restaurant, on Marx-Engels Allee, in East Berlin, but lasted only a few nights. Things have loosened up somewhat since then, but East Germany still has the bloc's harshest policy against Western music and Western styles. Even in the small towns, hair has started growing surprisingly long—especially compared to hair length in, say, Moscow—and the chairman of the Free German Youth recently went as far as to say that what he cared about was not how a person's head looked from the outside but how it looked inside. Yet border guards were still confiscating Western records that young East Germans brought back from Hungary not very long ago, and authorities are always on hand to insure that at the performances of local pop bands at least fifty per cent of the numbers are local hits. Each of the larger cities now has at least one spot for dancing where Western music is played. Undecorated and brightly lighted, these places are in general reminiscent of a high-school gym. The young people, owing to lack of exposure and practice, usually can't dance, and the vocalists, since they can't get sheet music but must pick up what they can from Western radio stations, sing a gobbledygook version of the lyrics. Professional "youths" at the doors stand guard against anyone who might try to come in unshaven or wearing bluejeans, or in any other way letting down the standards of a Socialist discothèque. In back of the bandstand at one such spot in East Berlin is a large banner proclaiming "Our Faith, Our Love, Our Socialist Fatherland." But though pop music has tentatively been awarded bare toleration—after a few drinks in a Dresden pop place a government representative accompanying me confided, "If I had my way, all these places would be blown up"—rock is exploited on government radio broadcasts aimed at youth. Radio DDR now runs a youth program featuring Western rock songs interspersed with lengthy denunciations of West Germany or sagas of the Arab "liberation struggle."

Some of the programs intended for the local population on Radio DDR are quite different. Typical news broadcasts inform the listener that the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany has sent the Polish United Workers' Party a note of congratulations on its anniversary, or that a chemical factory in Leipzig has adopted a resolution pledging full support of the decisions of the Eighth Party Congress. An announcer might also read out long lists of the names and titles of persons taking part in some "fraternal" get-together. One night, I tuned in Radio DDR just as a news broadcast was beginning and heard the following lead story:

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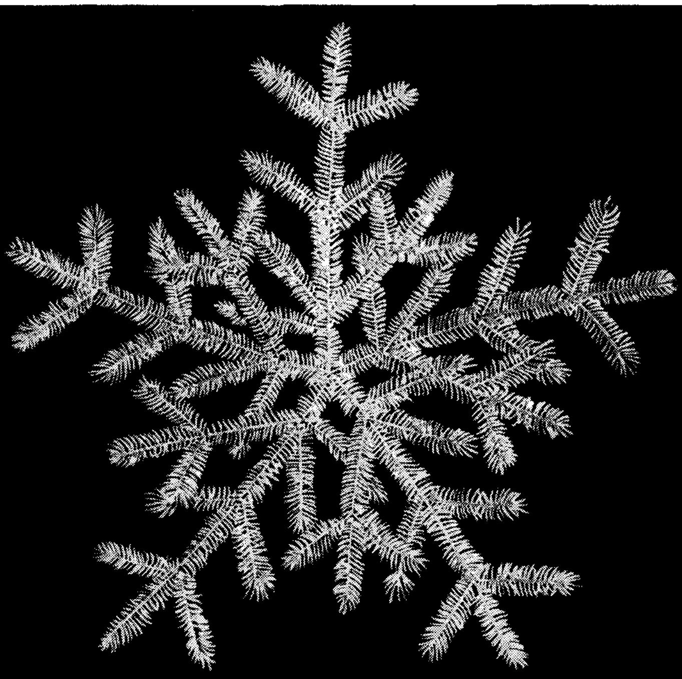

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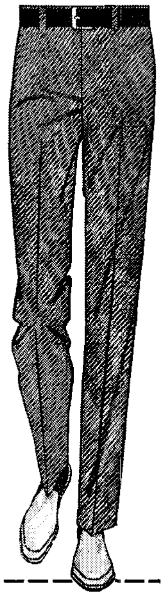

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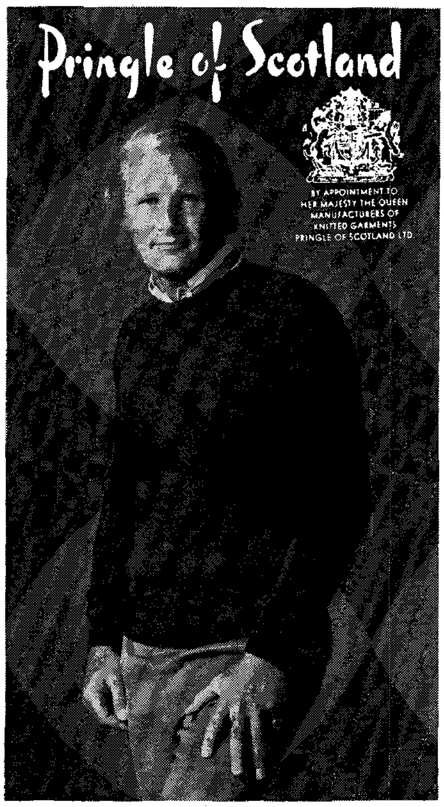
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and Labor Party leaders of a number of lands who were vacationing in the area at the time. The participants were the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party and the President of the Council of Ministers of the People's Republic of Bulgaria, T. Zhivkov; the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party, J. Kádár; the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany, Erich Honecker; the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party and Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Mongolian People's Republic, Y. Tsedenbal; the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers' Party, E. Gierek; the General Secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, G. Husák; the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, L. I. Brezhnev; member of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., N. V. Podgorny; member of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukraine, P. J. Shelest.

That was the end of that report, which contained nothing about what went on at the meeting.

The East German press also has its share of shortcomings. Of a plebiscite on a new East German constitution held in April, 1968, for example, *Neues Deutschland* wrote, "Berlin woke up early this morning, wakened by the youth, their songs, and their loudspeakers. Precisely at 6 A.M., the polling places of the capital opened. There were tens of thousands who wanted to cast their free ballots early in the morning. For all those who arrived early, the polling officials—true to a custom that has already become a tradition—had flowers ready. There were holiday-clad families, many with their children. This is a holiday that isn't in the calendar. A visit to polling places shows the joy and the optimism of this day." Party members and military draftees are required to subscribe to *Neues Deutschland*, which in its advertising describes itself authoritatively as "the leading newspaper daily," but even friends of the system concede that a large number of the paper's articles have only a limited readership. Though it is common in many countries to wrap flowers and similar purchases in newspaper, only here have I seen people doing the wrapping with the current edition.

Probably the two most widely read local publications are the weeklies *Wochenpost* and the satirical *Eulenspiegel*. *Wochenpost* has less politics in

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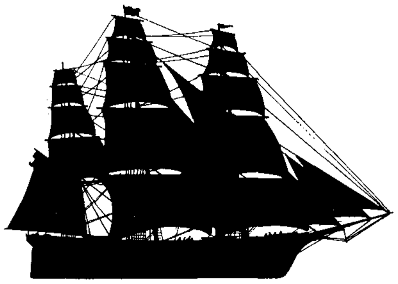

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it than most other East German publications, but it owes most of its success to four pages a week of classified matrimonial ads, which many people follow religiously, along with the crossword puzzle. As for *Eulenspiegel*, it is hard to tell how much of its humorlessness is due to the straitjacket imposed on it. A typical *Eulenspiegel* joke opens, "I hear that a lot of the Vietnam veterans are demonstrating against the war in Indochina in Washington. But do they have to throw their war medals against the walls of the White House?" The punch line is "Well, I guess they're just trying to give Nixon back a bit of the garbage that he's handing out when he always talks about ending the war." *Eulenspiegel* must be one of the world's few national humor magazines whose primary targets are other societies. Nevertheless, the magazine's occasional swipe at the bureaucracy, plus some nonpolitical humor, make *Eulenspiegel* popular enough to be sold out within a day or so after the new issue appears. (This situation makes the piles of unsold *Neues Deutschland* at the same stands look even more wasteful.) Newsdealers keep piles of unsold back numbers of other weeklies on display for weeks, if not months. At any given time, issues of supposed newsweeklies that are two months old are on sale almost everywhere.

The East Germans' general indifference to their own media is understandable, given the proximity of West Germany and West Berlin. Most parts of East Germany can get West German television. From Bavarian transmitters come several bands of West German radio. And from West Berlin comes RIAS (Radio in the American Sector, the local version of the Voice of America), broadcasting both in AM and in long-range FM. It is not technically feasible to jam FM or television broadcasts, so all of East Germany more or less automatically tunes into *drüben*—"over there." Most of the shortwave radios one sees in East Germany bear markings of the band locations of a few Western radio stations. Wondering whether this represented some official toleration of listening to foreign stations, I asked a schoolteacher about it. "I've often wondered about the same thing," he said. "I guess they realize that it would look too ridiculous just to mark seven stations." However, new radios that have lately appeared in store windows limit their recognition of Western stations to Radio Göteborg. In fact, although listening to Western radio and television is discouraged, it is technically legal, but one cannot invite

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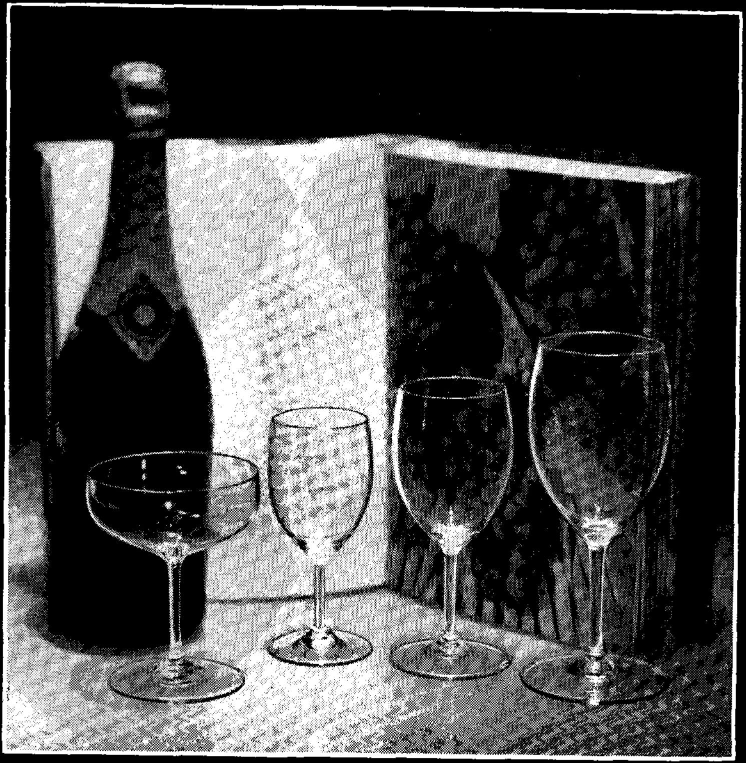

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friends to listen, too, for that is “disseminating foreign propaganda.”

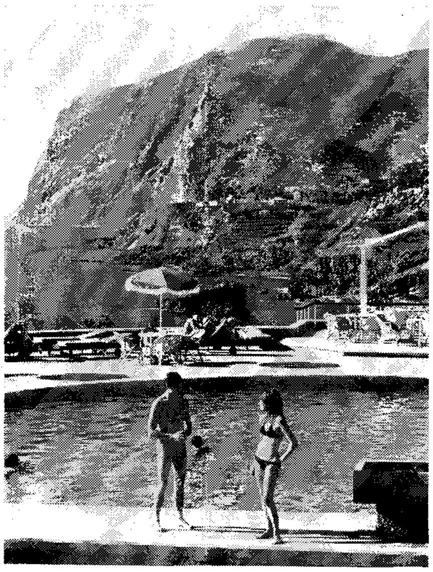
THE East German educational system has been praised by some foreign observers, and it is true, for example, that a greater percentage of youths receive higher education here than in West Germany. This picture should be filled out, however, by some consideration of what the students are taught. As the authorities see it, the young pupil’s most important course is *Staatsbürgerkunde*, or citizenship education, which begins in the seventh grade and is often taught by the principal, who is considered, by virtue of his position, to be a school’s most class-conscious individual. *Staatsbürgerkunde* is good training for anyone who wants to succeed in the educational system as a whole, since it teaches him what he is to believe. After ten grades of basic education, about a third of the students go on to some form of higher education for two years, while the rest begin work. Depending on the school, short hair may or may not be an absolute requirement for getting in, but, on the whole, the behavioral standards demanded of high-school and university students—and the supervision exercised over them—are rather greater than for the general population. For example, advanced students are expected to continue membership in the Free German Youth—something that those leaving school after the tenth grade may, and nearly always do, give up. (A few years ago, some concern was expressed that ninety-five per cent of all D.D.R. youth had joined the organization voluntarily as children and then nearly all had quit as soon as they left school. Rather than grope for the deeper philosophical implications of this drop-off, the organization’s leadership decided that the best cure for lagging membership was to extend the age of eligibility. As a result, one can now be a member of the Free German Youth almost indefinitely, thus allowing membership rolls to be swelled by old Party bureaucrats. Completion of studies does not automatically qualify a person for university training, as it once did in Germany. The student must also get recommendations indicating what is called “political maturity.” An official at Humboldt University explained to me, “After all, what we are interested in producing is not unpolitical scholars but people who will actually engage themselves in our Socialist society.”

Once a student has been accepted by a university and has chosen his field of study, his options cease, for the program of studies is completely determined from beginning to end. It is thus not possible for a biologist to study art history, or for a historian to dabble in literature. “Are you crazy?” was the reply from an official to whom I had suggested that room for such sorties might be made. “Do you think we have the money for that?” Such a thing might come to pass “in a hundred years, maybe two hundred,” I was informed. Actually, every student must take courses in one subject outside his field; namely, Marxism-Leninism. These generally make up about a fourth of a student’s total course work. As befits a subject that has been called “the compass,” because it points the way to understanding everything else one learns, the universities make sure that nobody takes his Marxism-Leninism lightly. In other subjects, all the examinations are written, and there is often a cavalier attitude toward them. In Marxism-Leninism, all the exams are oral, the theory being that a student can and will *write* anything, but that lack of enthusiasm can be detected in a tone of voice or a facial expression. Normally, a student with a poor average can save himself by agreeing to join the Party or to put in some extra work for the Free German Youth, but a single failing grade in Marxism-Leninism removes any student from the university. One of the chief concerns in Marxism-Leninism courses (knowledge of the basics is assumed, there having been plenty of previous study) is “the struggle against revisionism,” which is any brand of Socialism that the government doesn’t like. In this struggle, the East Germans like to think that they play the leading role in the Communist bloc. The principal targets in recent years include the late Ernst Fischer, the former leader of the Austrian Communist Party, who became enamored of liberal ideas and was expelled from the Party; Roger Garaudy, the renegade French Communist, who was eventually expelled from the Party; and, above all, any advocates of the so-called “convergence theory,” which postulates that Communist and democratic societies are gradually becoming more similar. This notion, which was a relatively unimportant rivulet of Western sociological thought in the nineteen-sixties, has been transformed in East German accounts into the leitmotiv of modern bourgeois ideology, and is presented in an endless string of largely identical books as being part of a strategy to dismantle and subvert "the Socialist world."

While students hear endlessly what heretics the revisionists are, how the bourgeoisie lured previously trusted sons of the proletariat into ideological decay, and why a democratization of Communism would strike a death blow to all that is true and good, confrontation with flesh-and-blood revisionists or their writings is impossible. In Marxism-Leninism classes, students read attacks on Ernst Fischer, say, but they are never allowed to read Fischer's works. I asked the Humboldt University official whether such a policy didn't merely increase the students' curiosity about Fischer's ideas. "The problem is that revisionists, such as Fischer, are very clever," he replied. "Too many of our students would become confused if they read them. They wouldn't know the answers right off. We want to make life easier for our students. We don't want to create unnecessary conflicts for them."

It is difficult for an outsider to observe student life directly, since campuses are accessible only by pass and passes are not given out freely to Western reporters. One hears, however, about random checks of room radios to make sure they aren't tuned in to Western stations, and about Free German Youth meetings to discuss the length of certain students' hair. One should add that in many ways professors don't have things much better. All research projects in the natural sciences are determined by contract between the universities and industrial enterprises, and this system, according to complaints at the Eighth Party Congress, has led to the total disappearance of pure research. In the social sciences, the faculties are under the direct control of the Party, which assigns research projects according to its needs. Party membership is a requirement for any academic post. Nevertheless, professors are among the best-paid groups in society. "At our university," one student says, "the head of the Department of Marxist-Leninist Philosophy, who is an uncompromising opponent of all Western influence, drives a Ford Mustang."

As the East Germans survey their lives and, in some instances, gaze longingly toward the other side, it is natural that they should try to find explanations for the meagre results of all their work. "We must create a great deal in this land," an old man painting



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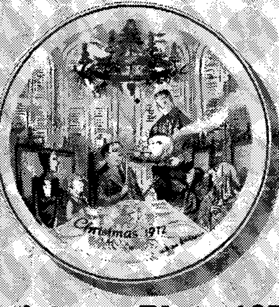

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his fence on a Dresden side street told me one evening. "Both men and women work here. The question is why we have so little." He said that he thought it was because of East German aid to underdeveloped countries—a popular scapegoat. People also point out that anything of decent quality produced in East Germany is immediately sent off to hard-currency countries. West German buyers, they say, arrive on East German collective farms and leave with claims to all the best pork and beef available. "I once had a job as a cleaning woman at the Leipzig Trade Fair, and I couldn't believe it when I saw what we were offering to sell the foreigners there," a woman told me. "Nylon pullovers—everything! I didn't even know we produced such things." Even goods designed for export to other Communist lands are of higher quality than the things kept at home. "If a refrigerator we're supposed to send to Hungary doesn't pass quality inspection, they'll sell it to us," the woman said.

A more significant reason for East Germany's situation is its relationship with the Soviet Union. In an era of crumbling alliances and rampant Gaullism, East Germany's client-state subservience to the U.S.S.R.—a subservience that has remained unaffected by stirrings in other Eastern European nations—is something of an anomaly. In his report to the Eighth Party Congress, Honecker proclaimed, "One's attitude to the Soviet Union and to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was, is, and remains the decisive test of one's faithfulness to Marxism-Leninism, to proletarian internationalism!" The only sign outside the main railroad station in Dresden is a large billboard reading "Use Soviet Railroads." East German world atlases devote far more space to maps of the Soviet Union than to maps of Germany. From the fourth grade on, all East German youngsters study—although very few genuinely learn—Russian. Newspapers here regularly take up entire pages with full-text translations of lengthy *Pravda* articles. Almost every village boasts a local East German-Soviet Friendship Society, and numerous banners on streets and factory gates inform passersby that "He Who Is Allied with the Soviet Union Is Allied with the Victors of History."

If the constant obsequiousness to the Soviet Union is a psychological humiliation, East German-Soviet "friendship" hurts most in the pocketbook. At the end of the first chapter of the eighth-grade *Staatsbürgerkunde* textbook, the

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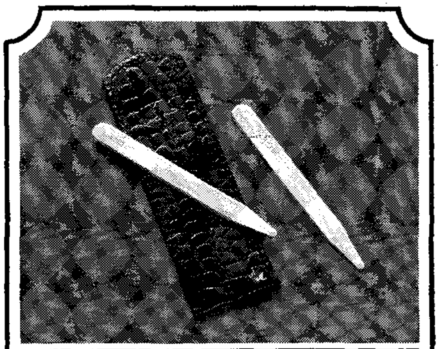

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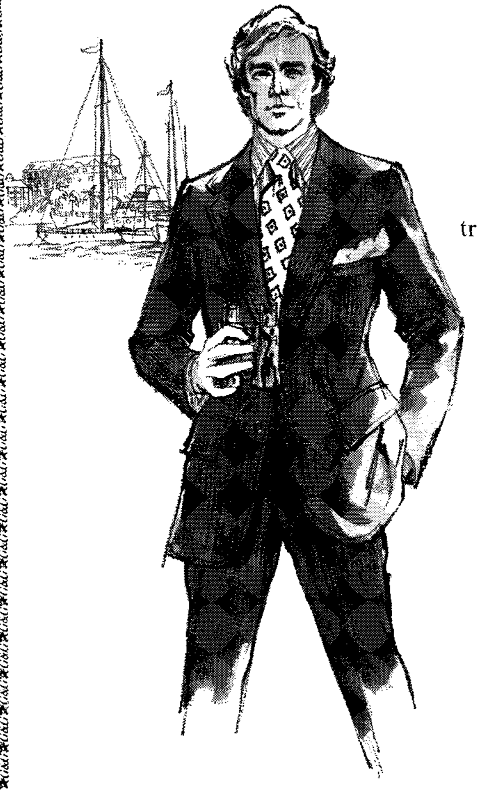
student is asked to "give examples of how the development of our republic is inseparably connected with all-sided coöperation and friendship with the Soviet Union"—a difficult assignment to fulfill in any positive way. East Germany enjoys an industrial base and a standard of living considerably higher than the Soviet Union's, so one can guess how the Russian leadership interprets East Germany's resultant proletarian internationalist duties. "The volume of trade between the German Democratic Republic and the Soviet Union is unique in the world," a booklet aimed at high-school students and entitled "Why Are We Proud of Our Republic?" informs us. I began to realize this uniqueness while I was taking a boat tour of East Germany's international harbor at Rostock and listening to the droning voice of the captain over the microphone: "And on your left is a Soviet ship. . . . Here straight ahead you see another Soviet ship. . . . On your right, a Soviet vessel." I found out later that no less than fourteen and a half per cent of the Soviet Union's total imports come from little East Germany. In exchange for industrial goods, the Russians provide the East Germans with oil and other raw materials they lack. Which side comes off better? Few official prices are published, but on the day the latest East German-Soviet trade agreement was signed, in 1965, the chief East German economic planner, Dr. Erich Apel, committed suicide, and that may say something. The prices that the Soviet Union charges the East Germans for raw materials mean that, to take one example, East Germany has escaped from the "international oil cartel" only to have to charge two dollars a gallon for gas.

Of course, a good many of East Germany's problems originate closer to home. In a society where everything is planned, energies are divided up between planning things that can and should be planned and planning things that can't and shouldn't be. The result is a good deal of mindless planning. In the relatively simple matter of designing the redevelopment of downtown Dresden—the city was destroyed by Allied bombs twenty-seven years ago, and reconstruction has only in the last few years been in full swing—a new building at a traffic intersection somehow turned out to be twenty metres too long, and this error, making it jut out into the street, upset the design for the entire area. Plans for a new bridge over the Elbe and for a pedestrian underpass had to be completely re-



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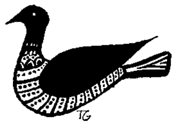
done, and when they were at last ready no building materials could be obtained. When these were belatedly supplied, the work force was put on night shifts, and, finally, in order to be able to open the pedestrian underpass in honor of the Eighth Party Congress, the authorities forwent any preliminary safety inspection. The building that juts out into the street bears across its top a large neon sign reading "Socialism Is Winning."



At the time that Schwedt, a "Socialist new town," was to be built near the Polish border, at the site of an old tobacco-farming village, as a center for the petrochemical industry, a leading East German architect was hired to plan a showcase city. The plan, it is said, was so imaginative that the man received a medal for it. Then it was decided that the project would cost too much, so the designer was fired and his plan was dropped. Two plans later, Schwedt emerged as an agglomeration of new housing and not much else. When I was there, Schwedt, a town of forty thousand in the middle of nowhere, had one movie theatre, two or three restaurants, and no stores. Trees and grass were almost nonexistent. Some of the new housing—apartment buildings accommodating five thousand people—was already fully occupied but resembled a building site during construction. People entered their apartment buildings across planks suspended above muddy holes. Children played amid huge mounds of soil flanked by bulldozers. Not even a grocery store had been erected yet, and people did their basic shopping from mobile trucks that came into the area daily. Residents of the new unit estimated that it would be two years before the situation improved. The government knew that it could get people to move to Schwedt anyway, because it was much easier to get an apartment there than in any other part of East Germany, so the officials had no incentive to speed things up. (Since 1950, East Germans have built just over a third as many new housing units per capita as the West Germans.)

Even though the government here plans everything, it always seems to be confounded by things like the change of seasons. Each year, "record cold" (like New York's "heat waves") produces new electricity crises. In the winter of 1970-71, street lights all over East Germany were mostly dark (even in the best of times only one of the two bulbs in East Berlin street lights is lit), and people had to get around with flashlights. Many factories began operating only at night, because there was insufficient power during the day. In the economically backward areas of the Thüringer Forest, where it is a custom for people to display special lights outside their houses at Christmastime, schoolchildren were instructed to tell their parents to turn the lights off. And, despite all this, the official statistical claim is that per-capita production of electricity in East Germany is higher than in West Germany.

In the summer, what are officially portrayed as the most heroic efforts never suffice to assure the production of sufficient soft drinks to last through September. In years past, it often happened that no soft drinks were available for weeks on end. When I was there, supplies held out well until early August, when reports began to appear in the press of factories working all night to keep the stores supplied. After this alarm signal, the system sputtered gradually but inexorably to a halt. First, the soda started coming into the stores without labels on the bottles. Next, the bottles began being unevenly filled, and some shipments turned up with the flavoring coagulated at the top. By mid-August, supplies had become irregular, and whenever shipments came in hoarders bought them all up within half an hour.

Total planning is, of course, justly famous for inflexibility. All East German household detergents are awful, but the best of a bad lot is called Persil. Since other detergent factories all have their quotas, however, the Persil factories can be allowed to produce only so much. Because of the resultant shortage, Persil is available only in East Berlin, and one often sees visitors to Berlin from other parts of East Germany lugging around a dozen packages of Persil, which they have bought to take home. Similarly, a waitress in a Dresden hotel listened to a complaint about the tastelessness of the orange juice she had served, and she replied, "Well, we have a good brand of orange juice, too. It's just that we also had to buy some of the bad kind, because the government had contracted to buy it as part of a foreign-trade agreement." Around that time, stores in Dresden were holding back all brands of cigarettes except for a certain Bulgarian variety. This was the only way to get customers to buy the Bulgarian cigarettes, which had to be sold somehow, since East Germany had committed itself to buying them. Firms that produce unsalable merchandise can

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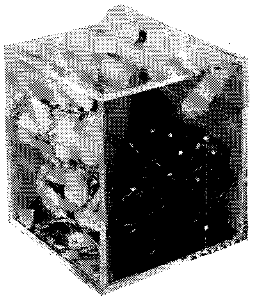
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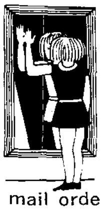
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be dealt with only through pleas in the press, because department stores have schedules showing how much they should buy, and total production is rarely high enough to allow them to pick and choose to the extent of cancelling orders given to the inefficient companies. A hundred thousand tubes of foot cream produced for export to Russia by a cosmetics factory went bad before they could be shipped out, and there was panic among the management, for whenever something goes wrong on production scheduled for the Soviet Union sabotage is immediately suspected. Moreover, it was necessary to get up a hundred thousand new tubes of cream in double time. Coming up with a hundred thousand empty tubes was no easy task, but the management finally scraped them up from various tube manufacturers. Then no trucks could be found to deliver them. In the end, delivery required the mobilization of all company cars and the car of every employee who had one, so that the plant's workers could drive around the country to pick up the tubes.

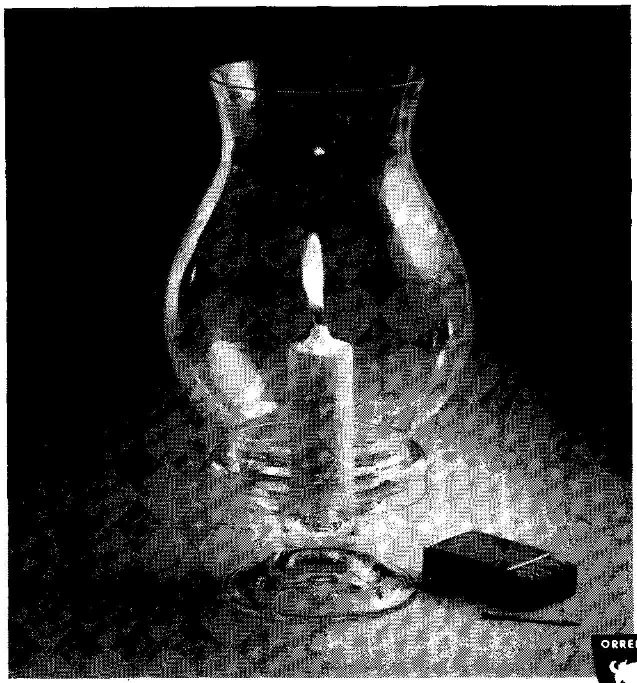
There is a joke here about an East German who dies and goes to Hell. On arrival, he discovers that Hell is divided into East Hell and West Hell. Since he has spent all his life in the East, he naturally decides to look first at West Hell. When he enters, he sees a very unhappy scene—people whining, crying, flagellating themselves. He goes up to someone and asks what is wrong. Slowly and dejectedly, the man answers, "We are to be nailed to a wooden cross and burned, and therefore we are unhappy." Not finding this prospect to his liking, the East German goes to take a look at East Hell. Here the scene is quite different—dancing, drinking, a real party atmosphere. He asks someone what is going on. "Well, we're supposed to be nailed to a wooden cross and burned" is the nonchalant reply. "So why are you all so joyful?" the man asks, and the answer is "Look, when the day comes, there won't be any hammers. And if there are hammers there won't be any nails. And if there are hammers *and* nails, the Devil will have a Party meeting."

—STEVEN KELMAN

•

The oldest annual workshop of its kind in the U.S. (established in 1947) was held again July 30-August 4th at the Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722, run by Robert E. Nelson who once headed a program with a goal of $25 million and raised $32.—*Washington (D. C.) International Arts Letter.*

Didn't faze him a bit, either.



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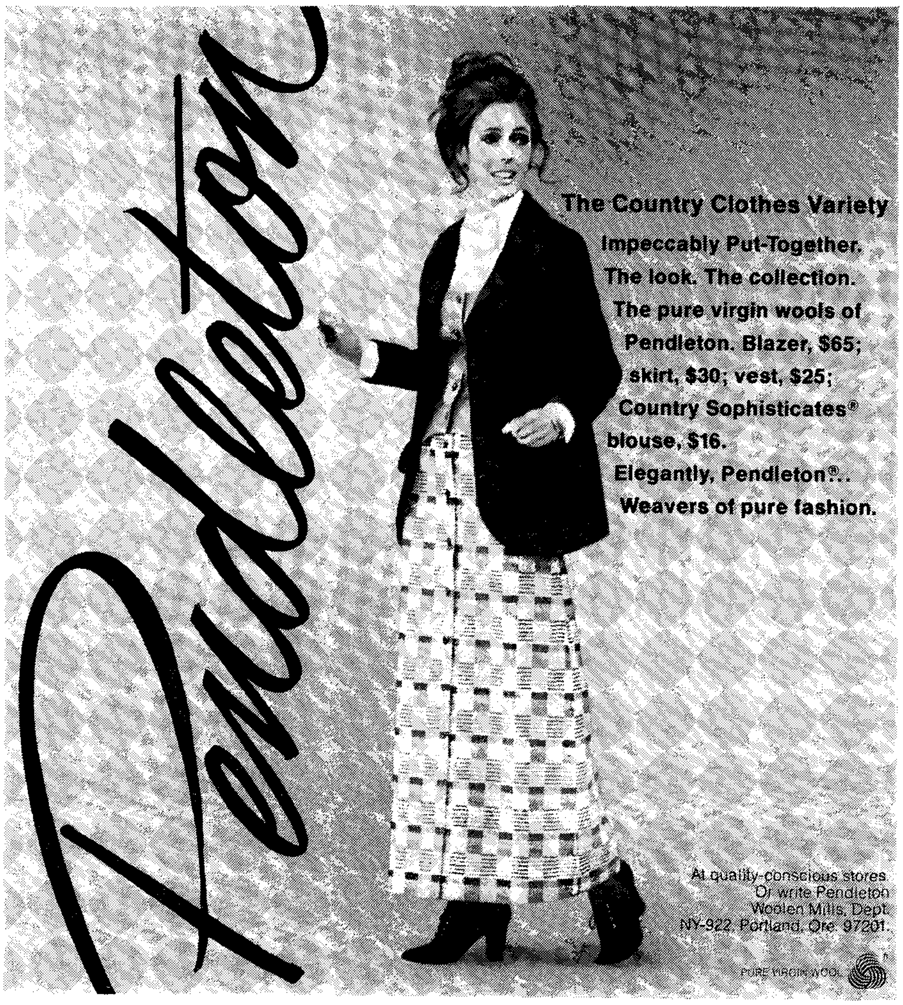

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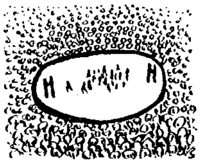
FOOTBALL

All to the Bad



THE facts are these: Nebraska is a large Middle Western state, with a large Middle Western university full of not especially large but mainly efficacious football players. It is *not* a fact that all Nebraskans habitually wear red clothes and even red shoes—just the Nebraskans who "follow the team" around the country. For some time, the principal reasons they "follow the team" have been Rich Glover on defense and Johnny Rodgers on offense; this season, the additional reasons are a senior defense man, Willie Harper, and a spanking-new quarterback, David Humm. Last year, the Nebraska satellite could be detected in these parts only by electronic devices; this year, it was far too visible, on Saturday last, up at West Point—Nebraska 77, Army 7. Penn State, Pittsburgh, and Syracuse, the old box-office reliables, are having as many downs as ups this fall, and it had been expected that Army, made up of men who have been together for some time, might make Eastern big-time football look better than it has been doing of late. But when a squad is as far outmanned as Army was on Saturday, its mistakes look five times their real size, and they seem to compound as the day wears on. A benevolent change in the rules now allows freshmen to join up at once with a varsity; Navy and Air Force have already thereby benefitted this season, but Army has not got around to admitting first-year men. Congress is steadily pestered by constituents who wish the armed forces to show the flag across the country, so that the voters can see what they pay taxes for, and Congress must now, it seems, go the full distance and simply reactivate those historic crews of footballing swashbucklers who represented Sampson and Great Lakes and North Carolina Pre-Flight in the Second Great War. These will serve as the Army and Navy road shows, doing a round robin of the Nebraskas and the U.C.L.A.s, and allowing the resident West Point and Annapolis units to remain in their native habitat—the East, and all that in it is, including the solemn old but nevertheless picturesque Ivy League. We will miss watching men like Rich Glover elbow aside the players assigned to double-team him on his unerring drive toward the man with the ball, and we will miss watching men like Humm throw flare passes with such a low trajectory that only defense men six inches high could intercept, but we will have restored a balance.

THE authoritarian world has less trouble—never an empty seat, and a flourishing slave trade. Players have been sold down the river and up the river. Mourning bands appeared on sleeves in our streets when Earl Morrall departed the city, some time ago, for what came to be a happier life in Baltimore, where, in Colt dress, he served as alter ego for the mostly unserviceable Johnny Unitas until that great man regained his velocity. Now, an outrider reports, Morrall has indeed gone down the coast as far as Miami—last seen in Dolphin garb as an understudy quarterback. Morrall an *understudy*? Now more mourning bands, for Fran Tarkenton has departed New York for Minnesota and the Vikings—and to what a welcome! After some useful fooling around with a set of exhibition matches, he got under way for the real season, against the Redskins on opening night, by surviving a television interview of numbing ineptitude and then pitching and running as neat a pattern as any pro quarterback has ever done, all to no purpose. His punters were bogged down in slow motion, his catchers coldly rebuffed his best-laid passes, his blockers clipped their opponents in full view of the officials: Redskins 24, Vikings 21, which should have been Vikings 34, Redskins 14. (The Vikings did become the real Vikings last weekend, and Tarkenton had the sort of fun he deserves—Vikings 34, Lions 10.) Players are sold for special reasons, sometimes—because the management doesn't know any better, or because they are said to keep their mouths open too much, or because they won't open their mouths at all. If one must have a favorite pro team, it has to be the Cowboys, who have acquired the mystic quality of élan (Staubach and Hill help give them that), but what they will be like bereft of Duane Thomas, the valiant runner and celebrated (and broody) Silent Partner in the Cowboys' doings last fall, is to be pondered. Thomas was sold to the Chargers, who had the benefit of him for a single day, since when he has become not only silent but a hermit. There goes, or there went, a man who wanted to be himself. An authoritarian world can have little use for the likes of that. —J. W. L.

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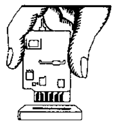

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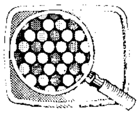

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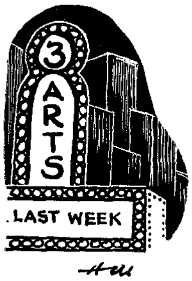
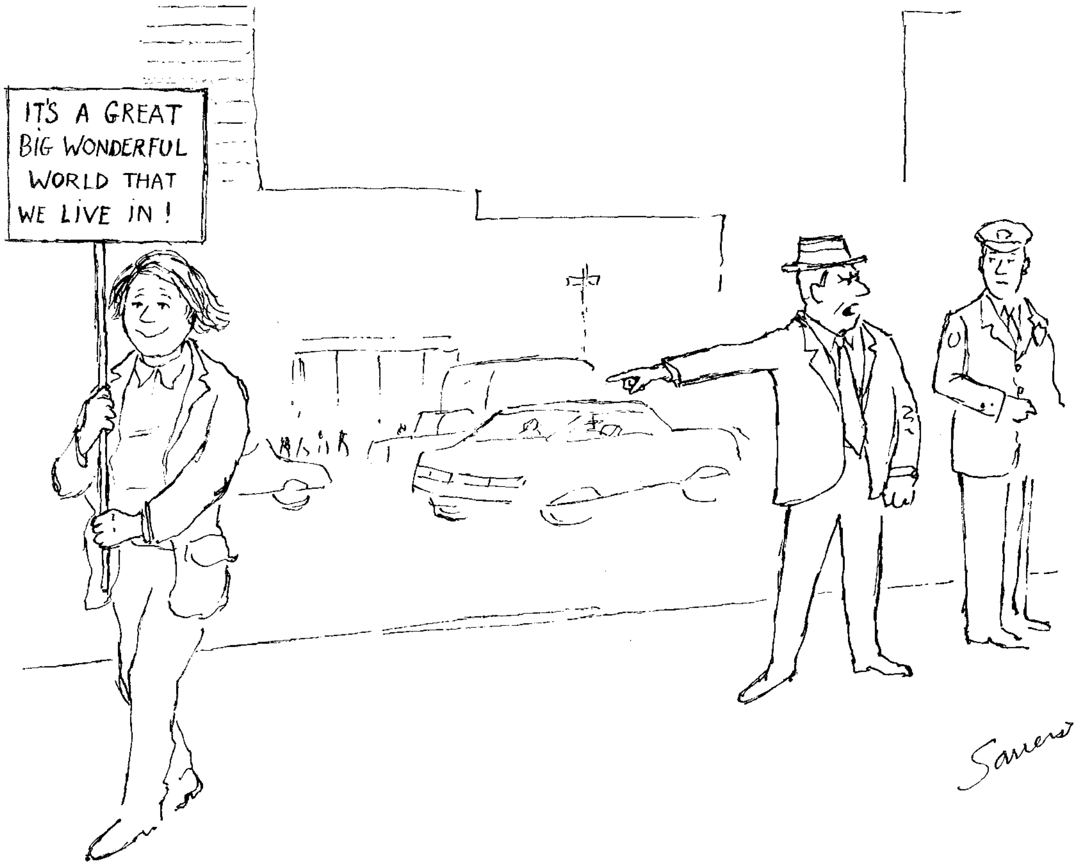
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Soul Food



IT'S easy to say why you think a movie is bad, but elements of embarrassment sneak into praise, and, besides, in American studio-financed movies, in which the director must often squeeze blood from stones, there is an element of the mysterious, plus fantastic luck, when the infinity of things that could go wrong go right, or when what goes right overwhelms the disasters. And of the movies that have gone superlatively right "Sounder" must be one of the most difficult to explain. At the beginning, the actors playing black sharecroppers in the Depression years looked rigid and inexpressive, and I expected one of those priggish, worthwhile stinkers that the movie industry can cite as proof that people don't go to the clean-minded family pictures they say they want. But the picture grows startlingly better. Who would have believed that an inspirational movie about black strength and pride—and one based on a prize-winning children's book, by a white author, that takes its name from a symbolic coon hound—could transcend its cautious, mealy genre to become the first movie about black experiences in America which can stir people of all colors? In theme—the child of the sharecroppers finds a path to the larger world—it resembles the Welsh boy's story that Emlyn Williams told in "The Corn Is Green," but it is an infinitely superior movie, and with a far greater emotional range. The director, Martin Ritt, working from a scrupulous, unsentimental script by Lonne Elder III, based on the William H. Armstrong novel, avoids charging up the scenes; Ritt never pushes a moment too hard or too far—the movie earns every emotion we feel. And I think it will move audiences—move them truly, that is—as few films ever have.

It does this even though we don't quite believe in any of it. The performers are wonderful—Cicely Tyson as the gaunt mother, Paul Winfield as the father, Kevin Hooks as the oldest of their three children, Taj Mahal as their singing friend Ike, and Janet MacLachlan as the teacher. But in some part of the brain we are always conscious that these are trained, educated, modern city folks playing poor country folks. When we look at Cicely Tyson, we know that those are high-fashion bones passing for starving gaunt; we know that that is Taj Mahal, the superb musician, play-acting in worn overalls on the back-country road; the volumes on Crispus Attucks that the teacher gives the boy to read are a very tony selection. This movie about the poor and uneducated is the opposite of artless; yet it isn't corrupted by the sophistication—it's the sophistication that makes it possible for us to accept it. I doubt whether a movie could be successfully simple and artless on any black subject now. Our nerves are raw, our sensitivities exacerbated. We need a modern consciousness on the screen even though the year in the movie is 1933, because the conventional movie trust-in-the-Lord black mother would be intolerable to us, a superstitious black mother a scandal. Rebecca, the illiterate woman Cicely Tyson plays, is unconned and intelligent, and we can see the workings of her mind, although the white people she deals with don't see through her guardedness—the protective mask of anonymity she turns to them. In too many melodramas, the sympathetic characters among the blacks and half-breeds and Asians have been as children, naïve and helplessly dependent on the decency and generosity of the stalwart white heroes. This movie shows the Deep Southern whites playing their custodian-of-the-childish-blacks role as it is seen from the other side—by black people who are not fooled. That shifts the audience's identification completely around. The film's view is that deprivation, suffering, and being cheated have destroyed the sharecroppers' illusions and sharpened their wits: they are people who can't afford illusions and hence do not have them. This may be a slight idealization, but it's closer to the truth; it has the force of justice, and it's what we now want to believe. And Ritt validates this view in the film. He endows his actors with the dignity that accuses us when we look at photographs by Walker Evans or Dorothea Lange or Helen Levitt, or when we read Robert Coles or "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." "Sounder" is authentic to the spirit of that documentary art—the art of photographers, mainly, but of novelists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and other writers, too—which has helped create a general awareness of injustice and brought many whites to share the sorrow of it.

Simplifying their performances to essentials, the actors achieve the desperate dignity of the very poor, their faces purged of all but the primary human anxieties. They never ask for sympathy, and the reserve in the performers enables us to respond: we don't have to believe in this specific story, or in the actors as the characters they're playing, to be moved. The movie opens us up emotionally, not to them but to everything they evoke—to what they're standing in for. When the actors' faces and gestures echo the people caught by the Depression artist-photographers, we think of all those trashed lives. The characters on the screen are coexistent with the memory of the black people in the recent civil-rights demonstrations who put on their Sunday clothes to be beaten up in. Memories like this distance us, painfully, and we need an element of formality in the performances so that we don't allow ourselves the release of easy forms of identification. This movie enables us to feel without feeling for *ourselves*, and that's what the artists among the photographers did for us, too. In addition, the movie taps one of the enigmas of this century: that the people in old photographs (and not just rural black people or poor people but even middle-class and rich white people) have an inexplicable nobility. We look into the photographs of people now dead and we feel a twinge that we don't feel when we look at paintings of them; it's an acute sense of mortality and loss. "Sounder," with its links to photojournalism, affects us in this same way: the people are puzzlingly, achingly beautiful.

Cicely Tyson has the singular good fortune to play the first great black heroine on the screen. Long overdue; but Miss Tyson makes us feel that her Rebecca was worth waiting for. She is visually extraordinary—every movement true to the archetype in our heads—and her voice is so precisely controlled that her soft words can pierce one's defenses. Her cry as she runs down the road toward her husband, returning from prison, is a phenomenon—something even the most fabled actresses might not have dared. This scene will live, along with descriptive images of the terrified poor which Agee gave us, along with the Dorothea Lange faces. To audiences now, this homecoming scene could mean as much as that other great homecoming scene—

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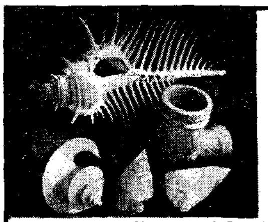

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the little colonel's return from the war in "The Birth of a Nation"—did to early movie audiences. If so, it may help to right the balance, because this story of resilience and triumph is the birth of black consciousness on the screen. "Shaft" and its ilk are merely in blackface. "Sounder" distills—and in the most delicate, unstressed way—the prodigious, deep-down gaiety of black people. Taj Mahal helps, with the earthy-hip score he provided, and Paul Winfield, in the critical role of the volatile father, with his quick smile. One could do an iconography of smiles from this movie; often it is a smile that ends a scene, and it always seems the perfect end, just what was needed—an emblem of the spirit of a people, proof that they have not been destroyed.

Ritt uses the Louisiana locations unostentatiously; he gets the tone he needs, and the gracefully measured pace. Each shot lasts long enough for us to perceive what's in it, and feel at ease, before we move on; the rhythm is unusually satisfying. Still, the look of the film is not quite right: "Sounder" was shot in Panavision—a process I like for its ultra-sharp focus, and yet a process that gives this subject too much visual weight. The scale of the Panavision imagery produces a slight aesthetic discomfort: it's a little grandiloquent for a sharecropper's family. Maybe because this is an American-made film that starts from an inspirational story and is somewhat overproduced, it doesn't completely cross the barrier that separates the fine commercial craftsmen from the poets like Renoir and De Sica and Satyajit Ray, who at their best make a movie seem easy and natural, just the most direct and simple way to express yourself. (The Europeans who have worked here have never been able to express themselves in the same natural way, either.) In feeling, though, "Sounder" does cross over; it works directly on our feelings the way film poets do. Ritt shows situations in their complexity through the simplest of means, as in the Christmas scene in Claude Jutra's "My Uncle Antoine" when the mineowner rides through town in his carriage tossing trinkets at the children of the mineworkers, and the parents are torn, not wanting to deprive their children of the toys yet humiliated to see them pick up this miserly beneficence. We watch the hesitant, eager children and the parents divided against themselves, and we, too, are divided—between the beauty of perception that brings us such moments and the anguish of having, from this time on, to live with this perception. "Sounder" has

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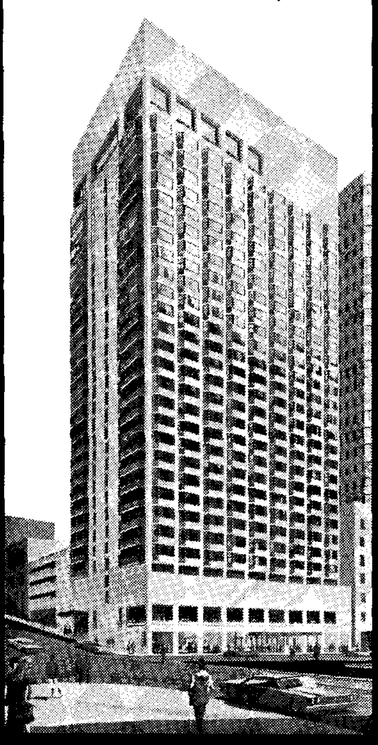

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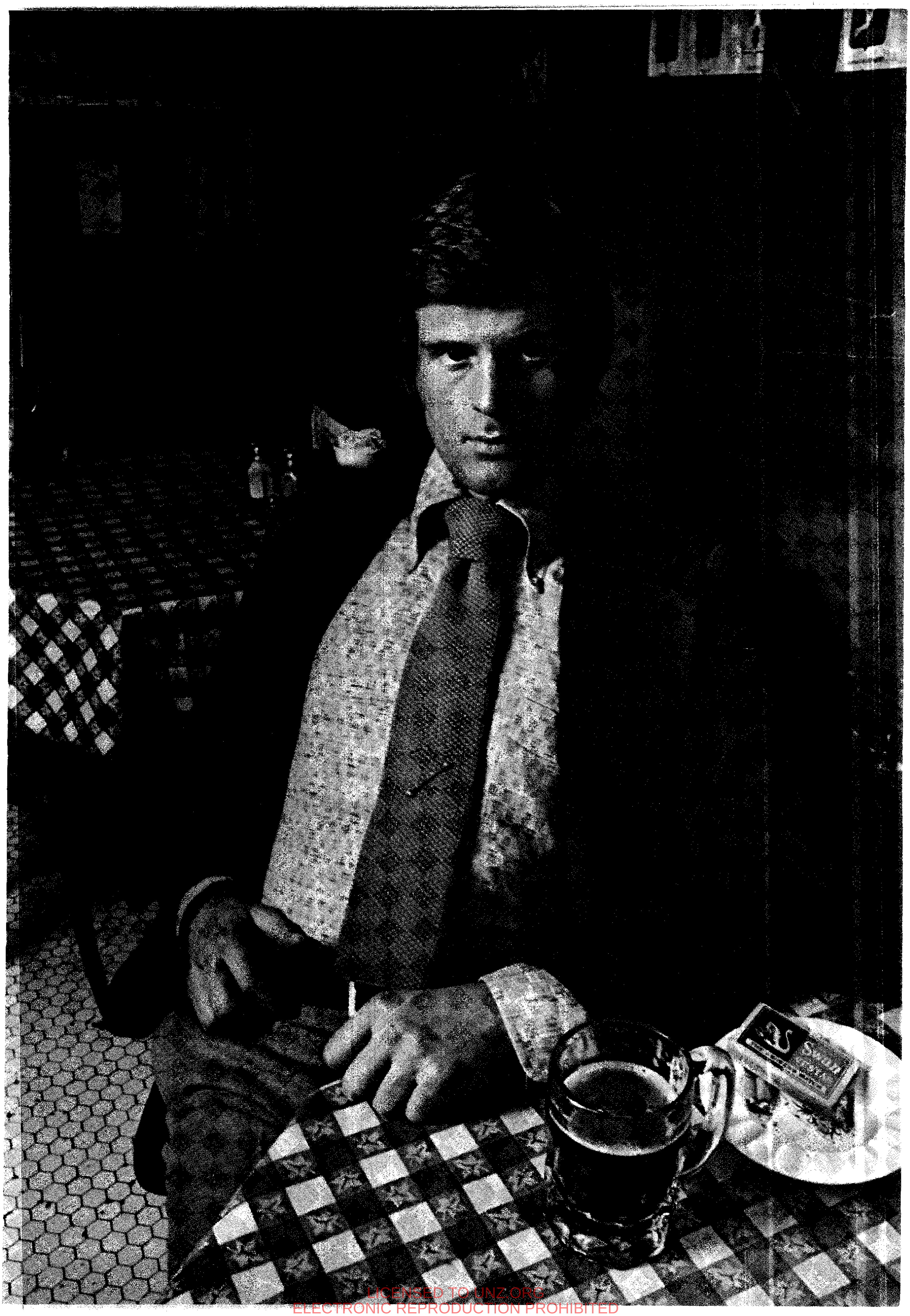

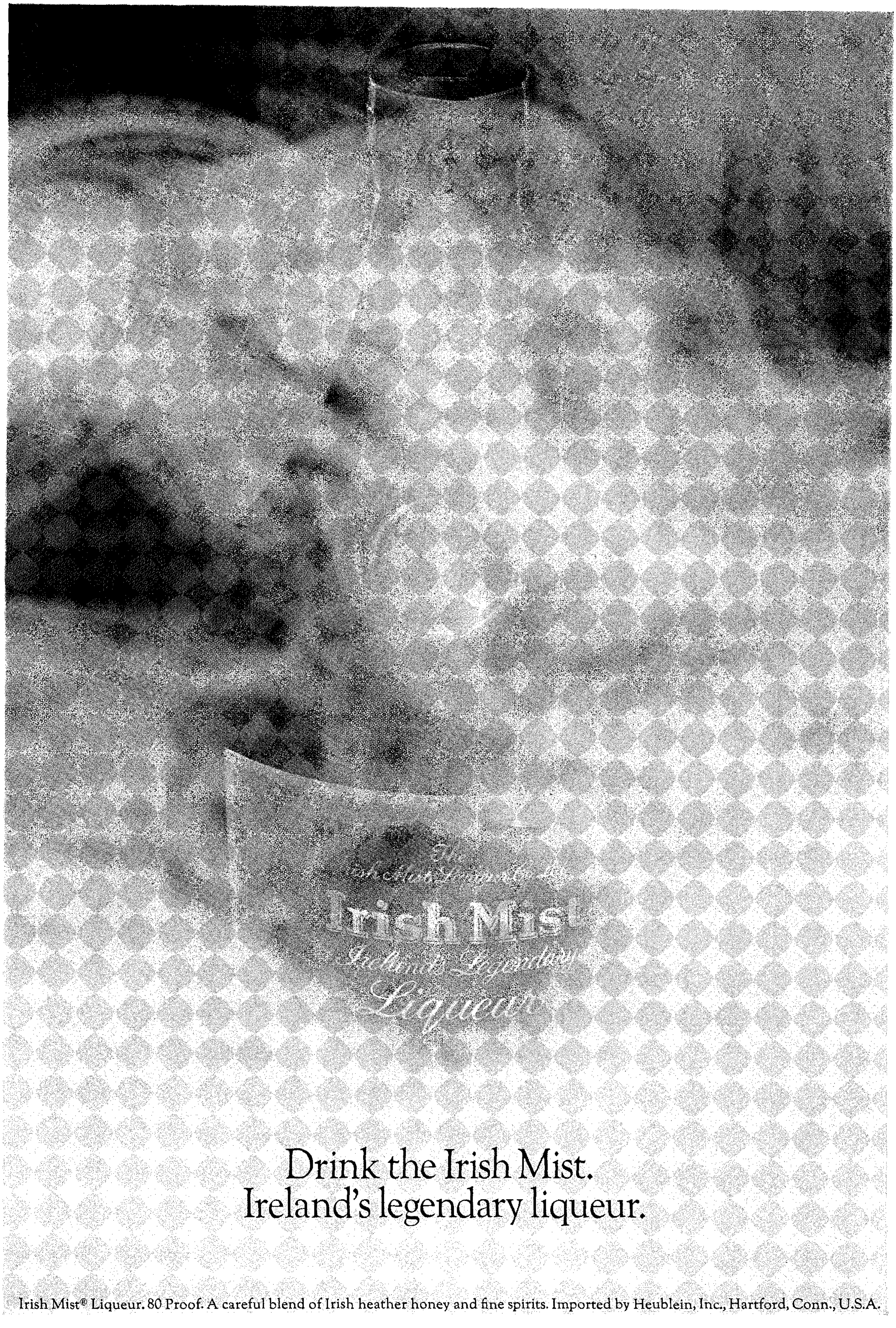
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performances that do this to us, and sequences, too. You wake up the morning after you've seen the picture and you hear the father's voice as he tells his son that he doesn't have to stay at home, that wherever he is, the father will love him, and you can't bear it.

I said that what goes right in "Sounder" is difficult to explain: I can't think of any other movie that is questionable as a work of film art that is so emotionally rich that it stays with you this way. Like certain great political pamphlets and muckraking novels, it is informed with a moral indignation that raises it to a plane above its genre. Perhaps "Sounder," with its vestigial dog story and do-gooding plot line, was somehow transformed into this root black myth of the strong mother and the loving, rash father fighting for his manhood by a director who was fighting for his manhood as a director. I've tried to avoid describing the action of "Sounder" too specifically, because I should like others to have the pleasures of discovery that I had.

LIKE "Sounder," "The Emigrants" has reverberations. Some recent very well-made films don't—"Fat City," for example, which is beautifully directed around the edges but mechanical, and hollow at the center. I watched all those losers losing and I didn't know why they were losing or why I was watching them; their losing wasn't even a metaphor, it was just a plot necessity for the sake of a faded idea of classic structure. Even "Deliverance," powerful and remarkable as it is—and it's the most impressive American movie I saw this past summer—is sterile in its conception. There isn't enough life in the characters to connect with, and so it's a self-contained experience. You're held by the director's control, and the picture has a wallop, but you don't take anything away. When you come out, the movie is really *over*, because there's no counterpoint, nothing else going on in it. These are cool, soulless exercises—directors' demonstrations of what they can do with the given material. But you know why you're watching "Sounder" and "The Emigrants."

Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country, which was shot in Sweden and here, tells the story of why and how Swedes became Americans. It covers the grim farm life, under a hierarchy of masters, that drove a group to emigrate, the brutal sea voyage, and then the landing of the survivors and their trip by train,

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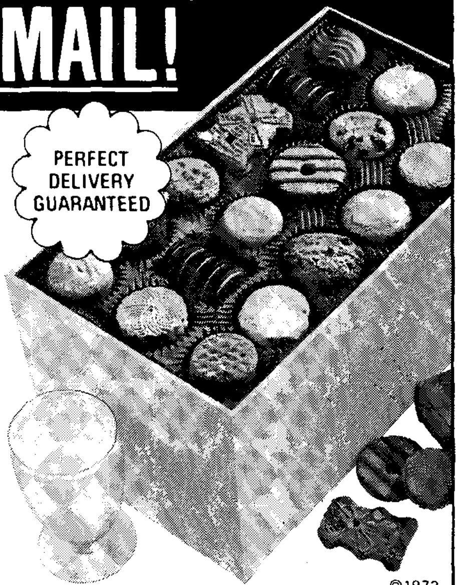

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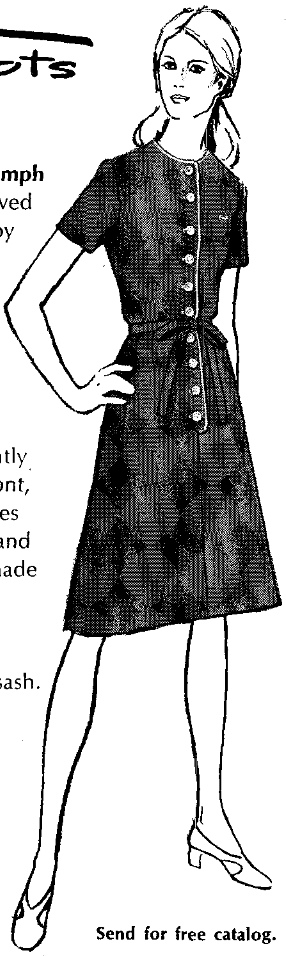

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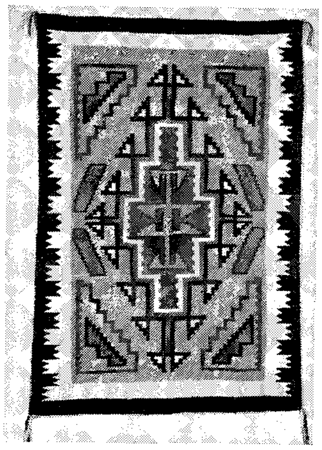
by Mississippi paddle boat, and on foot until they staked out a claim in Minnesota. (A sequel, "The Settlers," which Warners promises to import in the near future, deals with their fates in the new land.) Hollywood movies have often touched on the subject, but only touched—they imposed the ploys of popular melodrama, and made the migration incidental. Even "America America" inflated the gigantic theme with a ragbag collection of Christ and Judas figures. "The Emigrants" goes at the subject directly—bluntly, unseductively—finding its drama in that unprecedented migration.

Initially, for a long stretch, the film gave me some trouble: those crabbed, morose Swedes. They seemed to be living in the Dark Ages. They were so monotonously stolid they didn't even talk to each other; the closeups of sealed faces made me impatient, and I began to think the Swedes should leave Sweden just to get away from the other Swedes (though, of course, when they got here, they stuck pretty close together). The contrast between the Swedish response to adversity and the tenderness and humor of the family life in "Sounder" could not be more extreme. The Swedish family life is cheerless, and the thick, doomy Protestantism austere. I once had a conversation, with a man I know, about whether there really were people we might be uneasy to see our children marry—were there cultures that felt so alien to us that we could never quite be in tune with a person from them? I said maybe someone from India, and he said a Swede. After due reflection on "The Emigrants," I think I agree with him. It was the experience of flight to a dreamland the characters took part in that began to catch me up, and it wasn't until they were packed together on the ship, a degraded, frightened bunch of people trying to hang on to some trace of their identities, that they began to matter as individuals and I wanted to know what was going to happen to them. However, as the picture develops we can forget how temperamentally alien they are to us because of something else that's alien, something that Swedish artists often have: earth spirit, earth poetry.

Troell's massive visual exuberance shows him to be the least blasé of the new directors; he's a nature poet telling stories. He photographs his own movies, in addition to directing and editing them and collaborating on the writing; in the whole history of the screen there have been only a handful of directors who actually shot their own



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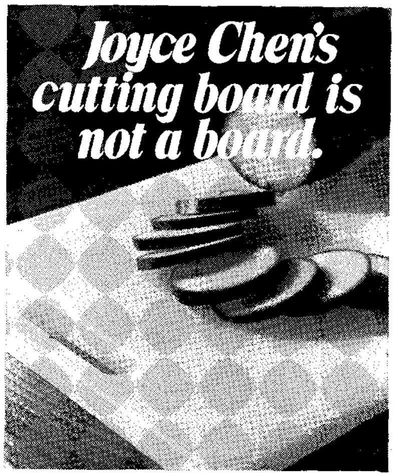

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movies, and no other cinematographer-director has ever undertaken a work of this sweep. As the first major cinematographer-director, he brings a new visual and thematic unity to fiction films. He seems to owe very little to traditional moviemaking and (unlike Bergman) almost nothing to the theatre. One gets the feeling that he didn't even have to break away, that—and this may be possible because of how films are produced in Sweden—he developed in his own way, out of photography. Although the leading characters are played by Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow, it's almost impossible to discuss their performances; there don't seem to be any performances. Ullmann and von Sydow move in and out of frame, courting, marrying, having children. They belong to the region and the life there, and after a while you forget that this is the same Liv Ullmann you've seen in the Bergman films. (It's maybe a little harder to forget you've seen von Sydow; that long-jawed face is so familiarly mulish, and, besides, he's stuck with lines that are translated for us as "It bodes ill for the crops.") Troell's celebration of air and trees and water includes the people with the land, and, despite the initial human gloom, the sensual passion of his imagery incorporates those people. American directors who love the outdoors usually love vast spaces: their characters move through them; nature is used for beautiful backgrounds. Troell loves nature for itself—nature, weather, changes of light. The film provides what those great descriptive passages in novels used to provide—a sense of what the natural environment did to the characters. The shipboard ordeals are devastating because, suddenly, we see those people cut off from everything that has formed them, trapped and sick, turned into fools—greenhorns—and we begin to feel the whack and terror of that culture shock experienced by first-generation Americans. The picture, adapted from a group of recent novels by Vilhelm Moberg, has a heavyset sensibility. That may sound awful—I must admit that I'm somewhat repelled by the sound of it myself—but movies are usually so piddling that "The Emigrants" fills a need. I came to respect the heavy cut of Troell's mind, and, after an hour, to find the sheer bulk of the film awesome.

Troell composes every shot as if it were to be his last, but at the same time he expands our notions of what screen lyricism is, because he's solemn and yet lyrical, disciplined yet rapturous. He will not be hurried. He gives the shim-

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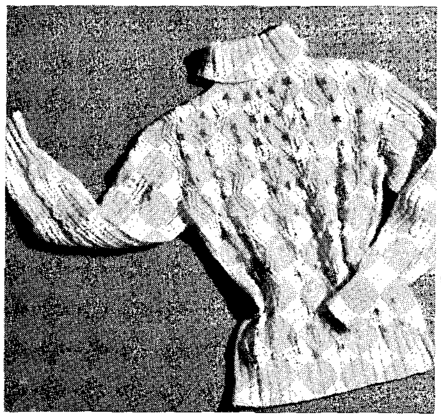

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mer of the sun on sails equal weight with the lice and scurvy belowdecks, the redness of a paddle wheel equal weight with a misplaced child; he pauses to frame a magic image of the lighted riverboat at night. The imagery is intense, naturally lighted but frequently soaked in bright, deep color. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loved nature so much he wanted to plunder it all. You wonder what can be left for him after this picture and its sequel—over six hours altogether. Warners apparently decided that we wouldn't have the time for his unhurried view, however, and he had to cut "The Emigrants," which ran a hundred and ninety minutes in Sweden, to a hundred and fifty minutes. Perhaps that explains our slight confusion about what route the group takes; we're not always sure how they're getting to Minnesota. (There are also a few minor eccentricities, probably due to unfamiliarity with certain aspects of American life: the slaves the Swedish arrivals see are surprisingly light-skinned, and the Americans talk in the modern American idiom, though the poor Swedes are still—in subtitles, at least—saying "toil" for work.) Even reduced in length, it's a bursting, resonant film, and the great American cliff-hanger. We want to go on into the second film, "The Settlers." That ocean voyage is in the background of most of us. We want to know: Did those people find what they hoped for?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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and thin. Too vivid,
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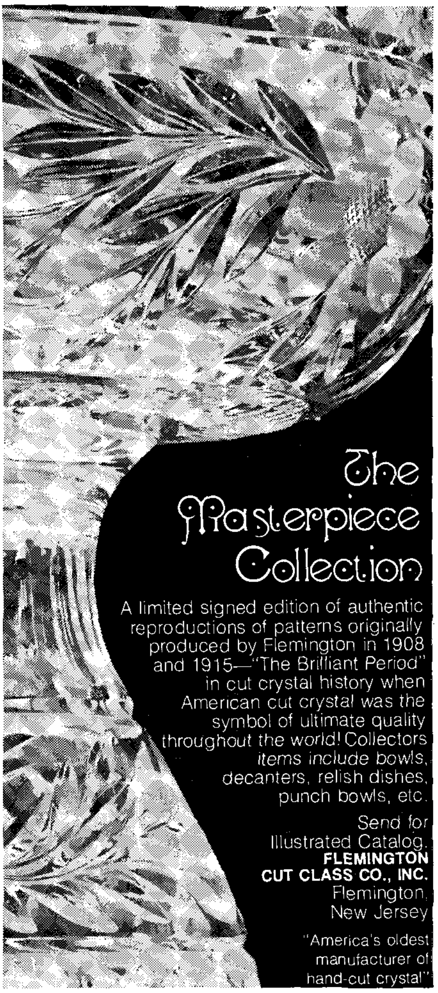
—MAY SWENSON



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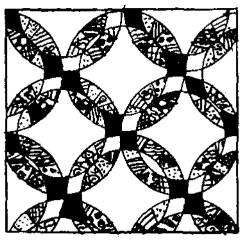

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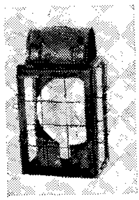

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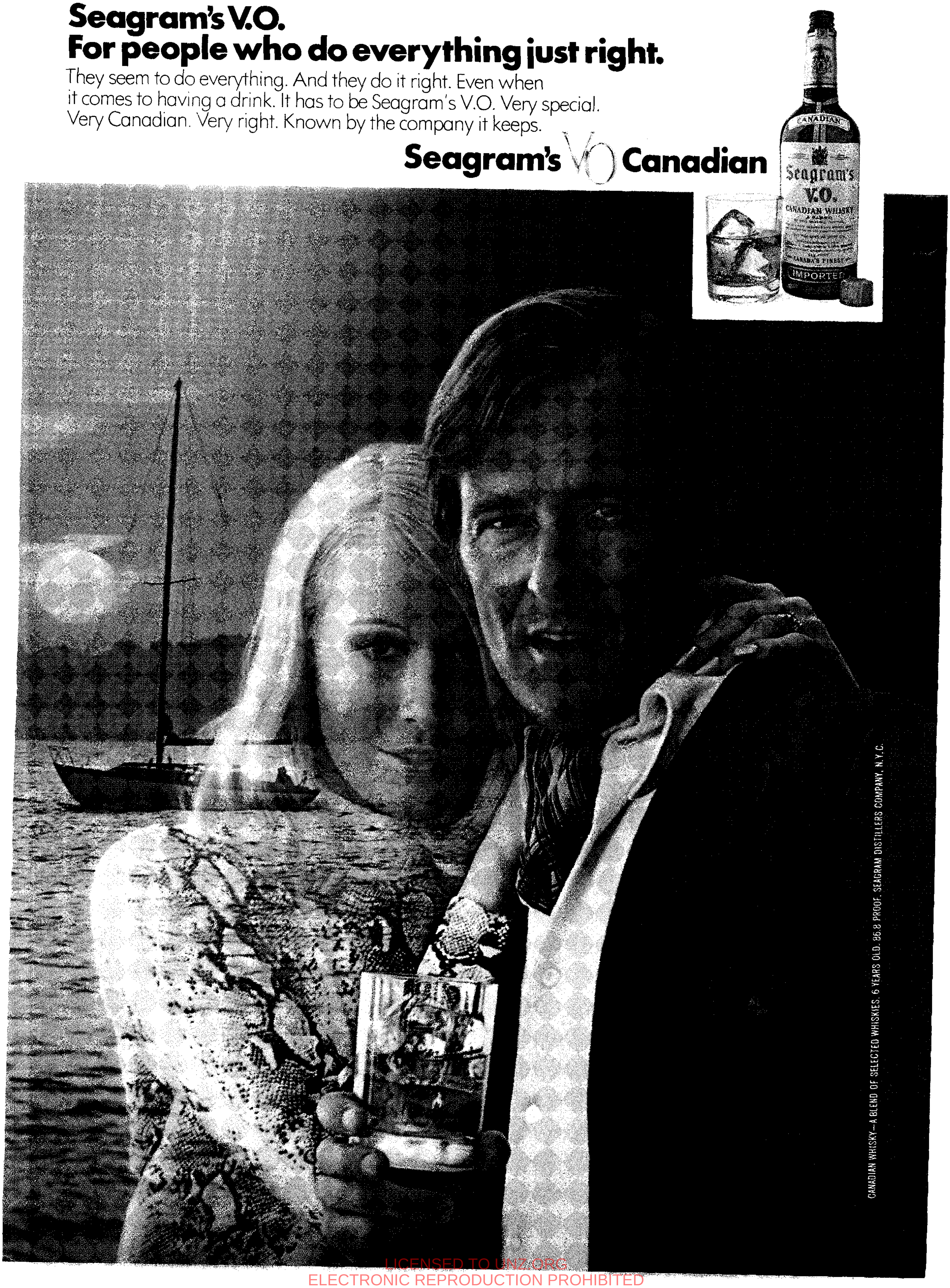
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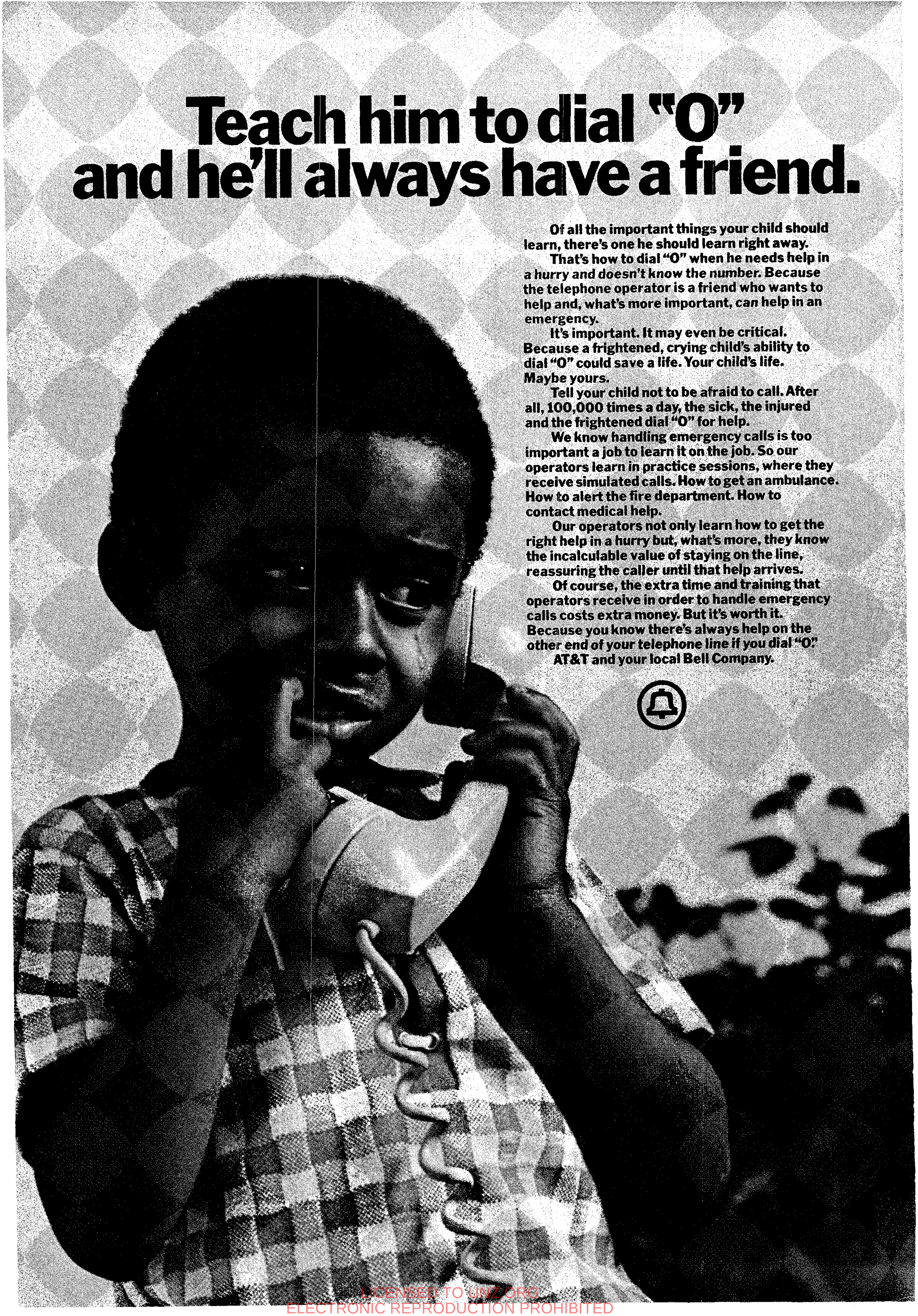

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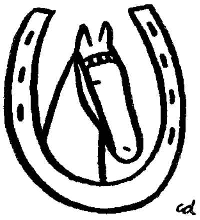

I FEEL pretty sure that Canonero II's comeback in the Stymie Handicap and La Prevoyante's effortless gallop in the Matron Stakes will be remembered long after the other races at Belmont Park last week are forgotten. There's a saying you hear on the backstretch that a horse will always come back to his best form. Well, Canonero II, Puerto Rico's idol and the hero of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness last year, who hadn't won since that day at Pimlico, did it. Indeed, it was the most brilliant performance of the kind I've seen in many a day, for he not only beat Riva Ridge, our star three-year-old, by five lengths but ran the mile and a furlong in 1:46⅕, equalling the American record for the distance. Buddy Hirsch, who has handled the King Ranch racers since the death of his father, the inimitable Max, deserves full marks for a remarkable training feat in bringing Canonero II back to his best after what befell him in the course of his campaign for the classics last year. I'd say that it was close to a small miracle, because when he took Canonero II, after Robert Kleberg, Jr., bought him, the colt had so many ailments that horsemen doubted he'd ever get to the races again, let alone win one. If any of those doubters saw Canonero II in the paddock before the Stymie, I'm sure they must have changed their minds, for he looked a picture—more glamorous, I thought, than Riva Ridge, who stood out over the three other starters.

Riva Ridge, away on his toes, with West Coast Scout right behind him, did the first quarter in 0:23⅗, the half mile in 0:46⅕, and six furlongs in 1:09⅗. Meanwhile, Canonero II, who had never been worse than third, began to move up on the outside, and with three furlongs to go he was running so strong that you knew he'd be dangerous. Riva Ridge turned into the stretch still in the lead and passed the mile mark in 1:33⅗—a full second faster than the track record—but in a dozen strides Canonero II swept by him. Loud, who never seems to get going until the last quarter, was third, six lengths behind Riva Ridge.

It's no more than fair to point out, without rubbing any of the gilt off Canonero II's performance, that Riva Ridge, who hadn't run since the Monmouth Invitational early in August, carried 123 pounds to Canonero II's 110. When they meet in the Woodward Stakes, at a mile and a half, this weekend, Riva Ridge will carry 119 and Canonero II 126, because the latter is a year older and the Woodward is at weight for age. (In the Stymie, the weights were assigned on past performances, and Canonero II had missed six tries this season.) No doubt Riva Ridge will be the favorite, but Key to the Mint has dead aim on him.

IT was a delight to watch La Prevoyante run her string of victories to nine—seven of them stakes, four in Canada and three in New York. Few two-year-olds have had such a record. The only one I can think of was her great-grandpa, Native Dancer. Actually, the sixty-sixth Matron Stakes, which is the fillies' Futurity, wasn't much of a race; only three opposed La Prevoyante (to use the phrase loosely), and she won in a breeze by seven and a half lengths from Up Above, on whom there was a sort of tip, and who finished eight and a half lengths ahead of Coraggioso. La Prevoyante, who is by Buckpasser out of Arctic Dancer, is really a beautiful filly. Medium-sized, dark bay in color, with a fine head and neck, good shoulders and quarters, she fairly radiates quality. In the paddock before the Matron, Mrs. John Tweedy suggested to Jean-Louis Levesque, who owns La Prevoyante, that his filly and her Meadow Stable's Secretariat, who, it is generally agreed, is the handsomest colt, would make a good match when their racing days are over. Levesque agreed. For my part, I'm looking forward to seeing La Prevoyante win the Queen's Plate at Toronto's Woodbine next June.

—Audax Minor

•

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BOOKS

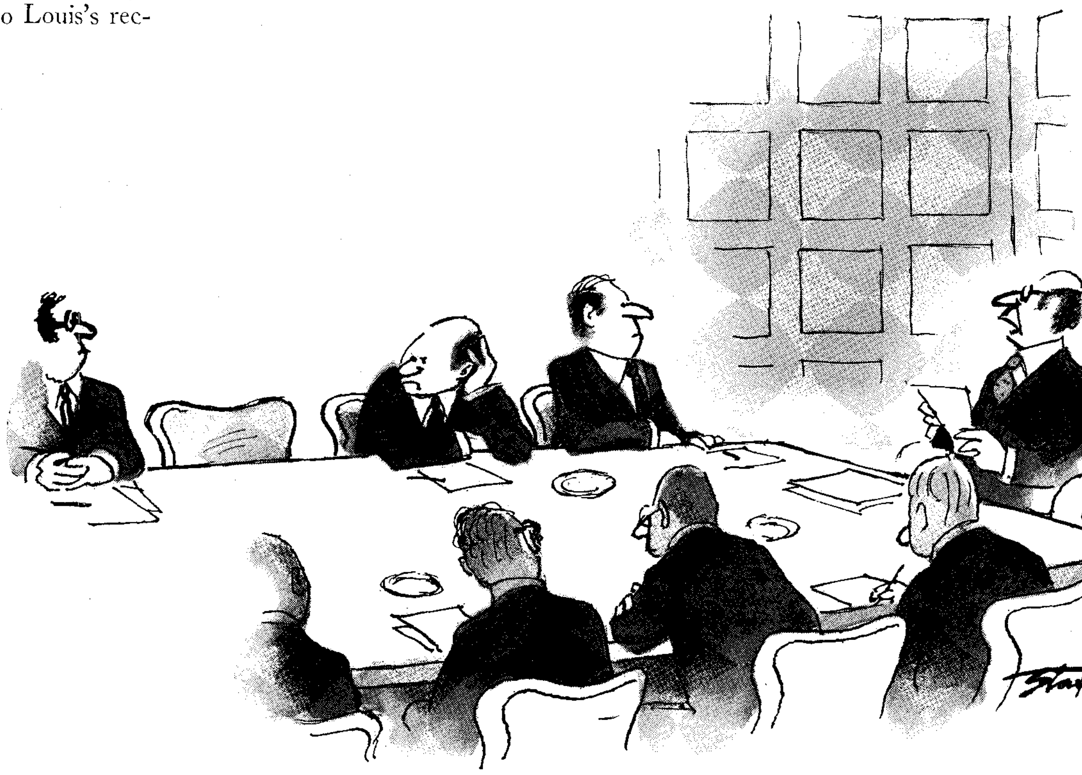
Saint's Progress

THEORIES can explain commonplace events but rarely marvels; aesthetics never fully accounts for masterworks, or theology for saints. And Lucy Norton's explanation of the rules she invented and followed in translating Saint-Simon—she set them down in the preface to a small selection of his work she assembled some years ago: "Saint-Simon at Versailles"—does not entirely explain how she worked her miracle of translation through three huge, even if abridged, volumes of his "Historical Memoirs: 1691-1723" (McGraw-Hill). Miss Norton's use of English is as subtle as her knowledge of French is exact, and her translation is perfectly transparent. She writes of her "duty to the reader." She has also done wonders for her author; his old book reads new.

Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de Saint-Simon (1675-1755), was presented at the Court of Louis XIV in 1691, and soon after that he began a military career; he resigned from the Army in 1702, because he had not been promoted, and became a courtier—an unsuccessful one, for he aspired to be a statesman at a time when nobles were rarely used for the serious business of French government. Their unemployment is usually ascribed to Louis's recollection of the Fronde, the French nobles' revolt during his childhood, but the fact is that the commoners Louis sought for his councils remind you of other men in other governments (Elizabeth of England's William Cecil, for one): diligent administrators with the solid work habits that few noblemen possessed. Saint-Simon never won the King's favor, but he did make his way into the circle around the Duke of Burgundy, the King's promising eldest grandson, who was—after the death of his father, the Dauphin, in 1711—the heir to the throne, and Saint-Simon and his cronies had a marvellous time anticipating power and putting together a shadow cabinet. The Duke of Burgundy and his wife died the following year. Their child came to the throne in 1715 as Louis XV, and the Regent for the boy was the Duke of Orleans, a nephew of Louis XIV, who was also one of Saint-Simon's best and oldest friends. The Regent at last gave Saint-Simon a chance at statesmanship, but he invariably found excuses for evading the everyday toil of running a country; eventually the Regent turned for help to an ambitious commoner, the Abbé Dubois, who had been his tutor. It is evident that Saint-Simon misunderstood himself: he imagined he was a man of action when he really was a man of letters. He had worked on his memoirs now and again ever since he came to the Court, he rewrote and polished them in retirement, and, I imagine, if he had applied himself as hard and steadily to any of the jobs the Regent offered him he might have made history instead of writing it. (Miss Norton thinks so, too.)

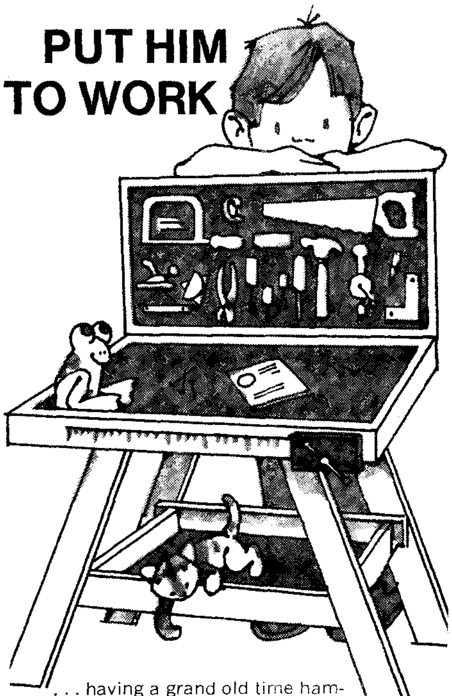
His decision, or indecision, is our gain. Saint-Simon's memoirs have at least two motives: self-justification—he wanted the last word in all his many quarrels—and a wish to expound his political theories, which included returning to an ancient French constitution that had never existed. (The successful English revolutions of the seventeenth century were also based on historical fantasy; in those days every new policy was justified as a restoration, not as an innovation.) So much for motives. Saint-Simon's work is great because the means are artistic. His vividness and vivacity, his piling on of details that show and tell, his narrative and anecdotal skills—these are literally enchanting. They captivate. They move the reader into the author's world.

Reading Saint-Simon is time travel. Like all travel, it is broadening. One realizes, for example, that the fierce battles over precedence in which Saint-Simon and his fellow-courtiers engaged were neither frivolous nor symbolic, which is how historians so often describe them. Before the agricultural and industrial revolutions, very little of what we call "work" was remunerative; what we think of as peculation and jobbery, along with war, were the surest ways to fortune, and the place to get in on these good things was the Court, where various levels of entrée—opportunities to be close to the King and the Royal Family—were indispensable to success. Saint-Simon's father was given his dukedom by Louis XIII because the King liked him as a hunting companion. The for-



"... and now all those opposed to sending him a get-well card."

PUT HIM TO WORK



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malities and pomposities, the rules and the routines—the system, in short—may have been irrational. The people involved were not—not about their own interests. They do seem irrational, or distracted, in other ways. Saint-Simon, luckily for us, was always up close, and I find, looking through his eyes, an amazing disparity in the distribution of brains in the Royal Family. Louis XIV's son, the Dauphin, was exceedingly stupid, and his cousin the Duke of Orleans was exceptionally intelligent; of the Dauphin's own sons, the Duke of Burgundy was very bright and his two younger brothers were as stupid as their father. Since every royal baby had its own establishment and its own staff, the Court of France looks like an experiment to test the relative importance of heredity and environment, and environment wins all the way. Saint-Simon's book is crowded with descendants of the great French king Henry IV, some legitimate (Louis XIV, William of Orange, Charles II of England), some not (the Dukes of Vendôme and Berwick), and there seems to be no family resemblance at all, except for the tenacity with which Louis and his cousin William made war on each other. It is odd that a society in which hereditary right, rank, and position were of overwhelming importance—Saint-Simon himself was, by our standards, obsessional on the subject—should never have noticed that heredity had so little effect on anybody's behavior.

Saint-Simon was extremely critical of his period, because he felt that he and his class were being phased out, and he helps us criticize our own. For instance, I wonder whether what we call taste, or good taste, or cultivated taste, is—historically—bourgeois taste, repression and inhibition made visible, as D. H. Lawrence pretty much suggested when he thought miners would be happier in scarlet trousers. To judge by their effect on Saint-Simon and the Court, the royal residences—Versailles, Marly, Fontainebleau—were Disneyland extravagance before technology invented plastic. They aimed at "ooh," not elegance. Modern architecture is probably called "inhuman" not because the buildings are large but because they are plain. Certainly Saint-Simon and everybody in his circle revel in what I consider to be atrocious gaudiness. The only thing Saint-Simon calls "vulgar" in all three volumes is an old-fashioned Flemish-style garden in Spain. Is less, as we have been taught to believe, really more? Or do the plumes on the courtiers' hats suggest, like Sioux warbonnets and Inca feathered cloaks, a

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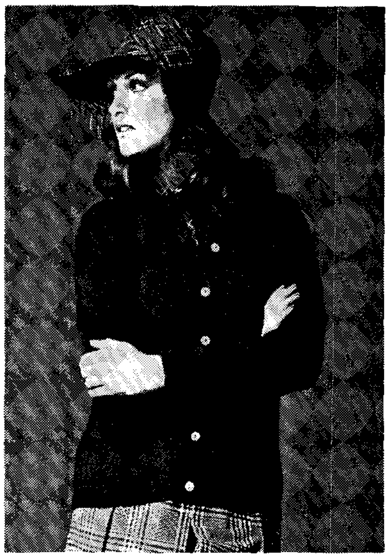

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human preference for what is gorgeous as against what is "tasteful"?

An aspect of all this that is painful to modern eyes is that the feathers and fabrics and jewels in this book adorn a physically appalling crowd: faces with tics and squints and smallpox scars, bodies deformed or lame. These are commonplace at the Court, and Saint-Simon's wish to be governed by someone attractive is pathetically evident. He could not imagine that Louis XIV and his wife Mme. de Maintenon had once been beautiful, because they were old when he was young, and, besides, he hated them. But he insists on the attractiveness of the Duke of Burgundy and his Duchess, although he tells us that the Duke had a slight hump, which his hairdressers concealed, and that the Duchess had lost most of her teeth and had a slight goiter; he praises the dancing and diamonds of the Spanish Queen, whose face was covered with smallpox scars. Since Saint-Simon did not wish these memoirs to be published during his life, his enthusiasms were not flattery. Were they self-deception? Everyone says that our elections have been corrupted by television, which gives an unfair advantage to good-looking candidates, but television may merely accentuate a permanent human yearning for handsome leaders that is explicable—if it is explicable—in the language of anthropology rather than of politics.

At all events, Saint-Simon imagined that he was living at the summit of civilization (we imagine that we are, too), though he felt that the times were out of joint (again, as we feel about our own times); it would not have occurred to him—it occurs only intermittently to us—that an element in humanity's difficulties is humanity's own primitiveness. Instead, once more paralleling Saint-Simon, we think of writing a new Constitution, or of telling our story to posterity, never imagining that posterity will be as distant from us as we are from Saint-Simon. What he considered to be his virtues—his sense of the dignity of his class, for one—come close to being incomprehensible, while his notion of an ultimate wickedness—Louis XIV's legitimatizing his illegitimate children and placing them in the succession—seems to us paternal kindness. It is Saint-Simon's crankiness that we understand best: his testiness, his intellectual and ideological obstinacy—faults that we share. Emmanuel d'Astier wrote, with admiration, that Saint-Simon was "not a man but an opposition." He lives by his flaws, and by his genius as a memoirist—a superb

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DAUGHTER BUFFALO, by Janet Frame (Braziller). Insofar as this book can be understood as a story, it is about two men—a young physician named Talbot Edelman and an elderly writer named simply Turnlung—who, separately and together, in New York, conduct investigations into the subject of death. The book has the quality of very difficult poetry; it often explores areas visible only to the mind's eye. The opening words (which, like much of the book, are in verse) may serve as a sample: "I am Turnlung./Soon I shall give up the first and second-hand furniture of memory./I shall live in a hollow house/listening to the glint of the sun." Miss Frame can write beautifully, but she sometimes seems to defy sense for the sake of a phrase: "Before birth we are against air, against breathing, yet we survive to breathe and love the air, we become turncoats—turnskins, turneyes, turnmouths, turnhearts, turnlungs. And having known life we are against death even when all messages from the country of death convince us that our final role must again be that of turncoat—turnheart, turnlung." One resists a book that can be so clear in presenting its theme and yet so obscure in developing it.

CHIMERA, by John Barth (Random House). All three parts of this book—variations on "The Arabian Nights" and the myths of Perseus and Bellerophon—are parodies in a quite destructive sense; they are like the doodles and wisecracks a schoolboy scribbles across the pages of his textbooks. Mr. Barth cannot improve on the original works; he merely wants to remind us of his presence. He gives us harebrained speculation about fiction and the academic life, and (for humor) numerous jokes about sexual impotence.

GENERAL

MEMOIRS: 1950-1963, by George F. Kennan (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The first volume of George Kennan's memoirs was one of what was really quite an imposing collection of similar books since the end of the Second World War. Kennan is perhaps the most impressive stylist to

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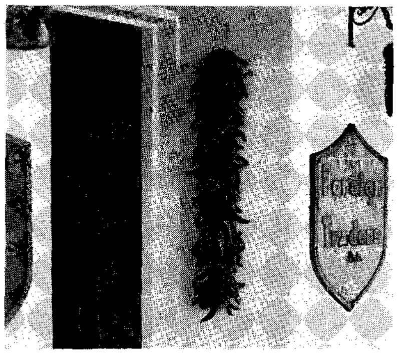

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have worked the field, and his second volume is in no way inferior to his first. The main difference is that in the first volume he was chronicling his views on events of immense importance, whereas in this one he is reexamining his role and life in the postwar world, at a time when his assignments were rarely as crucial. In between a few government assignments, he spent a good deal of time on historical research and writing. The government jobs might have amounted to more if he had not been so persistent a critic of official policy. Even so, he writes well of what he and his fellow-bureaucrats were up to, and his too brief description of his service as ambassador to Yugoslavia is a magnificent account of a land and its people. No one who took pleasure in the first volume should deny himself this one.

WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS: POLITICS AND TRANSCENDENCE IN POSTINDUSTRIAL SOCIETY, by Theodore Roszak (Doubleday). Scientific thought, says this author, created the contemporary technological society that is ruining the planet and all living things on it; scientific thought has also destroyed other ways of thinking about or experiencing the world, and thus has intellectually and emotionally impoverished mankind. Blake's combination of mysticism and political radicalism is the best example Roszak can think of when he tries to tell us how to find our way out of the modern wasteland. He dislikes monotheism—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—because it rejects pantheism and animism on the ground that they are idolatry; we need, he holds, to feel about the world as pagans did, or do. In short, by contemporary standards, Roszak is an iconoclast: he wants to bring back idols.

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Alfred W. McCoy, with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II (Harper & Row). The authors say that the highlands of Southeast Asia are the most productive opium-poppy area in the world, and the source—via local crooks and politicians, the Chinese equivalent of the Mafia, the Corsican equivalent of the Mafia, and the Mafia itself—of most of the heroin that comes into the United States; they add that the great increase in poppy-growing and heroin manufacture is the result of American policy, especially the misbehavior of the C.I.A. The book causes one to ponder both its reli-

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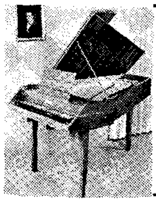

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ability and its message. It contains allegations—such as that So-and-So heads the heroin trade in the United States—of a kind that make good reading but are rarely proved in courts of law. The authors' mention of the Marshall Plan suggests that they have fallen hard for the fad of blaming everything wrong with the world on American foreign policy since the Second World War. The introduction of irrelevancies and of statements first offered as probabilities and then considered facts are irritating, too. Yet, on the other hand, the executive branch of this government appears to have forgotten that it is not allowed to keep secrets from the American people, and every revelation of governmental secrecy has created a justifiable suspicion. A reader may very well feel that there is something to the authors' story. Even if only a few accusations are true, that could make the worst of the Harding Administration's scandals look rather quaint.

Camus and Sartre: Crisis and Commitment, by Germaine Brée (Delacorte). A compare-and-contrast critique of two authors whose work, Dr. Brée believes, has reflected the peculiar problems of the middle of this century. For a while these men, though very different in temperament and experience, were allies and friends. Both Résistants during the war, they differed in the postwar period (Sartre attacked Camus) about why they had resisted and what course they should follow. Sartre opted for Stalinism; Camus rejected any political theory that entailed killing people. Sartre, always the more ambitious, had the grandiose notion that he could make sense out of everything, and then make everybody agree with him. Camus, who was born poor and had been seriously ill (tuberculosis), was quite content to be a writer without being a prophet, philosopher, and politician. Dr. Brée reports that he is the more widely read nowadays, probably because he is the better writer. But Sartre becomes a fascinating personage—a man who hates what he is (namely, an intellectual and a rhetorician) and can express his hatred only through intellectualizing and rhetoric.

•

Others excluded were a retired counter-intelligence officer in the Army who had earlier been a military policeman, a jail matron and another woman.—*The Times.*

No wonder he retired.

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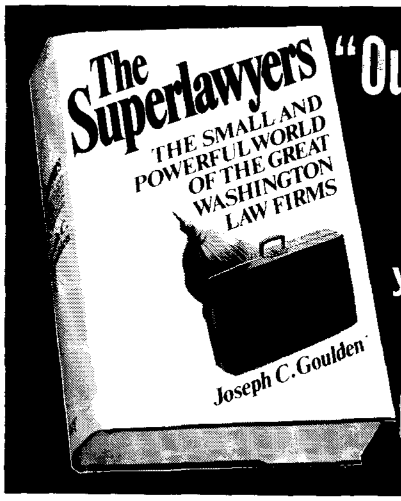

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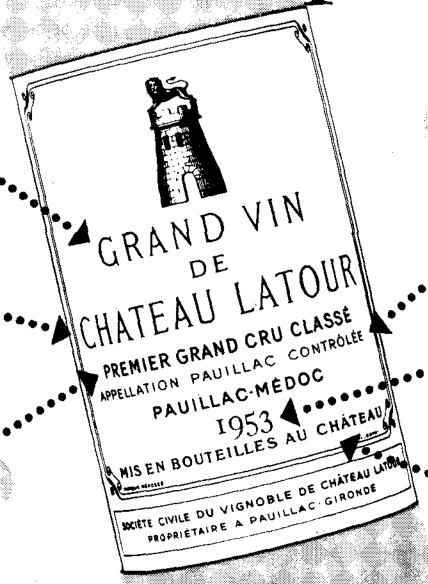
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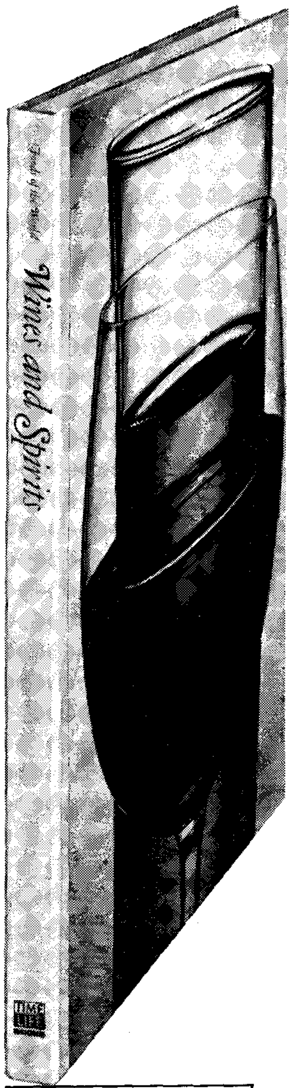

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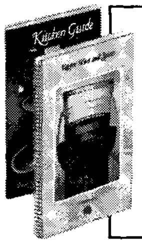

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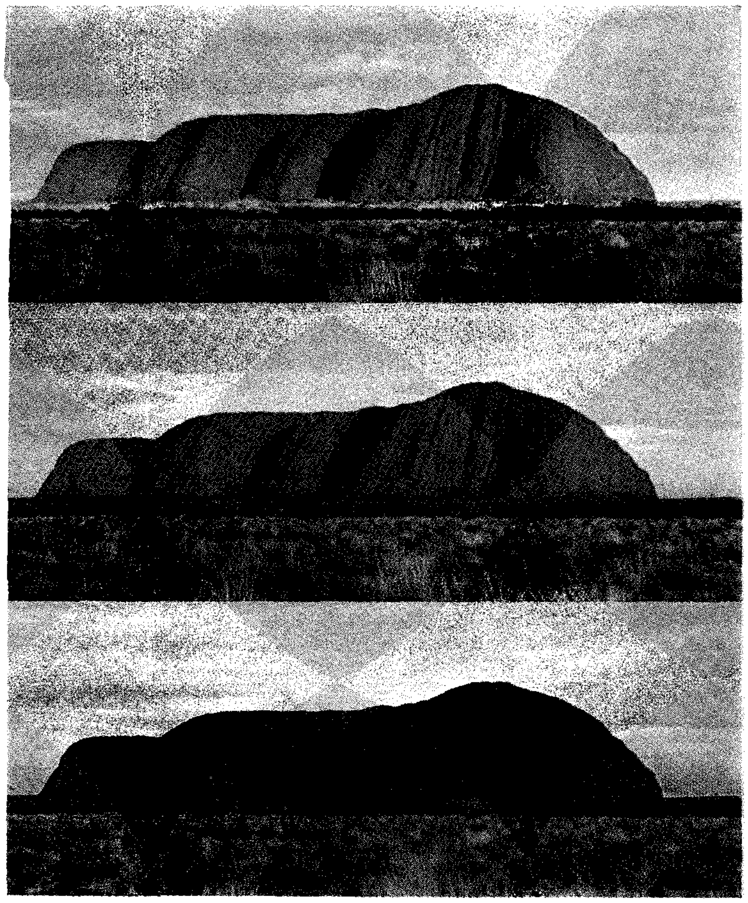
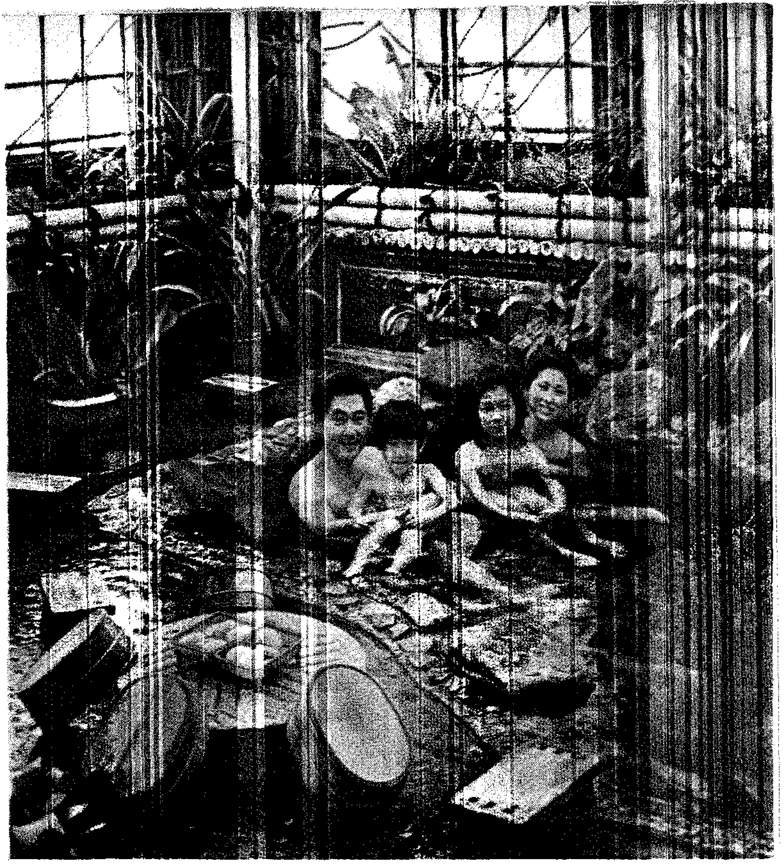


The Pacific is Bali and Samoa. And Tahiti, where people would rather make friends than make money.

The Pacific is exotic Hong Kong, Thailand and Singapore.



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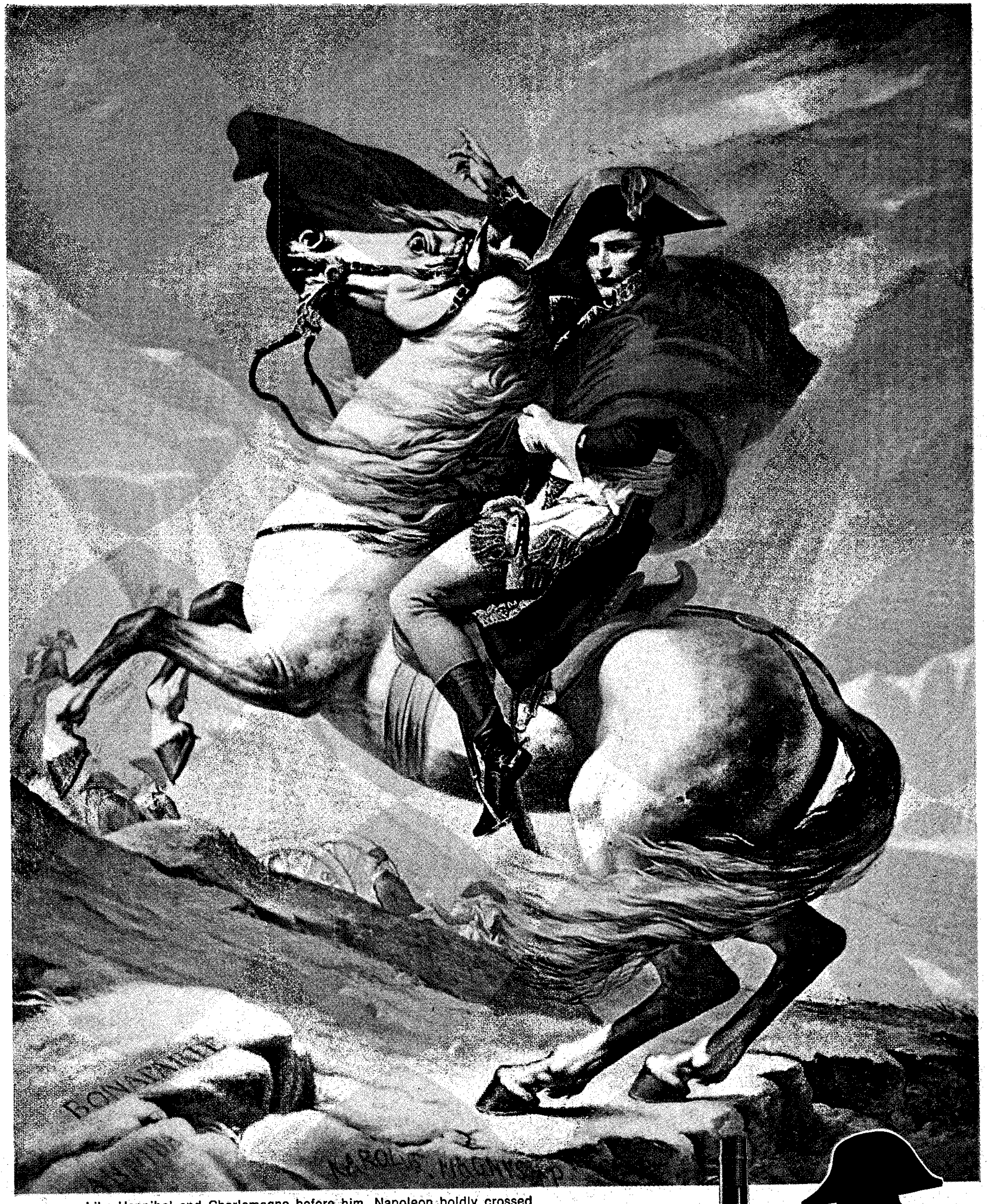
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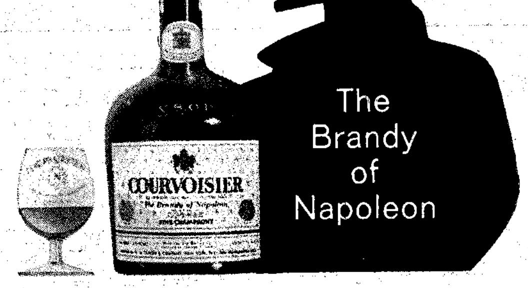
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